

THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

---

VOL. XII.]

OCTOBER, 1831.

[No. 70.]

---

ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.

THAT the whole of Europe is rapidly approaching to a crisis, is altogether beyond denial. The symptoms of a fierce and total change are already appearing in every monarchy of the continent; and the agency of powers, whose untamed and untameable violence has formed the terror of statesmen in all ages, is palpably assuming a combined and systematic activity, that must end in fearful overthrow. In every part of Europe the press is laying its grasp upon the public mind. Let us give that press all its praise. The invention of man, or perhaps, we might more justly say, the bounty of providence, never offered a nobler boon to the liberties of nations, the advance of knowledge, or the general control and cultivation of the human mind. But power is a good only as it is used for good. The press in England may still be kept in the straight way by the force of that established public opinion, which crushes the traitor, and strips the libeller. But the continental press is altogether furious, ignorant, and revolutionary. All its appeals are to the populace, and its arguments, if they deserve the name, are gross and blood-thirsty incitements to the rabble passions of blood and plunder. The fallen Jacobin, the obscure rebel, the man who after a brief day of ferocious vengeance and dissolute revelling, has been plunged down into his original obscurity, clings to the press as the only instrument by which he is to be raised to the surface of society again. The disbanded soldier who feels life irksome where it no longer leads him into the furious riot of the passions, or pampers his desperate ambition with hourly massacre, and gluts his brutal rapacity with perpetual spoil, clings to the press as the instrument by which he is to be drawn from his beggary, and sent forth to rob and murder once more. The infidel hating God and man alike, and longing for the return of those wild times when the king and the priest were equally offered up to his sullen scorn; and the land was in a blaze, fed by the remnants of all that was royal, honourable, learned, or holy within the realm, clings to the press as the machine whose rapid wheels are to bear him over the wreck of throne and altar, and make him master for awhile. At this hour the

whole *Journalism* of the continent is revolutionary. Of course we do not speak of the papers actually under the control of the governments, for they are mere *Gazettes* of court and military proceedings, and no more capable of being representatives of the tribe, than they are of uttering a sentiment not directly dictated by the minister. The true *Journalism* is in the class of those publications which, unpurchased by the minister, follow the natural bent of party; and with either covert hostility or open attack, range themselves against the peace of mankind.

We are as determined enemies of all abuses, as the most enthusiastic Journalist that ever tore down the good and evil of a state together. We would punish with the strictest rigour every offence against public honesty, we would abolish all useless expenditure, extinguish the extravagance of patronage, and break down every barrier which had been raised by hereditary corruption against genius and honour. We would disband all military force that was kept up for either a mere military flourish, or for the idle pageantry of a court, or for the guiltier purpose of feeding a race of dependents, at the national expense. But, extinguishing the evil, we would sustain the good. Under even the most despotic monarchy of the continent, we would ascertain what portion of even a vicious system was capable of public service; violence should be kept down until it was discovered to be the only means; overthrow should be abhorred while there was a possibility of escaping so hazardous a remedy; amputation should not be the specific for every disorder of the limbs, and if the terrible appeal to arms must come at last, it should be retarded while there was a human hope of peace, and be looked on as itself the most dreadful alternative short of national ruin.

The continental press, however, has none of those reserves. "*Pastorale canit signum*," it has but one voice, and that it sends through its trumpet, summoning every obscure lover of tumult to the coming banquet of democracy, and has but one purpose, to plunge Europe into a general war, that the war may be merged in a general revolution. This is pre-eminently the spirit of the French Journals, which, like their country, always take the lead in the disturbance of Europe. They are now flinging firebrands through every corner of Christendom.

Another sign of the times has risen. War is in preparation in every court of the continent. After fifteen years of peace, every court is compelled to keep up armies, altogether disproportioned to its revenues. Every court trembles at every movement of its neighbours; a spirit of bitter jealousy, and vindictive recollection, is spreading through all kingdoms, and a single cannon-shot fired by any one of the great powers at this hour would set the continent in a blaze.

It is to the honour of England that she is still the great protector of peace, the mighty mediator between the conflicting bitternesses of nations, the depository of those safe principles of public virtue, national vigour, and popular freedom, which make her at once the natural arbitrator of angry nations, and the natural refuge of the weak, and the wronged. This is her true distinction, and while she sustains it, she will be, under whatever change of continental things, the virtual leader of the human race. But nothing can be more palpable, than that in this high capacity she has now peculiar difficulties to encounter. The genius of the English constitution, of the English nation, and of the English mind, is essentially anti-republican. For, the land loves justice, and hates spoliation; the public heart is human, and cannot be reconciled to



blood; and the national sagacity, with the book of history before its eyes, knows that democracy is havoc, and that the havoc is inevitably followed by chains. England instinctively shrinks from the torch and the dagger; and she will abhor to prepare for the chain of some military usurper, by first weakening herself down to slavery by the loss of her own blood. On this principle, she has at all times abjured the disastrous aid of republicanism on the continent; and even within our own day, she shook the ablest and most popular of her public men from her councils, for daring, even in a figure of speech, to depict her as the favourer of rebellion abroad. Canning's whole public influence was instantly sacrificed, by a mere oratorical flourish on the available alliance of foreign insurrection.

But it is with this insurrection that she now has to deal; with the gusts of rebellion springing up in every point of the compass, she has to navigate her perilous way, and she has to choose between a struggle for the ancient system, which may task all her strength, and in which she may soon stand alone: and the embrace of an ally, which must, in the passing of a few years, be the master of all who are mad enough to suffer its connection.

The first difficulty of the British government is Belgium. The whole course of Belgian events has run directly contrary to the policy, the principles, and the wishes of England. The original union of Belgium and Holland as a barrier against France, was the pride of British policy, and almost the only prize of that war in which she defended the liberties of Europe. This union was dissolved at a moment. Her next effort was to save Belgium from falling into the hands of France. But what is the state of Belgium now. She is a province of France in all but name. First, a French army was giddily called in to protect her, and the undoubted object of those hazardous allies, was to hold military possession of the prominent points of the country. They were compelled to withdraw, only by the direct remonstrance of the European powers. But now the Belgian army is actually given into the hands of French officers to drill; as if the science of marching and counter-marching could be communicated by nobody on earth but a French marshal—as if no German could be discovered willing to give his knowledge of the drill for Belgian ducats, or no confidence was to be placed in Englishmen. The result is, that the Belgian army is under the command of Frenchmen, and those too still in the pay of France. Even the fortresses, which were deemed essential for the protection of the kingdom of the Netherlands, which had seven millions of men to defend the country, are now deemed useless for the defence of Belgium, which has but four millions, and after costing immense sums of British money they are to be demolished, for no discoverable purpose but to make the high-road into Belgium as easy as the high-road from Versailles to Paris. The argument that those fortresses could not be garrisoned by the force of the Belgians is absurd. The volunteers, the *levees en masse*, are the natural garrisons of such fortresses, while the regular troops take the field. Or if we are to be told that the expense of maintaining them would exceed the Belgian finances, we answer—Let them decay, if they will, in the course of time. But why expedite their fall? The true reason of their overthrow is to break down the barrier of Belgium.

Poland has fallen. It is now useless to deplore a fate which every one

foresaw, and which every one would have burned to avert. The cause of freedom in that most unhappy land has been a second time trampled down, and Europe has now nothing more to do than to receive the illustrious refugees with the honours due to disastrous patriotism, and valour thrown away.

France is still disturbed. The king sits on an uneasy throne. The populace remember their late mastery, and every murmur terrifies the government as the sign of a coming storm. The king exhibits a mixture of prudence and patience, which shews him to be worthy of a throne; but his supremacy depends upon accident, and the most trivial change of popular opinion may send him and his race into exile. The throne has no foundations in France. It stands upon the surface, and that surface may in any hour of the night or day break in, and plunge the seat of royalty into a depth from which no living eye shall see it brought up again.

Portugal is still a source of bitterness, a thorn in the side of England, instead of a staff in her hand. Yet the difficulty seems scarcely capable of being reconciled. The mixture of insolence and coxcombry in the miserable despot who sits upon the Portuguese throne, make all accommodation impossible. Such, at least, is the language of every ministry of Europe. The Wellington ministry outlawed him: no man treated him with more haughty scorn than the Duke of Wellington himself; and no man lavished the language of vituperation on him, in a more unmeasured style than his subordinate, Lord Aberdeen. These men now make themselves only ridiculous by attempting to figure as Portuguese champions. Whether Lord Grey is wiser in his abstinence from virulent language, admits of no question. But his policy is the same; though it may be more than doubted whether he has not, if possible, aggravated the causes of quarrel, by sending Hoppner, as British agent—a puppy, of whose pertness he ought to have been aware. But Don Miguel has an obvious facility of getting himself into scrapes, and after having alienated England, insulted France, being threatened and humiliated by the former, and chastised severely by the latter, he does not seem brought to his senses an atom the more. The sooner the Portuguese make their peace with mankind the better, even though it should be at the expense of sending this coxcomb to rove the world with the Ex-King of Sweden, the Ex-Duke of Brunswick, the Ex-Emperor of the Brazils, the Ex-Dey of Algiers, and all the other childish and trifling personages who have sickened the continent so long, and who, if they do not prodigiously change, are so likely to follow them.

But England has better things to think of than fighting for any but herself. Madness would not be too harsh a name for the councils which would make her go to war for Don Pedro and his little Donna Maria. The Don has shewn his qualifications for government already, on the other side of the Atlantic, and we cannot afford to give him an opportunity of being turned out of another kingdom. But even if we were to place him on the Portuguese throne, what security could we have for his being a particle more grateful than we have always found foreigners? No, we must let the Ex-Emperor pay for himself, which he seems not at all disposed to do—diplommatize for himself, which he has evidently failed to do—and fight for himself, which no man will ever see him do. England can go on without any of those men of mustachios; and her common policy will be, to scorn them all.

## THE SPECULATOR.

Good!—Leslie, I knew you could never forget him.—His strange coat, which hung together thread by thread, as if it had been (as it really was) manufactured after a fashion of his own—his eyes, the very reverse of those commemorated by Shakspeare, as having “no speculation in them”—you remember their wandering restless expression, ever seeking something new, and dissatisfied with what was old. You cannot have forgotten the tricks we put upon him at Eton, and the unchanging good temper with which he supported them—his perfect carelessness of money, and the good fortune which literally courted his acceptance, when his worthy uncle, Sir Peter Ryland, died, and left him in possession of three thousand a-year—just at the very time too, when he had (as he thought) received a useful lesson in economy, having been about four months without a shilling. It was my fate to communicate the joyful tidings to my quondam friend, and I went on my way rejoicing at the happy luck of a really good-natured but eccentric being. I found him in a little garret in the poorest part of Chelsea—he was seated on a reversed deal-box, the cover of which had just sufficed to make a blaze on the grateless hearth. His outward man was better than I anticipated, and he greeted me with that peculiar buoyancy of air which told me truly that some new discovery was on foot. “My dear fellow, my old friend,” he exclaimed, shaking me warmly by the hand, “you are just come in the nick of time, to congratulate me on my good fortune.”—“I know it,” I replied drily.—“Know it—the deuce you do?—What! has any one then forestalled my discovery?—Psha! it is impossible—I do not mind explaining it to you though—do you see that pipkin?—Ay, ay, you may laugh, but *you* can distinguish nothing but a pipkin—that pipkin contains my shoe—there is a peculiar gum in leather, which, if properly extracted, would make the finest French polish in the world—this polish as I will prove to you, *must* be best, when extracted from *old* shoes, because all, except the adhesive matter, wears away.” “That wears away, occasionally,” I observed, looking at the companion to the one in the pipkin, that was literally in the state of the poor Irishman’s brogue, whose utility he defended by averring, “that if it *did* let the water in, it let it out again.” “Stuff!” exclaimed my friend, “think what a benefit it would be to convert all the old shoes in London into the most splendid varnish? I have been to Jews’ Row to contract with the old clothes-men for all the shoes they can obtain, and I am to go down again about it. When this is sufficiently softened to shew the truth and excellence of my experiment——”—“I think you had first better go with me to Quill and Driver, Lincoln’s Inn, to hear your uncle’s will read,” I replied, anxious to produce a pleasing and electrifying effect; “he has left you by three thousand a-year richer than you were ten days ago.”—“The devil,” irreverently exclaimed my companion. “Poor old Peter! if he had only tried my preparation of gooseberry leaves, he would have been hale and hearty at this moment! but my dear fellow, if I leave this it will burn—here, Jane”—shouting at the top of his breath to the landlady’s daughter, a dirty, capless lassie of eleven or upwards—“come and stir this, like a smart girl.” Unwitting what he did, my eccentric friend thrust his foot, which was only par-



tially concealed by a listen slipper, into the solitary leathern shoe—and I shall never forget the look of dismay he threw upon the pipkin when it first occurred to him that he had, in his rage for experiment, absolutely left himself shoeless. I endeavoured to make him ashamed of his carelessness, but in vain—he laughed at the mistake, vowed his discovery in twelve-months would be more valuable than old uncle Peter's legacy, and superintended the pipkin operation with manifest delight, while ragged Jane went to purchase a pair of boots for the Speculator, at the nearest shoe-shop, of course with my money. "Very kind of Peter! it will give me the means of diffusing knowledge all over the world—in three years, my friend, that three thousand a-year will be thirty—thirty, ay, twice thirty! Sir Peter, poor man! was content to vegetate upon his estate after the old fashion—never thought of improvement. What glorious dyes I shall extract from the bark of the trees in that curious old copse, his American copse as he called it—and what fine water-mills, on my improved model, I can erect, where he was content to see the miller fag in that crazy structure, covered with lichens and ivy, merely because it looked picturesque."

With many such visionary schemes did my friend amuse himself as we walked towards Lincoln's Inn, and I confess that I became so provoked as to feel almost sorry that his uncle had left such a confirmed madman unbounded power over one of the most beautiful estates in England.

The Speculator's madness, is a madness peculiar to itself. It is not the madness of affectation, which is fantastical;—nor of wit, which is biting—nor of sentiment, which is sickening—nor of honour, which, according to modern reading, is blood-thirsty—nor yet of love, which worships ideas as realities—nor of patriotism, which is out of fashion. But it is a madness of its own, avaricious, yet revelling in the destruction of wealth; and in mere wantonness, scattering the gold with the one hand, it would feign make the world believe it was accumulating with the other. I have seen several persons possessed with this sort of mania; but of all, Harris Ryland was certainly the most demented. On every thing unconnected with speculation he was sane and intelligent, and I often tried to apply to himself the arguments which he applied to persons and things, but in vain. The moment a project of any kind was started—the instant a new view of any thing was touched upon, he was up and away, with as much avidity as was ever evinced by a child six years old, after a butterfly; unfortunately, with a great deal more perseverance.

I heard of Ryland's taking possession of his estate, of his projecting and putting in practice such schemes as made the entire neighbourhood, from the knight of the shire down to the parish clerk, believe that he was a fit subject for Bedlam; an opinion which the very paupers would have echoed, were it not that his humanity and his speculations for once agreed. He had submitted to the proper authorities a plan for ventilating alms and workhouses, which he declared would prevent disease from within, or contagion from without; and prolong the existence of those parish incumbrances to immortality! This plan you may be certain was not relished by the guardians of the poor, and some warm altercation ensued, which led to a resolution on Ryland's part to prove the truth of his theory by putting it at once into practice. Accordingly on a spot of ground denominated "Ryland's Close," a green picturesque



valley, girded by a succession of little hills, he actually erected seven curious but comfortable dwellings, and speedily found occupants for them, amongst "the lame, the halt, and the blind," whom he purposed curing after his own fashion of their several disorders. Although the blind still remained insensible to the beauties and glories of nature, though the cripple still leaned on his crutch for support, and made the pavement of his little court-yard echo with the sound that tells of human infirmity, and though an old woman most obstinately persisted in dying, at the very moment her speculating physician pronounced her cured, yet I have no hesitation in affirming, that the time Ryland spent in his labours for "the poor and friendless," were the happiest of his life: the natural benevolence of his heart was gratified, and his disappointments softened by the real good he effected, and the solid blessings he bestowed. At this time too, he fell most unaccountably in love. It is not at all improbable that the father of the girl who attracted his attention was perfectly aware of the rank and station of Sir Peter Ryland's successor, and consequently affected an interest, it was almost impossible for any but a speculator to feel in the issue of his undertakings; but I believe that Lizy Armstrong was too proud, and too amiable, to enter into any system of manœuvring, although she made the first impression on my friend's heart, from the admirable skill she manifested in the composition of a salve which he applied to a cut finger—cut, while he was proving, or endeavouring to prove, that the blade of a table knife fresh from the steel, could be so instantaneously blunted by the application of a particular acid, as to turn at the touch of the softest substance; unlike most experimentalizers he practised on himself, and the result proved the absurdity of his theory, and the excellence of Lizy's plaster.

A rich man's wooing need seldom be a long one; and nothing particular occurred, except that the carriage-springs (of his own construction) gave way, as they were returning from church, and the bride, white satin, blonde, and orange-blossoms, were consigned to a hillock by the road-side, fortunately without any injury, save a great fright, and a great derangement. After they returned from an excursion which, during our continental wars, was limited to the Scottish or English lakes, I was invited by a note, which I preserved as a curiosity, to join the new-married pair:

"MY DEAR TOM,

"Come to us, and make arrangements to stay as long as you possibly can. I have made a great discovery—I cannot tell you what it is—but come—come—I also want you to know Lizy—I will not say any thing about her, *either*. Only come.

"Yours, as ever."

"P. S. Pray look at the wax with which this letter is sealed, is it not beautiful? If more important discoveries did not call my attention, I could make a fortune by making sealing-wax."

The ruling passion, thought I, as I turned to examine the envelope. I could discover nothing particular in the wax, except that it was of a very deep red; but as I did not wish to be "deeper read" in my friend's follies, I had half a mind not to go to Ryland Hall. However, a great deal of curiosity, and I hope some good feeling, or call it perhaps vanity, which leads us to believe that we can effect what no one else can—that feeling which persuades many a pretty woman to marry a con-

firmed rake, under the idea, (vanity, what hast thou *not* to answer for?) that she can reclaim him—urged me to believe that I might divert, if not stem the torrent, and prevail upon “*The Speculator*” not to speculate. Leslie, which of *us* was the most absurd?

It was evening when I arrived at the hall; to my astonishment I found that there was no porter at the lodge, and, as it appeared to me, no inhabitants in the house. After ringing and calling, for a length of time, to no purpose, a withered crone came from one of the outhouses, and pointing to the plantations, exclaimed:—“They be all at the lake.” I made signs (she was as deaf as a post), to her to shew my servant the way to the stables, and after a hungry ride of two and forty miles, set off towards the spot, not in the best of humours, as you may suppose. We are only flesh and blood, Leslie, and the stomach will cry out, and disturb its unworthy members, whenever they are improvident or careless of their master’s wants. Just before I came in sight of the beautiful piece of water which the servant mentioned, I heard a tremendous explosion, the very trees vibrated as if an earthquake had riven the hills, and presently after I saw a column of smoke ascend even to the heavens. Some fatal end, thought I, to his experiments. I had scarcely time to collect my scattered senses, when a shout, a joyous shout, burst upon my ear, another and another, and turning the ally, I came full in view of an animated crowd, upon the verge of the lake, which was still overshadowed by the smoke: in a few moments Ryland came running towards me, his face and hands blackened with gunpowder, but his alacrity clearly proving that he was uninjured in strength and limb.

“How fortunate—how very fortunate that you should arrive at this moment!” he exclaimed, joyfully. “The shaft is sunk, and we were only puffing some impediments out of our way. A mine! a mine! my friend! a right rich mine!—a glorious copper-mine—by Jupiter! it sparkles in the sun like gold—and gold it soon shall be—the vein runs right under the bed of the lake—so we must follow—it was discovered by mere accident: but you do not congratulate me! Ah, Tom, Tom—you are a perfect St. Thomas still—but even you must cease to be sceptical on this subject, when you see the specimens—the indications ———!”

He hurried me onwards, and certainly shewed me some ore, which appeared rich with the precious metal. Still I was doubtful, and by way of changing the subject I inquired for his lady.

“Oh—ay—I forgot—women are strange creatures. She would not stay to see the explosion, but wandered up the lake. I dare say we shall soon find her,” he continued, as he wiped “the filthy witness” from his hands and face. We plunged into a thicket, almost rendered impassable by the clusters of roses and honeysuckle that tangled the foot-path, and after much “sweet encounter” with the blooming and perfumed shrubs, Ryland exclaimed, “I am sure she is here somewhere, with her favourite swans—Lizy!—Lizy!—Lizette.”—“Here, Ryland,” responded a gentle, and I thought, a melancholy voice. We were soon at her side, and I shall never forget the impression she made upon me that evening. Do not imagine that I was guilty of the immorality of falling in love with my friend’s wife. No such thing. Mrs. Ryland could not even be called pretty, but she was womanly and

interesting ; one glance at her mild face told you that her intellect was not of a high order ; but there was something better even than talent about her—there were indications of an affectionate, tender heart, and a self-sacrificing spirit. She looked at the first glance the personification of domestic virtue. She was seated on the grass, binding with her scarf the wing of a large swan, which was evidently much injured : the poor bird's entire side had been dreadfully lacerated ; and though her fingers trembled in the performance of her kind task, they shrunk not from it—the partner-bird stood at the water's edge, gazing with an interest that one would suppose belonged only to creatures of a higher order ; and as the suffering object writhed under her well-intended care, it emitted a low moaning sound, telling powerfully of its agony. Mrs. Ryland looked up, but as I was behind her husband she did not see me. "Do, Ryland, come here, I am sure it is dying—it was so tame, and knew my voice so well even in this little time." While she spoke the object of her attention rolled from her side, and expired after one or two struggles, which brought it close to its mate. It was affecting to observe the widowed bird stretch its long neck, and move awkwardly round its companion ; and I honestly confess that I liked the lady all the better for seeing more than one tear steal down her cheek.

"A fragment of the rock you have been excavating struck it," she said. "I would not be superstitious, but I cannot think the omen a good one." Her husband laughed, and turning to me, observed, "You have infested the very air with your scepticism, Tom ; my wife even becomes contaminated."

Day after day during my visit I heard of nothing but the wonders of the mine, the riches of the mine, and the extraordinary purposes to which the wealth acquired from the mine was to be devoted. On the old principle, that "one fool makes many," Ryland seemed determined that one speculation was to be the founder of others : and I confess that when I looked upon the gentle helpless woman, whom my friend had chosen, and thought of the probability there was of his having children who would cry unto him for bread, when he would have none to give, my heart sickened within me, and I bitterly cursed the infatuation which had besotted him. You must not imagine, Leslie, that this mine was the only experiment my friend engaged in—no such thing—it was the *principal*, but not the only one. An outhouse, that, "in the good old time," had been a noble barn, where many a harvest-home had been joyously celebrated, was filled with long-backed pigs, which Ryland declared should be fattened on—sea-weed ! Note—we were eighteen miles from the sea. Query—what did the sea-weed cost ? One comfort was that the expense was not of long continuance, for all the pigs were dead in a month. Was Ryland convinced of the absurdity of his experiment ? No, he only remarked, that the weed collected was not of the right kind ! Then rabbits—a particular breed of rabbits was obtained—and these creatures, in three months, were, by a still more particular course of feeding, to attain the weight of twenty-two pounds each. To be sure the meat so produced would cost somewhat about fifteen-pence a pound—but what then ?—think of a rabbit weighing two-and-twenty pounds ! In looking over some horrid old volume "On the Art and Practice of Gunnery," he took it into his head that a cannon could be constructed so as to contain three charges at once, and

only throw forth one at a time. To form this wonderous death-dealing machine it was necessary to erect a temporary forge, and employ some London gun-smiths, and between them and the miners the place was converted into a den of Cyclops. Every one you met had a dingy face and dirty hands; and I fancied that the fair complexion of his fair young wife looked darker and darker still, in the atmosphere which gathered round her. One morning at breakfast, Mrs. Ryland, in her usual gentle tone, inquired "how the mine was getting on, and if any of the ore had yet been disposed of?"

"Why, not yet, my love," was the reply, "we have not worked the profitable portion of the vein yet; in fact, the overseer says, that the richest part is right in the centre of the lake."

"Indeed, my dear!" responded his wife, "and what will it cost you to get there?"

"It is impossible to say."

"My dear Ryland, the servants have been complaining of getting nothing but rabbits to eat, five days out of the seven."

"The rascals!—that rabbit-meat stands me in fifteen-pence a pound—every farthing of it."

"My love, we could get beef and mutton for half the sum."

"My dearest Lizy, allow me to know best."

"Certainly, my dear. Did James tell you that the *incurable* mare which you *cured* of the spavins, is dead?"

"My God!—no—all owing to that d—d fellow's stupidity—he did not fodder her properly. The animal was as sound as a rock canteloupe melon—as well as you or I!"

"James says that the disease only moved from one portion of the body to another."

"James is a fool!—and you—my love—I beg your pardon;—but you ought really to exert a little common sense. I'll prove to you that I can cure not only spavins but glanders—ay, and in their worst state, too—I'll buy up all the diseased horses in the county—I'll send an advertisement to that effect to The County Chronicle—and I'll bet a thousand pounds to a penny that they shall leave me, sound in wind and limb! That beautiful mare!—Such a neat, light, well-formed head!—Such a flat, broad forehead!—She had Arabian blood in her veins—of that I'm certain!"

And away went Ryland, to rate the groom, and actually give directions for the purchase of diseased horses, that he might prove his knowledge, in the face of the county!

Mrs. Ryland looked after him, and sighed—I echoed both the sigh and the sentiment, and resolved to have one more conversation on the old subject, with Ryland, before I left him, as I found that I could not remain much longer absent from town. I found him, in the afternoon, amongst the American trees, whose destruction he had formerly meditated, snipping and chipping, and smelling at the bark, evidently intent on some new project. I led the conversation, and to do him justice, it is only right to add, that he always replied to my doubts with good humour, if not with good argument.

"The fortune you must *spend*," I said, at last, hastily—

"*Make*, you mean," he responded.

"That is not by any means certain," I continued; "besides, where



you have a wife, who will shortly become a mother, dependant upon you, you ought at least to settle some portion of your property so that no speculation could affect it."

"My dear fellow," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder, and half shutting one restless eye—a habit he had ever since I knew him, when he meditated astonishing you by some sudden display of his talent and forethought—

"My dear fellow, I have made up my mind, that, be it boy or be it girl, it shall never wear caps! Caps are the destruction of infancy—the bane of childhood—they compress the brain, and prevent the growth of the intellectual faculties!—I have some doubt as to the propriety of clothing a child at all, but my mind is fully made up on the subject of caps."

I turned from him, with a mingled feeling of pity and indignation, and the next morning returned to town.

During the next three months I neither saw nor heard from Ryland-hall, except once, when a brace of pheasants, bearing my friend's card, told me of his continued good feeling. I was lounging, as usual, at the Athenæum, when looking over some country papers, my eye was riveted by the following paragraph:—

"We are sorry to announce that an accident, attended with the loss of many lives, occurred yesterday at Ryland-Hall. The worthy proprietor had discovered what he supposed a vein of copper ore on his estate, and it is conjectured, pursued it too eagerly to the centre of a beautiful piece of water, in front of his dwelling: at the very moment when it was believed the miners had arrived at the richest part, which the owner hoped would repay his trouble and expense, the water rushed in from above, and deluged the labour of months with ruin. It is conjectured that not less than twenty persons have been overwhelmed in the dismal shaft; and many of the surrounding families are plunged in the deepest distress by the loss of some valued relative or friend."

This was no time for idle ceremony; so I mounted the first coach and found myself ere night at the scene of destruction. The account I had seen was of course exaggerated; fortunately only five persons had been deprived of life, as the greater number of people were at dinner when the accident occurred. I never beheld Ryland so completely depressed; no, not even when he had not a dinner, nor a farthing to purchase one with. There was no possibility of draining off the water, for a considerable portion of the bed of the lake had fallen in, and every vestige of the works was destroyed. He wandered round and round the spread of waters, like a perturbed spirit, and the only happiness he appeared to experience was in bestowing relief and support on the families of those who had perished in his service. I knew, however, that this inactivity would not last.

Good heavens! how changed was that beautiful place in a few short months. The walks and alleys were blocked up with the huge bodies of noble trees his ancestors had planted, and stripped of half, or perhaps the entire of their bark. A portion of the kitchen-garden had been converted to an enormous tan-pit, into which I was near tumbling on my way to the hot-house, where I found the grey-headed gardener with his pruning-knife in his hand busy amongst the vines, which had failed "to bring forth their fruit in due season."

"It's all along measter's faut," said the old man; "I bean't able to tend the graperie, and fodder two hundred and forty varmint rabbits, that are ever eating, eating, in the sunlight—in the moonlight—in rain and dry weather; to say nothing of a colony of hawks, which he fosters to destroy the poor rooks, innocent black things! and good friends to the farmers, though he won't believe it."

Of course his experiments in favour of horses had invariably failed. And in addition to his losing hundreds upon hundreds by the purchase of such a pack of wretched and dying animals, he was obliged to pull down the stables they had occupied, as every quadruped that entered became diseased.

The dairy had been metamorphosed into a species of distillery for converting balm and rue, and potatoes, and Heaven knows what, into brandy. And even the old hall, with its carved oak and moth-eaten tapestry, had been abused to the vile use of storing sheep-skins, which were to be prepared after a fashion of the speculator's, so as to rival all the sheep-skins ever dressed before or since the flood. It was sad to view this change; the very birds of the air, as they whirled over the fallen trees, chirmed their wailings to each other; and even the swallows had abandoned the lake where they had so often dipped their dappled wings, or chased the busy insects which the benevolence of an all-providing Nature had appointed to be their food.

"Do you remember the poor swan?" said Mrs. Ryland, as she sat caressing her capless babe, who, notwithstanding the absence of lace and muslin round its fat laughing face, looked to my eyes, poor helpless lump! particularly interesting. "The swan's blood," she continued, mournfully, "was the first shed there. My heart has often bled since." In this brief visit I learnt what I had before anticipated, that my friend had added to his other speculations that of borrowing money—of applying to the money-changers—the human harpies who increase and multiply, and thrive and feast, on the miseries of mankind; they had taken his broad acres in trust for their comparatively valueless coin, or decidedly valueless bills, which had to be discounted by other no less ravenous gentlemen, learned in vice, or the law—which I take it are synonymous terms. Poor Ryland! even then he might have been saved! but the madness was still strong upon him, and he returned with tenfold vigour, when the grief and disappointment occasioned by the mining misery was forgotten, to fresh speculations.

He came occasionally to town, still intent upon some new project, and though the green lands of his ancestors were fading from before his eyes, even as "the green mantle of the standing pool" fades beneath the hot blaze of the mid-day sun, yet "wealth is coming" was his continual cry.

Do you remember his last project, Leslie? It was *the cure of Insanity*; and he converted a summer lodge, at the termination of the alms-houses I have before-mentioned, which contained some five or seven rooms, into a mad-house. My poor, poor friend! He was its first inhabitant; the storm, which had long been gathering and gathering, burst at last. There was no reprieve—no means of escape—he was utterly and hopelessly ruined in body and mind. The remnant of that fine estate was sold, and persons connected, I believe, with the parish authorities, bought in the very dwellings which Ryland had erected for charitable purposes. It was more than he could support—his mind was active but

nerveless, and doubtless perpetual motion had not a little assisted in destroying what was never at any period of his life strong or vigorous. He sank gradually under it, and became little better than a driveling idiot!

Some kind persons secured him a safe asylum in the house founded by himself. I have seen him twice in his state of hopeless imbecility. The last visit was peculiarly distressing. His poor wife! *She* was there, Leslie, with her two helpless children, gazing upon the living wreck of what *might* have been! Good God! is it not dreadful to think how man perverts the benevolence of his Maker, and how thoughtlessness poisons the cup of life! And yet the poor idiot was in what would be called rude animal health: while *her* black and threadbare garments—her pallid cheek, and tottering step, substantiated the truth of what her lips declared—"that the world went coldly with her and hers." She kissed him at parting, and made the children kiss him too. And he cared not for those kisses, but looked upon the group with lustreless eyes and a senseless laugh. She covered her face with her worn hands, and I heard her sobbings as she passed from the narrow apartment.

So much for the curse of civilized society—the fool's-paradise of speculation. H.

---

#### STEAM-PACKET REGULATIONS.

A brief debate has taken place in the Commons upon the means of providing for the security of the public in the steam-boats; in which debate we say, reverentially (as we ought with the fear of the honourable house before our printer's eyes), we did not discover much sense—the general opinion being, that to make any inspection of those same steam-boats, as to their sea-worthiness, the state of their machinery, or the means of escape in case of danger at sea, was an indelicate distrust of the wisdom, honesty, caution, and so forth, of the proprietors of the said steam-boats. In short, that the passengers should look to the affair for themselves; and take care to go on board no steam-boats of whose security they had not satisfied themselves.

Now we confess that all this sounds very like nonsense. How, in the name of common sense, are the passengers to know anything on the subject? They see the *George the Fourth* or the *William the Fiftieth*, all flourishing in green paint and blue, waiters in white aprons, muffins and coffee in the cabin, and three fiddlers and a bassoon in full loyalty of song on the deck. The sun shines, the smoke towers, the bell rings, and off they go, tide and wind with them, at the rate of twenty knots an hour. How are those gay creatures of the element floating along the "liquid blue," as the poets of Almacks pronounce it, to know, that in half an hour every man of them is destined to swim or flounder for his life? that the boiler is within the millionth part of a square inch of blowing up every second? that the engine-man is immersed in gin? that the timbers, however painted they may be, are rotten to the core? that the captain is an ass, and a savage, and will be dead drunk before the gallant steamer has evaporated her first peck of coals?

Let the unfortunate *Rothsay Castle* tell the tale. Of the hundred and twenty unfortunates who stepped on board that ship in the gaiety of



their hearts, to drink Welch ale at Beaumaris, and return to drink English ale in the next twenty-four hours at Liverpool, was there a single soul that could know any thing about the ship, the engine, or the drunken villain of a captain!

"It is now ascertained, beyond all doubt, that the number of passengers on board the steamer, at the time of her sailing from Liverpool, exceeded one hundred and ten, to which must be added the captain and mate, two seamen, the engineer, the steward and his wife, a black boy and four musicians, making not less than one hundred and twenty-two souls; probably more, as many persons are supposed to have gone on board the ill-fated boat without registering their names. Out of these, only twenty-two have been saved, leaving a certain total of one hundred and two individuals who were swallowed by the remorseless waves."

Now, of the one hundred and two people sacrificed on board of this ship, how many could possibly know any thing about its condition; though they soon discovered that the captain was an unmannerly ruffian, by his answer to their demands of being put back, and by his insolent observation that "there was little danger onboard, but a d—d deal of fear." So on they went, brawling and blundering, until the horrid catastrophe was accomplished.

In this case the fault was the agents', for they should have provided a proper captain; and as a man does not take to habits of insolence and drinking within the first half hour from his leaving harbour, they ought to have known how far this fellow was fit to be trusted with men's lives. As for the vulgar argument, that self-interest will make the proprietors take care of their vessel; every man of common experience knows, that there is a low self-interest as well as a high one, and that there are proprietors, who, to save sixpence at the moment, would run the hazard of losing a thousand pounds twelve hours after. With those miserable ruffians, the first consideration would be a cheap captain, and a rotten ship; the saving of wages and repairs altogether effacing the danger of losing ship and all. Besides, the insurance-office takes off the only stimulus to their prudence, and sink or swim, away goes the vessel to sea.—If she goes to the bottom they are not the less secure of their insurance.

Again, in the best-formed vessels, what provision is there for those accidents which may befall the best ships that ever crossed the sea? One of those steam-packets puts out crammed with three or four hundred people. If the ship springs a leak, runs foul of another, or is driven on a rock—all which things might happen to her if she had been steered by Cook himself—there is *one* boat at the stern, to carry off the whole four hundred. Half a dozen may escape in the boat; the rest are lost, beyond all possibility of escape. The whole affair is a general murder, man, woman and child plunged by wholesale into the bottom of the deep; and all this because a rascally parsimony in the proprietors, an insatiable avarice, has refused to give the unhappy people any chance of escape. What is the use of a legislature if private villany, for it deserves no gentler name, is thus suffered to prey upon the lives of the people? The legislature *must* take the matter in hand, and steam-boat proprietors must be suffered no longer to sport with life.

It should be enacted—that no steam-boat should be suffered to leave its station, whether for river or sea, without being, half an hour before,



visited by an inspector, bound to make a full report of the state of the vessel, as to its general fitness, the state of its boiler and engine, the sobriety of its crew and captain, with all other necessary circumstances.

That no steam-vessel going to sea should be permitted to take in any greater number of passengers, than she has boats on board to provide for their security in case of accident. And this regulation ought to be most strictly adhered to; as indispensable in all cases, except in rivers like the Thames, where, from the nearness of the shore, escape is easy.—That also, every steam-vessel going to sea should be provided with cork-jackets or swimming-belts, equal to the greatest number of passengers which she is licensed to carry: a precaution, which, however apparently slight, would have saved the lives of the whole one hundred and twenty-two lost on board the *Rothsay*.—The precautions of ringing bells in fogs, and hoisting lights in the night, have been of late use, and compelled only by the experience of dreadful losses; for of all men the sailor is least alive to precaution, and most disposed to trust to luck. Those ought to be strictly enforced.

The objection to creating a new band of officers for this work might be easily obviated by putting it in the hands of the custom-house, and paying the superintendants' daily trouble by a trifle from the fare of the passengers, who would most gladly contribute, if they could have the additional security. A penny a head, would in general form an ample recompense. The steam-boats require those regulations peculiarly; from the peculiar carelessness of the captains and crews, who look upon steam as taking all the trouble off their hands, and who in general have but little to do, but lounge along the decks, tell stories, and smoke their pipes. Another necessity for official superintendence lies in the proverb, that "what is every body's business is no body's business." The proprietors, in nine instances out of ten, know nothing of the property, but whether it gains or loses them ten per cent. at the end of the season. An idle agent, an idle ship-owner, or a vulgar skipper, is the responsible personage, and boiler and ship may be on the point of blowing up, without their troubling their heads upon the subject. Yet the blowing up may blow with it four or five hundred lives in a moment. The crowds that load the steam-boats during all the finer months, and in all the more stirring parts of the island, make it of infinitely more importance to legislate for them, than for the common sailing-vessels. One of the Liverpool steamers will bring two or three hundred people at a trip, and this happens every day for six months together. The steamers on the Thames last year, carried upwards of two hundred thousand people from London, and of course as many back—five hundred on board at a time being by no means an unusual cargo. The danger is naturally diminished, while the steamers continue within the river-banks, and the boats might probably be dispensed with in similar instances. But an engine will blow up as well within a river's-banks as on the ocean, and the inspection of those vessels and their machinery cannot be too frequent, nor too exact for public safety. In America, there are capital boats, plenty of proprietors, smart captains, and machinery made from the very forges of Soho. Yet, as republicanism disdains inspection, there are no inspectors, and the consequence is, that accidents on the American lakes and rivers are perpetually occurring, and accidents of the most horrid and sweeping nature. The American captain drinks his rum uncontrolled by the slavish fear of authority, the engineer does

the same with the same sense of freedom ; the crew, being all freemen, exhibit their predilections for rum, undisturbed by the frowns of kings, peerage, or parliament ; the ship takes fire during the general libation to liberty,—and captain, crew, ship and passengers are roasted whole. It was but the other day, that one of the largest steamers navigating Lake Erie went to the bottom at once, with, the papers say, seven hundred people on board !

We are glad to see that a member of the Commons is about to bring in a bill on the subject. Let it be brief, plain, and practical, and it must pass. Before half-a-dozen years are out, three-fourths of the sea-going vessels, and all the river-vessels of Britain, will be steamers. The liability to accidents will naturally multiply with the navigation, and nothing can prevent the most dreadful catastrophes, but the direct interposition of the Legislature ; and the sooner it saves us from the rapacity of proprietors, and the carelessness of captains and sailors, the better.

---

#### BREVITIES.

**DRINKING**, with a view to heighten natural good-spirits, is like attempting to improve the natural fragrance of the rose by smearing it with pomatum.

A benevolent man would not so much wish for the lever of Archimedes to move the world itself, as for a moral lever that would enable him to lift its inhabitants one degree nearer to heaven ;—and this glorious privilege every such man does in a degree possess. His example operates as a strong arm, stretched out to raise his fellows to the eminence he has reached himself.

In the heathen mythology, Diana was twin-born with Apollo—a useful hint to poets of the luxuriant class.

It is a severe satire on mankind to say that prosperity is more difficult to bear than adversity. The maxim implies a natural meanness or malignity in those to whom it is applicable ; for if a man has but the habitual wish to diffuse happiness, what more does he require to make his prosperity a blessing to himself and all about him ?

Fame, like money, can never be enjoyed while we are obliged to dun the world for it. That only is worth having which comes unasked.

Genius is the wand of an enchanter ;—talent, the strength of a giant.

Continuing the game-laws in order to induce country-gentlemen to reside on their estates, reminds one of Master Billy enticed to school by his tender parents, with a promise that, if he is a good boy and minds his book, he shall kick the cat about when he comes home.

The Genius of Astronomy, with his starry wand, has effectually shivered the fortress of Superstition—shivered, but not destroyed ;—almost every one possesses a piece of the ruin as a sort of relic ; but it can never be re-united as a place of strength to overawe the nations. Where Newton is freely studied and believed, we shall have no more religious wars.

Nations are sometimes, though rarely, ungrateful ; but they much oftener commit the folly of being grateful infinitely overmuch. Let them beware of this ; it is wasting one of the most precious streams, that Providence has ordained to fructify human genius and benevolence.

## STERNE AND THE DUKE OF WHARTON: A DRAMATIC SCENE.

[THE Duke of Wharton, author of "Crazy Tales," and "The Sentimental Journey continued," had a peculiar and unconquerable aversion to the north-east wind; so much so, that he had a weathercock placed in such a situation before his bed-room window, that he could immediately apprize himself of the quarter from which his dreaded enemy issued; if it was from the north-east the duke confined himself to his room, and partially to his bed, for the whole day. His friend and companion, Laurence Sterne, is reported to have played off the joke upon which the following sketch is founded.]

*Dramatis Personæ.*

LAURENCE STERNE—THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

SCENE.—*A room in Skelton Castle, Yorkshire; through a window is perceptible the vane of a weathercock, pointing due south.—STERNE is seated at a table covered with books.*

*Sterne.* The very demon of mischief has possessed me this morning. By the soul of Momus 'tis a lucky hit! A pestilent north-east wind is stirring. Now, Eugenius, rise from thy couch, draw the curtains of thy window, look on thy trusty weathercock, count the vibrations of thy placid pulse, and come down to breakfast. Assist me, hypocrisy; and, assuming that moody garb I am too often doomed to wear, beshrew me if I convince not Eugenius that I am the most melancholy man of the two! Mental delusion! thou dubious devil!—what a bugbear art thou, to chain down to his pillow for the live-long day a man like Eugenius!

*Enter WHARTON.*

*Wharton.* Good morrow, Yorick: thou hast been up betimes; for, missing thee at breakfast table, inquiry elicited that thou wert stirring with the lark. What can have transpired to disturb so light-hearted a repose as thine?

*Sterne.* Be serious, and I will tell thee. Last night I had a terrific dream, in which thyself wert a shadowy actor, Eugenius. Methought I had been strolling with thee through the balmy meads and gardens of Skelton Castle, on a summer's afternoon, enraptured with earthly and ærial beauty, when suddenly the heavens became overcast—the wind shifted to the north-east.

*Wharton.* Pshaw!

*Sterne.* Mock me not, for I am already a half-convert to thy nervous creed.—I say, the wind shifted to the north-east, and arose with tremendous power, blighting the trees and flowers, and driving the cattle to phrenzy. Looking upwards, I beheld in the air shapes of monstrous proportions and awful visages; and dismal shrieks and yells were heard on the boisterous hurricane. I turned to look at the castle, but its embattled walls and clustering towers had supernaturally changed—nay, even the very earth and its objects became impalpable—and in the midst of the appalling metamorphose stood the lord and master of the unearthly mansion, (his head enveloped in a triple night-cap, and with "Burton's Anatomie of Melancholie" under one arm, and a copy of his own "Crazy Tales" under the other,) petrified with fear—the precise personation of an Egyptian mummy. Such a scene was too



the same with the same sense of freedom ; the crew, being all freemen, exhibit their predilections for rum, undisturbed by the frowns of kings, peerage, or parliament ; the ship takes fire during the general libation to liberty,—and captain, crew, ship and passengers are roasted whole. It was but the other day, that one of the largest steamers navigating Lake Erie went to the bottom at once, with, the papers say, seven hundred people on board !

We are glad to see that a member of the Commons is about to bring in a bill on the subject. Let it be brief, plain, and practical, and it must pass. Before half-a-dozen years are out, three-fourths of the sea-going vessels, and all the river-vessels of Britain, will be steamers. The liability to accidents will naturally multiply with the navigation, and nothing can prevent the most dreadful catastrophes, but the direct interposition of the Legislature ; and the sooner it saves us from the rapacity of proprietors, and the carelessness of captains and sailors, the better.

---

#### BREVITIES.

**DRINKING**, with a view to heighten natural good-spirits, is like attempting to improve the natural fragrance of the rose by smearing it with pomatum.

A benevolent man would not so much wish for the lever of Archimedes to move the world itself, as for a moral lever that would enable him to lift its inhabitants one degree nearer to heaven ;—and this glorious privilege every such man does in a degree possess. His example operates as a strong arm, stretched out to raise his fellows to the eminence he has reached himself.

In the heathen mythology, Diana was twin-born with Apollo—a useful hint to poets of the luxuriant class.

It is a severe satire on mankind to say that prosperity is more difficult to bear than adversity. The maxim implies a natural meanness or malignity in those to whom it is applicable ; for if a man has but the habitual wish to diffuse happiness, what more does he require to make his prosperity a blessing to himself and all about him ?

Fame, like money, can never be enjoyed while we are obliged to dun the world for it. That only is worth having which comes unasked.

Genius is the wand of an enchanter ;—talent, the strength of a giant.

Continuing the game-laws in order to induce country-gentlemen to reside on their estates, reminds one of Master Billy enticed to school by his tender parents, with a promise that, if he is a good boy and minds his book, he shall kick the cat about when he comes home.

The Genius of Astronomy, with his starry wand, has effectually shivered the fortress of Superstition—shivered, but not destroyed ;—almost every one possesses a piece of the ruin as a sort of relic ; but it can never be re-united as a place of strength to overawe the nations. Where Newton is freely studied and believed, we shall have no more religious wars.

Nations are sometimes, though rarely, ungrateful ; but they much oftener commit the folly of being grateful infinitely overmuch. Let them beware of this ; it is wasting one of the most precious streams, that Providence has ordained to fructify human genius and benevolence.



## STERNE AND THE DUKE OF WHARTON: A DRAMATIC SCENE.

[THE Duke of Wharton, author of "Crazy Tales," and "The Sentimental Journey continued," had a peculiar and unconquerable aversion to the north-east wind; so much so, that he had a weathercock placed in such a situation before his bed-room window, that he could immediately apprize himself of the quarter from which his dreaded enemy issued; if it was from the north-east the duke confined himself to his room, and partially to his bed, for the whole day. His friend and companion, Laurence Sterne, is reported to have played off the joke upon which the following sketch is founded.]

*Dramatis Personæ.*

## LAURENCE STERNE—THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

SCENE.—*A room in Skelton Castle, Yorkshire; through a window is perceptible the vane of a weathercock, pointing due south.—STERNE is seated at a table covered with books.*

*Sterne.* The very demon of mischief has possessed me this morning. By the soul of Momus 'tis a lucky hit! A pestilent north-east wind is stirring. Now, Eugenius, rise from thy couch, draw the curtains of thy window, look on thy trusty weathercock, count the vibrations of thy placid pulse, and come down to breakfast. Assist me, hypocrisy; and, assuming that moody garb I am too often doomed to wear, beshrew me if I convince not Eugenius that I am the most melancholy man of the two! Mental delusion! thou dubious devil!—what a bugbear art thou, to chain down to his pillow for the live-long day a man like Eugenius!

*Enter WHARTON.*

*Wharton.* Good morrow, Yorick: thou hast been up betimes; for, missing thee at breakfast table, inquiry elicited that thou wert stirring with the lark. What can have transpired to disturb so light-hearted a repose as thine?

*Sterne.* Be serious, and I will tell thee. Last night I had a terrific dream, in which thyself wert a shadowy actor, Eugenius. Methought I had been strolling with thee through the balmy meads and gardens of Skelton Castle, on a summer's afternoon, enraptured with earthly and ærial beauty, when suddenly the heavens became overcast—the wind shifted to the north-east.

*Wharton.* Pshaw!

*Sterne.* Mock me not, for I am already a half-convert to thy nervous creed.—I say, the wind shifted to the north-east, and arose with tremendous power, blighting the trees and flowers, and driving the cattle to phrenzy. Looking upwards, I beheld in the air shapes of monstrous proportions and awful visages; and dismal shrieks and yells were heard on the boisterous hurricane. I turned to look at the castle, but its embattled walls and clustering towers had supernaturally changed—nay, even the very earth and its objects became impalpable—and in the midst of the appalling metamorphose stood the lord and master of the unearthly mansion, (his head enveloped in a triple night-cap, and with "Burton's Anatomie of Melancholie" under one arm, and a copy of his own "Crazy Tales" under the other,) petrified with fear—the precise personation of an Egyptian mummy. Such a scene was too

horrifying, Eugenius ; I awoke in terror, and starting out of bed, the light of the soothing morn attracted me to the window, and the first object which presented itself was thy weathercock, pointing from the congenial south !

*Wharton.* Have mercy on my weakness, Yorick ! yet, despite thy raillery, I shall persist in my belief of the cause of my malady. This morning, to wit—did the wind blow from the pestilent quarter—I should not be where, and as, I am ; and so acutely susceptible are my nerves of the change, that I am sensible of it the moment I feel the first breath of the morning. I never was in better spirits than at present—a proof, Yorick, of the fallacy of thy ridicule in that particular.

*Sterne.* Now, thou laughest at my dream, Eugenius ; but I verily pray that the devil, of which thou hast been dispossessed, may not have entered me ; for I feel wofully chop-fallen. However, I rejoice in thy convalescence ; for, without thee, I am but as a mateless sparrow on the house-top—my chirruping ceases, and I hide my head under my wing.

*Wharton.* This day I am determined to be social ; therefore make up thy mind to amuse and be amused, Yorick ; and I promise thee that there is no arrow in the quiver of thy wit, however surpassing in keenness, which shall pierce the panoply of my good-nature.

*Sterne.* God bless thee, Eugenius ! thou wert surely created to put me in love with life ; I can better paint thy impassioned friendship by likening it to a beautifully transparent basin of snowy marble, into which the fountain of my overflowing heart discharges its fervid torrent, settling there into a tranquil and glassy repose. With thee I could leave the world and become a monk—what thinkest thou of me for a monk ? Heavens, what a blissful existence ! To kneel devoutly while the melodious quiverings of the matin hymn reverberated through the fretted choir of some old monastery, and the joyous sunlight streamed through the flaunting colours of its many windows ; to bend in adoration on the moon-lit mosaic floor, and prefer a prayer to the unseen Virgin ; and, immured in Gothic magnificence, and surrounded by the glory of nature, pass to heaven without spot or blemish—but, pardon me, absent Eliza ! my assuming the cowl could be only on the unallowable condition that thou shouldst accompany me.

*Wharton.* A true Cistercian, on my soul ! So this is the finishing stroke to thy painting of monastic beatitude ! Thy outline sketch was somewhat in character ; but no sooner did I feel solemnized by its embodiment, than thy wicked pencil introduced a petticoat. Thou a monk ! why thou wouldst have been enough to have procured the dissolution of all the religious houses in Christendom ; and had sly old Harry taken thee as a specimen of monastic rectitude, it would have saved Thomas Cromwell's journeys, and have doomed the abbeyes without further investigation. Take thee in the humour for worshipping the virgin, and thou wouldst acquit thyself most devotionally, no doubt ; but how long might the fit last ?

*Sterne.* Why, on a second thought, three months out of the twelve ; the other nine of which I should like to take leave of my beads and rosary, my cowl and crucifix, and take a ramble to France, returning as good a monk as ever. I would never abuse the sanctity of my seclusion by so much as a smile, unless thou, Eugenius, let slip some unlucky repartee, or whispered in my ear one of thy crazy chapters.

*Wharton.* Nay, an' thou wilt affect the cloister, I must suppose thee entering a *nunnery*, disguised as one of the sisters, and the third evening's moon lighting thy precipitate retreat through one of the narrow windows, accompanied by a veiled virgin: thou mightst take her to the "sweet south," enshrine her image in thy voluptuous fancy, and fall down and worship her—quarrel with her in a week, and in one month forget the whole occurrence.

*Sterne.* I allow, *Eugenius*, that I am as fickle as thine own weathercock; yet trust me, were I elevated for its purposes, I would never point from the pestilent north-east, for thy sake!

*Wharton.* My own weathercock!—an apt analogy, to witness to the truth of which I might call thine own *Eliza*.

*Sterne.* Yet how cheerfully could I refer thee to her for an irrefragable declaration of my affection and constancy!

*Wharton.* Forgive the sally, and most sincerely will I make amends, by contending that thou art a true poet; yea, and I defy all the critics and half-wits who weekly chatter about thy genius, to disprove the assertion. I would choose as arbiter of the question, not a systematic and icy reviewer, but one of Nature's own manufacture, with a heart like *Rousseau's*, and let him peruse thy letters to *Eliza*; one of which commences—"Yes, I will steal from the world, to a retreat so remote and tranquil that *Echo* shall not whisper of it. Suffer thy imagination to paint it as a little sun-gilt cottage on the side of a romantic hill, with woodbined windows and straw-roof, where the birds might revel in the brightness of morning. But, thinkest thou I will leave love out of the question?—No, *Eliza* shall go with me!" Now there is more real poetry in that single passage than a hundred of the pigmy productions which appear in the hobbling reviews and sleepy miscellanies of the day.

*Sterne.* So thou hast elected me a critic with "a heart like *Rousseau's*?"—Now mad-cap fortune defend me from the censorship of such a visionary! and give me rather *Voltaire*.

*Wharton.* *Voltaire*? ha, ha!—I laugh to think what unsparing havoc his pen would make of thy romantic sensibility, *Yorick*. Only to imagine his withered and wicked-looking phiz poring over thy "*Sentimental Journey*"—the bare mention of it is provocative of laughter. Were he, however, to turn over the leaves of thy "*Tristram Shandy*," he would relax into sympathy: and, further, were he to meet thee on thy bony steed, (*vide* the *Parson's* description of himself) like *Death* on the *Pale Horse*, he would instantly recognise thee as of the fraternity of skinny wits, and thrusting forth his anatomy-like fingers, give thee a hearty shake of the hand.

*Sterne.* Speak somewhat more reverently of my bony steed, as thou art facetiously pleased to call him, though thou rail at me; for there existeth not his counterpart in all the neighbourhood, famous, too, for horses. Had *Cervantes* beheld him before writing "*Don Quixote*," then *Rosinante* had never been; for he would have immortalized the parson's hack instead of the knight-errant's. But, by *Jupiter*! though it may furnish *Eugenius* with mirth, I am wofully taxed, both in pocket and patience, by my beast's want of flesh, and his sorry speed. There is no protection against his huge and piercing bones; and, with their friction against my own, I am fairly galled by the osseous contact. The falling of a thunderbolt would not alter his pace, and the seasons he



sets at defiance. I have with me on my excursions an arch little urchin from the village of Coxwold, in order to administer to him the whip *à posteriori* ; but his flagellations have no more effect than the tickling of a straw. To provide myself against the casualties of the weather, I am obliged to carry an umbrella as large as an Arab's tent, else I should be soaked to the skin ere old Scarcity would move a jot the quicker.

*Wharton.* Place it to the account of thine own avarice, Yorick, that thou ridest so beggarly a hack. Thou hast given us thy whimsical and opposite reasons for such adoption :—the first, that, mounted on such an attenuated animal, thy musings were as much benefited as by having “a death's head” before thee ; the second, that the horse and his rider were, “centaur-like, both of a piece ;” the third, that being of about the dimensions of a good-sized walking-stick, thou couldst not endure to bestride “a fat horse ;” but the real motive confessedly originated in a desire to save thy pelf ; for, possessing a tolerable beast, he was borrowed by the husband of every parturient woman in the parish ; and his value was frittered down from twenty-five to five pounds, by continual gallopings to and from the accoucheur.

*Sterne.* May Fate consign me to execration, if my soul be tainted by the hell-born vice of avarice ! If I am parsimonious, it is to supply the waste of expenditure, not to hoard up gold in my coffers : besides, the skeleton parson and his fleshless steed furnish amusement to the whole village ; when they pass, “the bucket is suspended in the middle of the well ;” the house-wife runs to the door, leaving her pots unwashed, and her floor unswept ; the ploughman stops his team, though in the middle of a furrow ;—to have a peep at the parson. Now, I am surprised, Eugenius, that thou canst assign no other origin to all this interest but that of avarice.

*Wharton.* Fitting provision for thy family, Yorick, if not care for thyself, may justify that necessary economy which I have thoughtlessly termed avarice. But of what trivial moment is a disquisition begun so innocently, though taken up so seriously !

*Sterne.* Nay, I wish but to convince thee how lightly I esteem riches : as for my family, they are but two, Eugenius, a wife and daughter, and I commend them to the support and protection of the same Being who has hitherto spread my own table. As for myself, were my years to outnumber those of Methuselah, I must die ; and I had rather it be said that “Yorick ended his days in a garret, after a merry life spent in affluence,” than that the country journalist should add to his newspaper obituary of me, “he died rich, having lived most parsimoniously.”

*Wharton.* Confusion ! why I could swear that the north-east wind was chilling *thy* blood with its demoniac breath ! And now may come my turn to be jocular.

*Sterne.* To continue, Eugenius—How little it avails us mortals to either build or hoard, when we look upon the impressive mutability which surrounds us ! Behold the rich expanse of verdant beauty sloping from this window, where peace and love have taken up their abode, and the very trees seem conscious of sympathy, as they mingle their well-clad boughs in vernal friendship ; and the unsophisticated ploughman walks over the upturned earth with ruddy and contented aspect, as his children revel before their stony dwelling, little dreaming of the countless changes time will bring forth. Yon little church, whose Norman

battlements have stood the brunt of a thousand years, will soon shade the grave of their father; the cottage will revert to strangers; another will plough the fertile soil; those trees will shed their golden tears, and fall beneath the axe of the woodman; that gorgeous sky will be overcast, and its colouring hid by autumnal clouds, and yon joyous fledgelings will experience separation and sorrow: some of them may be slain in patriotic warfare for their country; others, after years of agricultural slavery, may sicken and die at home. In short, what I have been so long in describing, Shakspeare embodied in one pithy line—and I would to Heaven that my friend Davy were here to give it!

“Life’s a walking shadow; a poor player.”

*Wharton.* Imaginary, Yorick, imaginary!—Thou hast given the reins to thy fancy to-day, and the devil could not stop it!

*Sterne (aside).* Be it so, my Antony; but I shall by-and-by take my leave of fancy, and come to fact; and if I do not convince thee that it is in our nature to fear less that which *is* than that which *seems to be*, then will I forswear all collusion with the wind, and leave thy cursed weathercock to be blown about as the weather may please.

*Wharton (who has taken up Rousseau’s “Confessions”).* Romantic Rousseau, the etherial fire kindled by thee on nature’s altar, will illuminate the wilds of sorrow when thou her chosen priest art no more! Thy words have given immortality to the localities of thy home; and when thou hast departed thence to adorn another existence, the “vine-clad hill” will still bear its gorgeous load, the lake reflect the imagery of the clouds, the sun continue to wrap thy native town in rising and setting light, and all of beauty, save mortality, will survive thee; but thy wand of sorcery has been waved over the scenery, and it is consecrated for ever!

*Sterne.* Just such another weathercock mortal as Eugenius!

*Wharton.* Next to blasphemous, Yorick! His are the feelings of a god: he approaches the temple of nature with “fear and trembling,” nor plucks even a flower but with hesitation: his most latent sensibilities, his most nebulous imaginings, have in them that which commands our sympathy: in love—

*Sterne.* He is an ass, Eugenius.

*Wharton (angrily).* Perhaps he may partake less of that character than he who could stop the said animal in the street, and exchange symptoms of condolence with him for those blows from his master, which would have been better bestowed on the meagre sentimentalist himself.

*Sterne.* Rousseau in love! A Genevese fish-wife, and a Provençal orange-girl, a courtesan of the Palais-Royale, and a third-rate dancer at the opera, possess enough of accomplishment to constitute them, in his eye, divinities!

*Wharton.* And why not, when waiting-wenchs at inns, and female decoy-birds behind the counters of shops, are to be seen tête-a-tête with Yorick?

*Sterne.* Yet I am no Rousseau, sleeplessly tossing whole nights on his bed, and rising at an early hour, no matter what the weather, to ensure that morning kiss from the lips of his agonizing fair one, granted by courtesy and the usage of his country! Give me the realities of love—wedded rights and lawful possession.

*Wharton.* Stay, my rigid monk, some half hour ago, were expressed thy chastened yearnings to exist but amidst wax-tapers and painted windows ; now, thou art out-Rochestering Rochester. I contend, that in all thy sententious journeyings—thy *rencontres* with pretty *filles-de-chambres* and prattling milliners—thy exchanging of snuff-boxes, thy grievings over a dead ass, and thy maniac-like communings with Maria, thou wert but playing the mime to Rousseau !

*Sterne.* Critics have accused me of being a plagiarist in words, but Eugenius impugns me as a plagiarist in deeds. Still, following up my censures of Rousseau, I will maintain that, in love, possession takes the precedence of all its delights. Ask Garrick, after he has been playing Romeo, whether it be not the veriest dream, to wait beneath the balcony of his mistress (another's wife the while), beseeching the "sun to kill the envious moon," and wishing that he "were a glove upon her hand, that he might touch her cheek." I know Davy better, than not to suppose that he will laugh in his sleeve at his eye-wiping audience. The doting young gentleman and the adored young lady may each retire to their couch of solitude, to dream about "Romeo and Juliet," and Garrick's acting ; but, mark it, Eugenius—the curtain drops ; the audience depart, the stage-lights are extinguished, and the actor is charioted to his home, where he finds awaiting him, a sumptuous supper, two or three bottles of champagne, and *Mrs. Garrick* !

*Wharton.* Well, well, Yorick ; sneer not at Rousseau, for thou art his counterpart.

*Sterne.* Not in fiddling, any how : but I give up the argument, for I grow weary of litigation. Look here, Eugenius, (*taking up a volume of Shakspeare,*) these, not exclusive of "Romeo and Juliet," are the emanations of a genius, seduced not by wit on the one hand, nor intoxicated by imagination on the other ; of one who watched Nature till he beheld her emerge from her mint, and then entered and stole her dies.

*Wharton.* Ay : but Shakspeare's paucity of wit is attributable to his not possessing the quality, and not to his judicious abstinence from it. That he took no cognizance of the good-humoured raillery of Ben Jonson, is a proof that he abstained from the combat, because wanting the weapon with which he was challenged.

*Sterne.* Fallacy, Eugenius. What is his character of Falstaff, but the life and soul of wit embodied in an earthly and every-day shape ? Depict the poet as an abstracted painter, whose energies were absorbed in the task of ornamenting with original pictures an alabaster temple, reared in the recess of a woody solitude, and destined to be eternal—how could he stay his pencil, and stoop from the dome of that ever-during fabric to listen to the jibes and jests of one planting perishable flowers, or even more lasting evergreens, around its portico ? Look at their visages ; the lucid veil of poetry hides the one ; the other is, what the offended Dekker declared it to be, "like unto a rotten apple."

*Wharton.* And yet it is surprising that Shakspeare should have made such clumsy essays to be sprightly and satirical, ending often in the school-boy achievement of a silly play upon words.

*Sterne.* Professedly making his fools speak foolishly, and his wise men sagely.

*Wharton.* Well—so be it. How wags the world with thee at thy curacy, Yorick ?

*Sterne.* 'Tis a lonely wilderness, a cenobitish seclusion. Thou knowest



that "I hate the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say, 'tis all barren;" but assuredly such a scene of *ennui* I never beheld. From the window of my old mansion I behold, perhaps, half-a-dozen individuals in the lapse of a day. Here is the picture,—the village, with its grass-covered pavement, seems asleep in the sunshine; scarcely a passing foot to disturb its slumbers from morn to night: the cawing of a saucy rook from the top of a tree, or the bellowing of an overfed bull in a pasture, often fills up an hiatus of two hours. Perhaps the rolling of some distant and coming chariot may summon the women to the window, eager to behold some indication of humanity besides themselves; suppose it to be a spectacled antiquary driving to the neighbouring ruin of Byland Abbey; now *his* countenance is tolerable, contrasting it with that of the driver of yon load of hay—not an idea there above the swine's flesh he feeds upon. How whimsical a contact, Eugenius, should the man of lore stop his vehicle to inquire of the rustic about the style, date of erection, and what illustrious characters have had sepulture in the wealthy old abbey.

*Wharton.* Yes, whimsical indeed; should he be fool enough to put such outrageous interrogations to one so incompetent to answer them. But look not with jaundiced vision, Yorick; there is somewhat of incident, even at Coxwold.

*Sterne.* It presents little to me, however. If I visit the apothecary, he wearies me with his symptomatic and pathognomic distinctions of fever; if I call upon the tithe collector, he draws upon my patience with his dissertations on the different qualities of land; if I meet my parish clerk, he exclaims against the remissness of the parishioners in attending Sunday service; and if I look in upon the venerable old landlady of the little alehouse, she detains me with the history of the hamlet for the last three quarters of a century, and laments the innovations of recent introduction; dwelling on the preference of linsey-wolsey to printed cotton, and censuring the village "lasses" for wearing white stockings.

*Wharton.* Vapid as these retirements and their humble incidents may be to us, a race of poets and poetasters, novel and essay writers, shall arise, who, scorning the cold though classical path of their predecessors, shall discover, amidst these rustic retreats, the brightest gems of literary adornment.

*Sterne.* Yes, when the sheets of thy "Crazy Tales" will be found enveloping the butter in the market-woman's basket; and the "Sentimental Journey," be sacrilegiously employed to singe fowls—when the inscription, "Alas, poor Yorick!" may be erased from my monument, and the stone itself deposited in the lumbering belfry by the officious sexton—and when all of Eugenius shall be found beneath a triple row of coffins in the cemetery of his fathers!

*Wharton.* Confound thy changing notes! Thou wouldst horrify me, let the wind blow from what quarter it would.

*Sterne.* Suppose, Eugenius, it should be *now* in the north-east; for though it appears to point meridionally, yet the chilly air, and the struggling sunbeams, indicate that hellish breeze thou so fearest.

*Wharton.* No more of thy *airy* nonsense, Yorick. If it be a whimsy then will I this day renounce it: but the whole world, leagued to dissuade, could not shake my belief regarding this physical affection—my recruited spirits, temper, and appetite, are proofs irrefragable that my

nerves cannot brook the oppressive blight of the north-east ; but that when released from its influence, I become a new man.

*Sterne.* Then, what the universe would fail to accomplish, one atom of it, even I, Laurence Sterne, will alone and quickly achieve !

[*Exit STERNE.*]

*Wharton.* Whither flies the madman ?—(*rising, and looking from the window, through which is seen Sterne, mounted on a ladder, untying the weathercock.*)—Ha, ha !—what a tit-bit for caricature !—Don Quixote on the wind-mill—the Devil on the mount ! Ah !—am I right ?—most truly do I believe that his cursed fingers—'sdeath ! I see it—have bound the weathercock as pointing to the sunny south ; and with so firm a tether that were Eolus to let loose the four winds of heaven they would fail to move it. Yes, by Heaven, he releases it, and it reverts to the north-east ! Fool that I was to fancy myself so much the better ! If I speak to Yorick, for a month to come, may that d—d weathercock never shift its position ! I feel, and I have felt all the day, unaccountably heavy, but that hair-brained parson would seduce Satan himself to forego his quality !—[*Shuts the window in a passion—Sterne stands laughing at him upon the ladder.*

H.

---

SONNET.

NATURE will have her way. What boots it then  
To strive against our natural impulses ?  
Those who have thought them gods were less than men,  
But never were there gods such men as these,  
Homer, and Milton, and Demosthenes !  
Names that shall dazzle with their brightness, when  
Kings and their conquerors shall pass away,  
Even to their own poor nothingness and clay.  
The glitter of a bauble, or a crown,  
The boast of conquest, or the gift of shame—  
Oh ! what are they to those who hold a claim  
To an undying and deserved renown :—  
To the bright glory of a starlike name,  
Robed with the light of everlasting fame.

R. F. W.

## THE CHARACTER AND ANECDOTES OF NICOLAS CHAMFORT.

THE literature of France is singularly rich in those brief yet vivid and philosophic portraiture of our passing virtues, and those acute and searching remarks upon the habits and peculiarities of men, to which the names of *caractères*, or *maximes*, or *pensées*, have been indiscriminately given. We might look in vain among the productions of our own country, many and glorious as they are in every department of knowledge, for any collection of thought worthy of comparison with the quaint yet living *Amusemens de la Maison* of the Abbé de Bruges; or the *Reflexions* of Vauvenargues, which passed under the revision of Voltaire, who considered their author entitled to take his place by the side of Fenelon and Paschal; or, least of all, with the *Caractères* of La Bruyère, who may, without exaggeration, be said to have united the most intimate acquaintance with the variable workings of the mind, to the most perfect mastery of language and aptitude of illustration; and to have blended the rich and graphic humour of Molière, with the beautiful and moral grandeur of Bossuet.

With the exception, perhaps, of one or two detached pictures in Lucian, neither among the treasures of antiquity, nor in the multitude of modern books, had La Bruyère any model. The philosopher, in the time of Lucian, as Goldsmith with his usual felicity has observed, was chiefly remarkable for his avarice, his impudence, and his beard.

The Characters of Theophrastus, which he translated, resemble the *Caractères* of the French moralist in nothing but the name. The pupil and successor of Aristotle, with much of vigour and animation indeed, discourses of virtue, and wit, and all the mysteries of mortal passion; but it is like a professor in his college-chair; he seems to describe what he had thought, rather than what he had seen. He gives outlines, so to speak, of folly, and sin, and misery, sometimes struck off by a hand not wanting in knowledge of situation or decision of touch; but Bruyère brings the scene, the very life, before our eyes; he animates the thought, and personifies the idea, until we cease to look upon poverty or wealth as abstract blessings or misfortunes; we cease to behold the delicate links which the moralist is imperceptibly weaving into a chain of exquisite workmanship. The favourite and the outcast of nature, in their contrasted splendour and misery, are called up, as by a spiritual ministry, before our wondering eyes; we see, not as in a glass darkly, but face to face, the up-turned and heaven-gazing countenance and contemptuous bearing of the one, and the stooping shoulders, and earth-seeking eye, and the hat drawn over the brows, of the other; and we exclaim in the words of the painter himself, "Il est pauvre!—il est riche!"

La Bruyère has been styled by his eulogist Victorin Fabre, the painter of society and manners. Passing the earlier years of his life amid the seductive influences of a gay and voluptuous metropolis, he appears to have yielded to the feelings and passions of the age with a view of observing them more clearly and satisfactorily. Intellect is the eye of the soul; and never, surely, was it turned with more penetrating earnestness, than by the author of the *Caractères*, upon the many and strange vicissitudes of life. Society may be said to have sat to him for her portrait, and having, with watchful and unwearied assiduity, carried away in his memory each feature and even shade of expression, whether of joy or sorrow, or guilt or innocence, or craft or ingenuousness, which long and



careful observation had enabled him to discover, he retired from the tumult and distraction of the world, and, like a painter of the old time, living among the creations of his genius, devoted the remaining years of his life to their delineation. To write the aphorisms of meditation, is one thing; to communicate the truths of painful experience, is another. The German physiognomist studied the passions in the countenance; La Bruyère, in the conversation and the actions. He was the Lavater of the understanding.

There are two classes of moralists, as well as of politicians: one makes man a pilgrim and an alien upon a dreary and desolate land, plodding along in sickness, and suffering, and despair—an outcast, under the eye of a relentless inquisition; the other puts a crown of flowers upon his head, and sends him into the crowd as into a triumphant festival. The greater number of moralists have, for the most part, inclined to the former opinion. Montaigne, La Bruyère, La Rochefoucault, Swift, Mandeville, Helvetius, and many whom I could add to the list, have found life a thing requiring tears rather than rejoicing. It does not, that I can discover, at all detract from the excellence of a moral axiom, that the many which have been addressed to the great and powerful have failed in producing an adequate result. The ingenious writer from whose *Maximes et Pensées* I propose making one or two extracts, deceived himself in uttering such an idea. The Christian religion has now been dwelling among us during a period of more than eighteen hundred years; and yet of how small comparative efficacy have her ministrations been productive! Lord Brougham would be loth to exchange the woolsack for the calm and saintly solitude of the hermit's cell; and Wilberforce would shew no particular eagerness, I expect, to sell half of his possessions, and give the money to the poor. These things are so, and yet who would think of reproaching religion that she had done so little? I am wandering, however, from the subject.

A moralist must live in the world; he must play his part in its comedy and its tragedy, and follow sometimes in the train, and at others as a spectator, of its pomps and vanities; he must analyse the component parts of which its loves and enmities are compounded. His experience will then, it may be, enable him to discover *which sides of the soul it will be necessary to paralyze*, if he would live happily in the world. The idea, which the reader I doubt not will appreciate as it deserves, is taken from one of the *Maximes* of M. Chamfort. A man must have seen much, and suffered still more, before he could have made such a reflection. Johnson, with all his knowledge of mankind, and all the light which a surprising intellect enabled him to pour forth, is still rather a theoretical moralist. Nature, as beheld in books, resembles a drama performed behind a green curtain. Victorin Fabre has a very pertinent observation, in his *Eloge de la Bruyère*, upon the modes in which three celebrated writers have written upon women, which may be no unpleasant illustration of our remarks. Thomas, for instance, an elegant and accomplished writer, but knowing nothing of the female character except from history, composes an eulogy in the style of Plutarch when celebrating a Grecian or Roman hero; Rousseau, whose acquaintance with the spirit of the sex cannot be questioned, portrayed it with the accuracy of a philosopher, though he injured the truth of his picture not a little by the soft and Italian tone of its colouring; but La Bruyère

passes before our eyes, like a series of anatomical plates, his wonderful delineation of their loves and caprices, their devotion and hypocrisy, their enthusiasm and their hatred. His history seems to be the transcript of a manuscript written by the hand of Nature herself.

A brief account of the author whose name is at the head of this paper, more especially as he is very little known even to French scholars in this country, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

Sebastian-Roch-Nicolas Chamfort was born, in 1741, in a village near Chamont, in Auvergne. Unnoticed and unregarded by his father (he was illegitimate), he interests our feelings by the warm and glowing affection with which, in his boyhood days, he conducted himself towards his mother. Excluded by the prejudices of opinion, as his biographer phrases it, from a place in honourable society, he devoted himself assiduously to the improvement of his talents, and finally obtained, by his genius, what had been denied to his birth. His success at the university was proportionate to his merits. The second year he carried away all the prizes. It was with this happy omen that young Chamfort concluded his studies; and he entered upon the avocations of life with nothing but virtue for his guide, and learning for his patrimony. After many changes of place and occupation, he thought himself fortunate in being appointed secretary to a wealthy gentleman of Leige, who professed himself to be a patron of letters, and offered the destitute student his protection and assistance. But the Mæcenas of Chamfort resembled the Mæcenas of Horace no more than the Cicerone of Rome the Cicero of the republican age—he had perceived the literary talent of his *élite*, and had engaged him in the hope of appropriating the fame of some of his compositions to himself. But Chamfort scorned the idea of pandering to the ignorance of the wealthy, and he returned to Paris as poor and as independent as he had quitted it. He supported himself during the two following years by contributions to various literary journals—among others, to the *Journal Encyclopédique*; but his labour was harassing, and his emolument trifling. His success in the literary world may be dated from the publication of his *Jeune Indien*, and was rapidly increased by his *Marchand de Smyrna*, and other miscellaneous productions. His *Eloges de Molière et La Fontaine* obtained the prize proposed by the French Academy and the Academy of Marseilles. His tragedy of *Mustapha et Zeangir*, in which the queen is said to have discovered some flattering references to herself, introduced the author to the notice and favour of the court. He was, soon after, nominated “*Secrétaire des Commandemens*” to the Prince of Condé.

So far the life of Chamfort had passed in a gentle and delightful serenity; but it was soon to be shaken into tumult by the rushing whirlwind of the coming revolution. I am ready to believe that Chamfort united himself, at least in sentiment, to the bands of eager and hot-headed republicans from a conviction in his own mind that he was acting with honour. He had, indeed, nothing to gain, but every thing to lose; the torrent of infidelity and blood which was roaring over the land, so far from washing to his door, as it had done to that of thousands who were anxiously watching its desolating progress, any fragment of the mighty and costly shipwreck, carried away, on the contrary, even the little which an active and not unprosperous life had enabled him to collect. The first act of the Constitutional Assembly deprived him of his place and pension in the Academy, to which he had been elected in 1781.

M. Chamfort made every sacrifice without a murmur. There is something grateful to our self-love in martyring our worldly prosperity for the supposed benefit of our country. It was not long, however, before he regretted the extent of his sacrifice. The angels of the apostacy lost their brightness to the clear and unebriated eye of reason and thought; they sought to build an altar from the stately ruins of that beautiful edifice which they had overthrown for the immolation of their victims; they placed the Moloch of their religion in the sanctuary of the temple of Liberty, and bound unto its golden horns every patriot hope and every noble aspiration. Conviction came at last; and M. Chamfort became the spirited and high-minded denouncer of craft and wickedness, as he had formerly been of favouritism and tyranny. From that moment he became a marked man; he was denounced to one of those vampire-spies that every where infested France, and was immediately thrown into prison. He recovered his liberty by the assistance of his friends, and he took an oath that he would never again be taken alive by the ravagers of his country. He kept his word; and the account of his last moments, given by his biographer, is melancholy indeed. A second order for his arrest had been issued, and the persons entrusted with its execution were at hand, when (continues the writer of the notice of his life prefixed to his works) he passed into his cabinet, and having loaded a pistol, placed it against his head; but, from some motion of his hand, the ball only injured his nose, and destroyed one of his eyes. Wondering that he still lived, and resolved to die, he seized a razor, and endeavoured to cut his throat; his efforts were unavailing. But I will continue the affecting description in the words of his biographer:—  
 “L’impuissance de sa main ne change rien a la resolution de son ame; il se porte plusieurs coups vers le cœur, et commençant à défaillir, il tache, par un dernier effort, de se couper les deux jarrets et de s’ouvrir toutes les veins. Enfin, vaincu par la douleur, il pousse un cri et se jette sur une siege, où il reste presque sans vie.” They carried him to his bed, and it was after a partial recovery of his strength that he pronounced this singular declaration, which was written down by one of the spectators, and signed by himself:—“Moi, Sebastien-Roch-Nicolas Chamfort, declare, d’avoir voulu mourir en homme libre, plutôt que d’être reconduit en esclave dans une maison d’arrêt; declare que, si par violence on s’obstinait a m’y trainer dans l’état où je suis, il me reste assez de force pour achever ce que j’ai commencé,—je suis un homme libre; jamais on ne me fera rentrer vivant dans une prison.” Such a declaration might have proceeded in the old time from the lips of a Cato. The death of Chamfort offers a practical illustration of one of his *Pensées*, in which he says that the object of kings and priests in proscribing suicide, is to ensure the duration of our slavery; and he likens them to the wretch in the *Divina Commedia*, who caused the door of the cell where the unhappy Ugolino was confined, to be walled up.

With the miscellaneous works of Chamfort I have no concern; I intend to devote a page or two to a selection of some of his most interesting *Maximes* and *Pensées*, and *Caractères* and *Anecdotes*, which are deserving of the highest commendation. It will be better, perhaps, to offer them in a translation.

How true and excellent is the philosophy of the following!—

“The reason why the dishonest man, and sometimes even the fool, are more successful in their journey through life than the man of honour and talent, is



simply this :—the dishonest man and the fool have less difficulty in assimilating themselves to the manners and tone of the world in general—which is, in fact, nothing but dishonesty and folly ; while, on the other hand, the man of honour and talent, not being able to enter immediately into a commerce with society, loses an opportunity the most precious for ‘ pushing his fortune.’ The first are merchants, who, knowing the language of the country, dispose of their goods, and provision themselves without delay ; the others are obliged to learn the language of the sellers and the purchasers, before they can either submit their merchandize to public inspection, or enter into any arrangements. *Sometimes they disdain to make themselves acquainted with this language, and then they return to their own homes without even a handsel.*”

The concluding remark is full of melancholy reality. How many proudly-gifted men, from the Grecian philosopher to our own painter, Wilson, have passed from the cradle to the grave, unhonoured and unappreciated by their contemporaries, and unornamented by any of the world’s honours, simply because of their ignorance of this necessary dialect ! He who is the most conversant with the feelings and tempers of men, is, after all, a greater linguist than Magliabrachi ; for that language alone, so universal is its acceptance, will carry them from one end of the world to the other.

There is something grand and striking in this observation upon Bacon :—

“ When we behold Bacon, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, pointing out to the spirit of man the path which it ought to follow to rebuild the edifice of the sciences, we cease to admire the great men who succeeded him—such as Boyle, Locke, &c. He distributed to them the land which they were either to clear or to conquer. It is Cæsar, lord of the world, after the victory of Pharsalia, bestowing his kingdoms and provinces upon his partizans and favourites.”

The aphorism has more of imposing effect than truth to support it. I am perfectly ready to agree with Chamfort in considering the author of the treatise on the “ Human Understanding” much over-rated : he borrowed his system from Hobbes. Columbus was not the first discoverer of America, yet the credit will always be assigned to him by the majority. Philosophy, after all her vauntings, has done little during her long sojourn amongst us ; she appears to become more feminine and gentle every year of her existence ; no longer the Minerva of the ancients, breast-plated and helmeted, yet beautiful exceedingly in her majestic loveliness—the instructress of Socrates—the companion of Plato ! A philosopher, as Chamfort remarks in another place, is a man who opposes nature to law, and reason to custom, and conscience to opinion, and judgment to error. A philosopher would dare to be virtuous in the saloon of a theatre, and to speak the truth at a court drawing-room. Need we wonder at the paucity of such individuals ?

I will give two or three remarks from the chapter *Des Femmes de l’Amour à Marriage*, &c. The author’s experience constituted him a Mentor worthy of belief :—

“ Women have phantasies, infatuations, and sometimes tastes ; they can even occasionally elevate themselves to the passions. The quality of which they are least susceptible is—*attachment*. They are made to hold communion with our weakness, with our folly, but not with our reason. There subsists between them and man an external sympathy—*des sympathies d’épiderme*, as the author

powerfully renders them—and very little sympathy of spirit, of soul, or of character—a fact proved by the comparative neglect with which they treat a man who has reached his fortieth year, even when their own age may happen to correspond. The preference which they sometimes accord to him is to be traced to some dishonest speculation, after a calculation of interest or vanity. *Marriage, as practised among the great, is a conventional indecency.*”

Again:—

“The woman who values her mental quality more than her beauty, is superior to her sex. She who esteems herself more on account of her beauty than of her talents, is of her sex. But she who prides herself more on her birth than her beauty, is out of her sex, and above her sex.”

To me it seems almost impossible to concentrate more truth in the same number of words. It was observed by some French writer, whose name I forget, that a woman seeks to possess the affections of a man as a favourite exerts himself to obtain the ear of his sovereign: by that means they both obtain distinction and worship. M. de Levis, in his *Souvenirs et Portraits*, attributes, in a great degree, the downfall of the French monarchy to the influence of women. The history of the reign of Louis XIV. might be called the history of female domination. He revoked the edict of Nantz at the instigation of a mistress. Marmontel has said with great spirit, that the Sully of such a king must have been a woman. There may be a few women who honour their birth rather than their beauty; but I believe it would be difficult to find one who would not prefer a compliment on her charms, whether real or imaginary, to the most enthusiastic encomium upon her intellects. Madame de Staël offers a singular example. She happened to be in company with the celebrated Talleyrand, and, although very plain in her features, had been anxiously endeavouring to extort a comparison (favourable to her own charms, of course) between herself and a very beautiful lady who was of the party. The courtier, however, had seen too much of the political trickery of a Congress to be entrapped even by De Staël, and he adroitly evaded every question. The author of “*Corinne*” at length determined to obtain her object by putting a direct interrogatory, which she did in this manner:—“Suppose that lady and myself were to fall into the water; which would you save first from drowning?”—“Oh! madam, *you would swim too well!*” was the reply of the unfoiled Talleyrand. This anecdote is one of the most interesting and conclusive that could be offered; but many others, of a similar nature, might be instanced which go to confirm the philosophy of the axiom of Chamfort. In like manner, we find women, distinguished for their learning and masculine acquirements, assuming the air of a fashionable ignorant of St. James’s. Miss Jones, the sister of the celebrated orientalist, whose delight consisted in walking through London with a Greek folio under her arm, happening to hear some one mention the “*Merchant of Venice*,” asked if there was not a pretty song in it about Jessica. The ingenious Count d’Oxenstirn, among many other eccentric fancies, supposed that Solomon’s object, in keeping such a numerous harem, was not the gratification of low and sensual passion, but to discover, if possible, *one* perfectly amiable and virtuous woman among them all. History, unfortunately, has preserved no record of the success or failure of his experiment.

I will conclude this paper with a few anecdotes:—

"A courtier observed upon the death of Louis XIV.—'After the death of the king, we can believe any thing.'"

This reminds me of a similar specimen of gross flattery paid to the same monarch. Massillon, the celebrated preacher, commenced his oration upon the late king, the reader will remember, after looking around upon the melancholy symbols of departed magnificence, by lifting his hands, and exclaiming in a solemn voice—"Mes freres, Dieu seul est grand!"—a remark which gave great offence to some of the court parasites, who said—"As if Louis was not great also!" And yet this "glass of fashion, and mould of form," could scarcely read or write; and as to any real love of literature or the arts, he knew nothing more of it than Scaliger of the "Monthly Magazine," or the Emperor Hellogabolus, who feasted upon peacocks'-livers, of an American Temperance Society.

I do not remember to have met with the following in any criticism on Molière:—

"It is remarkable that Molière, who spared no person, however eminent, never lanced any of his arrows against the *gens de finance* (the Rothschilds of the day). It is affirmed that Molière, in common with all the comic writers, had particular commands given them on this subject by Colbert."

One more, of a different nature:—

"M. de Fontenelle, when in his 77th year, was fond of saying a thousand gallant things to Madame Helvetius—young, beautiful, and recently married. One day he accidentally passed, without noticing her, to take his place at the table. 'See,' cried the lady, 'how slight account I ought to make of your gallantries; you pass before my face without ever looking at me.'—'Madame,' replied the old man, 'if I had looked upon you, I could not have passed you.'"

The last shall be one of Voltaire's most lively sayings:—

"Voltaire was one day in the boudoir of Madame du Chatélet, amusing himself with the Abbé Mignot, then an infant, whom he held upon his knees. He began to play with him, at the same time instructing him. 'My friend,' he said, 'in order to succeed with men, you must have the women on your side. To interest the women, you must know them. You will find, then, all women to be false and immodest.'—'How!—all women!—What say you, sir?' exclaimed Madame du Chatélet, in anger.—'Madame,' quietly said Voltaire, 'we must not deceive infancy!'"

W.

---

#### THE LASO; ITS ORIGIN AND ITS USE.

EVERY British officer who has served in the patriot armies of South America—every traveller who has given to the world the result of his observations, to whatever part of that vast continent he may have directed his steps—whether to the Llanos of Colombia, the table-land of Peru, the extensive vallies of Chili, or the Pampas of Rio de la Plata—one and all, the soldier and the civilian, have broken forth in terms of the liveliest admiration of the extraordinary skill, displayed by the natives of those regions in the use of the laso; while some among them, carried away by their enthusiasm, and struck with the importance of its use, have strongly recommended its introduction into our own service.



It is not a little singular, that this missile—if such a term may be appropriately applied to the laso, which is of the highest antiquity—should at the present day be considered as peculiar only to the natives of South America. The earliest traditionary records we possess of the human race, teach us that, in similar states of society, the wants of man are ever the same, while the means which necessity urges him to adopt for their gratification have, in every part of the globe, been marked by the same uniform character of identity. Among a pastoral people, the use of the laso must, at an early period, have been found of the same importance as the bow among the hunter-tribes, who, in an inferior grade in the scale of civilization, supported a precarious existence on the supplies of the chase. Thus it is we discover that its use has been known to the Nomadic tribes of Central Asia from time immemorial; and if we prosecute our researches still further, we shall, at the present day, discover it among the wandering tribes of the Ukraine, in Wallachia and Moldavia, and even in Hungary, where a more advanced state of civilization has narrowed the field of its operation.

In proof of the antiquity of the laso, we may be allowed to quote Herodotus. In his catalogue of the different nations who, under Xerxes, formed the invading army of Greece (Polymnia), the historian enumerates the Sargatians, who brought 8,000 cavalry into the field, and were brigaded with the Persians who constituted the flower of the army.

“There is a Nomadic tribe, called the Sargatians—a Persian nation, and using the same language: they have, however, a costume which partakes at once of the Persian and the Pactyeon. They use no arms, whether of brass or iron, excepting daggers; *but they use cords made of the twisted thongs of hides. The following is their mode of fighting when in presence of an enemy. They throw out their cords, which have running nooses at the end; whatever the noose may fall upon, whether horse or man, the Sargatian draws towards him, and immediately puts to death.*”

Judging from the force of their contingent, we may presume them to have been a considerable people, although modern geographers are divided as to the exact position of their country. But, in reading this description of their mode of fighting, written 450 years before the birth of Christ, we may literally apply it to the manners of the guacho of the present day, the inhabitants of a continent the very existence of which, in the days of Herodotus, and for many centuries afterwards, was unknown. This missile is of two kinds—the bolas, and the laso properly so called. The former consists of three leaden balls attached to three thongs, about three feet in length, and joining at the centre. It is generally launched, and is uncommonly sure in its operation. In pursuing his game, the guacho, on approaching within thirty yards of his victim, commences whirling the bolas in an horizontal position around his head, and having given to them the necessary momentum, with unerring aim they fly from his arm, coil around the legs of the flying animal, and bring him to the ground.

It was in this manner that General Paz, the leader of the unitarian party, was lately made prisoner on the Pampas. Although surprised by a party of Buenos Ayrean cavalry, the general had time to mount a swift horse, and, in all probability, in any other country, would have escaped; but a guacho spurred after him, and hurling with unerring aim his bolas at the legs of the general's charger, brought him down, and captured the rider.

The lasso, on the other hand, is made of very thin stripes of hides plaited together like the thong of a whip. Attached to one end is a small iron ring, through which the cord runs when it is thrown. Its length varies from eight to ten yards, according as it is used, either on foot or horseback. In the latter case, it is attached to the saddle-girth, and, like the bolas, previously to its being thrown, is whirled horizontally round the head of the rider. The horse should also be well trained, and taught to turn the instant the lasso has fallen on the object at which it was thrown, for the purpose of tightening the noose. Great strength of arm and quickness of eye are indispensable for the skilful use of the lasso—qualifications which can only be attained by long practice, commenced at a very early age. It is from this circumstance that we are led to doubt the practicability of successfully introducing it into our service. During a residence of nine years in South America, we never met with, or even heard of, a European who was considered skilful in the use of the lasso; but even were it possible, by dint of long practice, to render our troopers expert in the use of this instrument, we might, after all, exclaim, “cui bono?” In Europe there certainly exists no field where its introduction could be attended with either advantage or utility; while, on the other hand, in South America, every circumstance in the habits of life of the natives renders the lasso an instrument of the first necessity. Almost as soon as he can walk, the young gaucho may be seen launching his bolas at the inhabitants of the *Basse-Cour*; while urchins of a larger growth amuse themselves with the lasso in making war on the numerous flocks of water-fowl which swarm to the banks of rivers for their prey.

The lasso-harness, used by the Buenos Ayrean artillery, certainly possesses the merit of extreme simplicity. Whether the trace attached to the girth, in preference to the horse-collar, diminishes the draught of the carriage, we will not venture to decide—the great advantage of this harness consisting in the facility of unhooking a jaded horse from the gun, and putting on another, not only without halting the carriage, but without diminishing its speed. But in South America it must be borne in mind, that every gun, as well as every regiment of cavalry, is accompanied by an immense number of supernumerary horses—a circumstance which does not, and which never can, exist in the regular armies of Europe. The introduction of this harness into our service would render it absolutely necessary to have a driver on each horse, or the great advantage of changing horses, without halting the gun, would be lost; but, in South America, the introduction of the practice of giving a rider to each horse, has not arisen from any conviction of its superiority over the European method, but from the impossibility of managing their half-broken horses in any other way than by the application of their all-powerful bits, and the murderous castigation of their ponderous spurs, which, to the eye of an European, appear more calculated to kill a horse than to urge it forward.

In General Miller's excellent work on the war in South America, many interesting anecdotes of the gaucho will be found; but neither the general, nor Captain Head, who has likewise treated the subject, have related the following:—

When the Portuguese army, under General Le Cor, composed of 5,000 peninsular troops, advanced, in the year 1817, from Rio Grande do Sul to Monte Video, in their march across the plains of the Banda

Oriental, they were fairly besieged by the gauchos. Many of their mounted officers, at the head and on the flanks of the columns, were *lassoed*; and but for the timely co-operation of a body of Rio Grande cavalry accustomed to the gaucho warfare, the division must have made a retrograde movement. The Portuguese, masters of Monte Video, held no more of the country than what was within range of their guns; the gauchos pushed their inroads to the very gates of the fortress, and obliged them to draw all their supplies by sea. At Colonia del Sacramento, which they likewise held, a post on the land-side, consisting of a mud embankment, with embrasures for guns, was, on relieving the guards for several mornings in succession, found to be deserted. The commandant was utterly unable to account for this circumstance, as no spirit of desertion had manifested itself among his troops. He accordingly selected a Caçador of tried gallantry, and proved fidelity, to mount guard at this post, and gave him strict orders to fire at whatever might approach it. As the grey tints of morning broke in the east, the sentinel discovered a solitary horse grazing near the spot: he remarked, also, that the horse gradually approached nearer to his post. Faithful to his orders, he fired, and brought him down. The soldier reloaded his piece, and, on looking towards the dead animal, he thought he perceived something moving on the ground, and on straining his eyes to ascertain the fact, he distinctly observed a man in the act of crawling away. He again fired, and a groan told him that his fire had taken effect. The mystery was now cleared up. This gaucho, as the morning broke, had been in the habit of approaching the posts, crouched down beneath the belly of his steed. When near enough, he would spring suddenly on the back of the animal, and, watching the centinel as he passed the embrasure, throw his lasso, drag him through, and lead him away a prisoner.

---

REFLECTIONS ON A RAMBLE IN GERMANY.

---

Armorum sonitum toto Germania cœlo  
Audiit.

VIRGIL.

---

MODERN civilization has pared down the surface of English society to one undeviating straight line of monotonous uniformity. This is, perhaps, as it should be; but while the lip of the philosopher curls with a smile of pity at the wild ravings and fanciful delusions of the enthusiast, the lover of the picturesque in character and manners will still seek, beyond the shores of our own island, some appropriate field for the indulgence and gratification of his favourite taste. If he direct his steps to Germany, his labours will be amply rewarded. There is a martial aspect on the brow of Germany which strikes you on the frontier. The brazen trumpet's maddening note—the iron clatter of the mustering squadron—the deep, lumbering roll of the heavy guns—the slow, measured tread of infantry, with their spirit-stirring bands;—these are the sounds which break on the ear of the traveller on the very threshold of the land. In the features of the country there is something chivalric.



The stern mouldering battlements and gothic spires constantly remind him of times which, for pictorial effect, appeal as powerfully to the imagination as the heroic ages of Greece. There is, in her towns and cities, a brightness blended with aristocratic tranquillity ; in the character of her men, a martial ardour, a deep solidity of thought ; in the character of her women, a winning softness, a romantic sensibility and enthusiasm, which excites our admiration and awakens our love. Such is Germany !—such is the land where, under the glittering veil thrown over it by the hand of modern civilization, there still linger many of those beautiful traits of character and manners which, near twenty centuries ago, so powerfully captivated the imagination of the historian Tacitus.

I entered Cologne on a fine Sunday evening, in the summer of 1828. There is an air of gloomy antiquity about this old city, with its long, narrow streets—heavy, quaint style of architecture—and fine old minster, which powerfully appeals to our historical recollections. The window of my chamber, at the Hôtel du Rhin, looked on the river—the broad, bright, legendary Rhine. I crossed the Bridge of Boats, and wandered towards the Caserne. The public gardens were full of happy groups—some quietly enjoying the aromatic pleasures of the meerschäum—others moving in the mazy circles of the graceful waltz. The music was beautiful, and the martial figures and uniforms of the soldiers, intermingled with the quaint costumes of the women, produced a picturesque effect. On my return to the hotel, I met a detachment of infantry. The men sung as they marched, in full, deep chorus, a popular national air. In the soft stillness of the evening, the effect was beautiful. The Hymn of Mars, chaunted by the Greeks on moving to the attack, must have raised, in an extraordinary degree, the spirits of the men, and have nerved their souls to deeds of daring.

An old gentleman, with whom I conversed at supper, told me that the French regime was universally regretted throughout the Rhenish provinces. Napoleon's continental system encouraged manufactures ; the constant passage of his armies circulated money ; the war opened a free career to talent ; but the peace has changed all this. English competition has ruined their trade. The national vanity of the people is hourly wounded by the arrogance and conceit of the Prussians ; while the value of property has suffered an immense deterioration by the introduction of a depreciated currency—the *sheide munze*—a species of copper money, silvered over. Strange, that even in the land where the French sojourned as conquerors, they should have left behind them a feeling of regret ! But so it is in every country almost, wherein the eagles of Napoleon hovered, though but in desolating triumph.

In Germany all classes travel, from the sovereign prince down to the meanest mechanic. This locomotive existence narrows, in a wonderful degree, the circle of national prejudice. For enlightened and impartial opinions on the manners and superstition of foreign countries, commend me to the German. The approach of the curzeit—as they emphatically style the bathing-season—produces much the same effect as the 12th of August with us : every body flocks to the country. At this period, all that is distinguished for rank and fashion in the land may be found assembled at some of their numerous watering-places ; when the traveller, at a glance, may contemplate all the lights and shadows of German life :—the sovereign prince, and his Morganic consort ; the mediatized

prince, and his mistress ; the foreign diplomat, and the native statesman, tired of conferences and protocols ; the rich Jew banker, from Frankfort or Leipzig ; crowds of foreigners from every clime ; hosts of counts and barons, soldiers and students, merchants and mechanics, black-legs and *dames de moyenne vertu*—all congregated in some beautiful romantic spot, ardent in the pursuit of health, or its antithesis—dissipation. The class of *artistes* who form the base of this Corinthian pillar, outnumber the votaries of pleasure, in the same ratio as the camp-followers of an Indian army exceed the combatants. Actors from Berlin and Vienna ; prima-donnas from Venice and Milan ; opera-dancers, *coturières*, gaming-house-keepers, and cooks from Paris ; watch-makers from Geneva ; pipe-makers from Frankfort ; Tyrolean glove-makers ; fiddlers and jugglers ;—in short, every art that can administer to luxury and dissipation are found assembled, actively employed in reaping, from the exercise of their avocations, a rich and plentiful harvest. This singular *mélange*, and the activity and bustle they occasion, would alone present a wide field for observation and amusement ; but add to all this, romantic scenery, fêtes-champêtres, balls, concerts, enchanting society, beautiful women, piquant adventures—and in such a place may the ennuyé safely write in his note-book, "*Inveni portum !*"—at least so I thought ; for, leaving behind me the far-famed romantic banks of the Rhine, I did not halt until I found myself in comfortable quarters at the Hôtel de Russie, at Ems, in the duchy of Nassau—one of the most fashionable watering-places in Germany.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the approach to Ems from the Coblenz road. As the traveller descends the valley of the Lahn, this romantic little place bursts suddenly upon him. The tranquil seclusion of the spot forcibly impresses on the mind its appropriateness as a fountain of health.

Ems, on my arrival, was crowded with visitants. In the first rank stood the Grand-Duchess Maria-Helena—now the magnet of attraction at Cheltenham—and her suite, composed of several Russians of distinction—the hereditary Prince of Orange—the Polish Prince K——y, well known in the fashionable circles of London—and a long list of other distingués. The grand-duchess entered freely into all the amusements of the place. Titled hauteur was laid aside. I repeatedly saw her of an evening in the bazaar, simply dressed and almost unattended, conversing in the most affable manner with the ladies of her circle. The personal appearance of this princess is extremely interesting. Delicately fair, with soft blue eyes, and a profusion of auburn hair, the expression of her countenance was sweetness itself ; her mild, amiable character, and her graceful manners, were the theme of universal admiration. She was in a very delicate state of health, and was usually carried up and down stairs, on a cushion, by two of her attendants—her slender, sylph-like form, and transparent complexion, forming a beautiful contrast with the bare necks, long beards, and wild, savage appearance of her Russian porters. Her husband, the Grand-Duke Michael, commanded at that time the Russian army of reserve in the Turkish campaign.

Between two and three hundred guests sat down daily to dinner at the Curhaus, formerly a hunting-palace of the Grand-Duke of Nassau's, but now let out by his highness as an hotel for the accommodation of the bathers. The bustle and confusion of such a scene, and the Babel-like confusion of tongues which prevailed, may be readily imagined.

The rich productions of the Rhine and Moselle—the rosy asmanhausen, the amber rhudesheimer, the delicious schatzberg—were eagerly called for in every variety of tone and accent.

In the evening I followed the stream of fashion to the universal point of attraction—the Spiel-haus. A glittering crowd of both sexes was seated round the rouge-et-noir table. What a singular contrast the marble visages of the bankers and crupiers—visages which appear to have been long ago the grave of expression—form with the look of feverish and intense anxiety marked on the countenances of the players! I was particularly struck with three figures: one, a Polish countess of considerable personal attractions; she was playing high, and as the glittering pile of napoleons before her rapidly disappeared, her lip quivered, and a look of angry passion shed its desolation upon her beauty. The next was a young German lady, whose sweet placidity of countenance, as she watched the varying chances of the game, underwent not the slightest change: the demon of play had not yet entered deeply into this fair creature's soul. Immediately behind her, stood a Prussian officer; his countenance assumed an air of fierceness, and I thought he would have torn out his mustachios by the root, as he beheld his last frederick-d'or swept away by the insatiable rake of the banker. I quitted the scene with disgust, and wandered forth to contemplate the fair face of nature. It was a beautiful night; the full moon silvering the glassy surface of the Lahn, and bathing in a flood of light the woody heights of the opposite bank. On this very spot, twenty centuries ago, did the long-haired Germans offer up, on the eve of battle, their bloody sacrifices to their warrior-god. At such an hour, here, on the banks of the tranquil Lahn, which was flowing past me like a dream of happiness, might the first glimmering of ambition have burst upon the mind of the future Cæsar, as with folded arms and upraised eye he sought to read the star of his destiny. Again, in later times, on such a night as this, here, by the same soft light, has the young crusader told his tale of love, or recounted to his blue-eyed mistress the wonders of the Holy Land—the martial glory of the Christian host—who rode the victor of the lists at Ascalon—what arms Saladin wore, and the fierce onslaught of England's Cœur de Lion; while she would cling to his arm, or piously vow a votive offering to her favourite saint for her lover's safe return. Empires are mouldering in the dust; religions, that formerly won man's reverence, are now his mockery; new worlds have been discovered; the whole structure of society has undergone, and is undergoing, a change. Yet Nature is still the same.—But this is rhapsody: and yet such thoughts as these will flash across the mind when, at the soft hour of evening, we wander in solitary loneliness among scenes to which belong

“The stirring memory of a thousand years.”

Our mornings were passed in courses on the mountains—the evenings in concerts or balls. A splendid ball was given, a few nights after my arrival, at the pavillion in the garden on the banks of the river. The glare of the numerous lustres, the glittering of stars and epaulettes on the splendid uniforms of the military, the beauty of the women and their *recherchée* toilette, formed a very brilliant *coup-d'œil*.

The ball opened with a stately Polonaise. The column of dancers first made the tour of the ball-room, passed into the garden, which was illu-



minated, and, after meandering through its various alleys, returned to the saloon.

The mazurka was danced by some Polish ladies and some Russian gentlemen of the grand-duchess's suite. There is a martial character in this dance that pleases from its novelty. But the great attraction of the evening was the waltz, danced as it is no where danced but in Germany. There is, in the soft, swimming movement of the waltz, something that beautifully harmonizes with the tender expression of countenance, and feminine softness of form, of the German women. National dances, when transplanted to foreign climes, like exotics, degenerate. The bolero and fandango must be seen in the sunny land of their birth. I was much pleased with this assembly; it was marked by a fascinating polish of exterior, and high-bred courtliness of manner, far superior to anything we see in similar reunions at the watering-places of our own island.

I left Ems on the eve of the anniversary of the King of Prussia's birth-day, to witness a grand military spectacle in its honour, at the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. The morning was beautiful, and as I wound round the steep ascent which led to the fortress, the magnificent valley of the Rhine burst upon us in all its beauty. The troops were formed in a hollow square in the quadrangle; the battlements above were crowded with all the beauty and fashion of Coblenz and its neighbourhood. It was a martial scene, and many a fair bosom heaved, and bright eye danced with delight, in contemplating the assembled chivalry of Prussia. Divine service, according to the rites of the Lutheran church, was celebrated, followed by a sermon, preached by a pale, ascetic-looking clergyman, whose solemn figure, sable habiliments, and black Geneva cap, recalled to the memory the martyrs of the olden time. On the conclusion of the sermon, the troops sang, in full, deep chorus, a solemn hymn. The effect was beautiful, and went immediately to the heart. Ere the last notes had died away—amid the deafening roar of the opening cannons, and the martial flourish of drums and trumpets—the black-eagled flag of Prussia rose majestically on its pole, giving its ample folds to the morning-breeze in lordly pride. The troops now broke into column, and marched back to their quarters. First passed the cavalry: the appearance of both men and horses was magnificent—the men looking fierce, and ready for the mêlée. Next came the infantry, with music in the measured tread of their platoons. The heavy roll of the guns, and the glitter of the arms of the troops as they wound round the descent, was extremely fine. Ere the rearmost platoon had quitted the quadrangle, we proceeded from the height on which we stood, the lancers crossing the Bridge of Boats on the Rhine, their pennons floating in the breeze—the wild notes of their trumpets sounding sweetly over the surface of the water. The scene I had witnessed was magnificent, and will long linger on the memory. I tarried for some time on the spot, to contemplate the magnificent prospect beneath me:—

“A blending of all beauties: streams and dells,  
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, vine,  
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells,  
From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.”

My guide pointed across the Rhine to the tomb of General Marceau. He had seen him fall. The incidents of this poor guide's career were

as romantic as the scenery we were admiring. The French revolution dragged him from his peaceful home. He had fought beneath the Pyramids—had retreated from before Torres Vedras—had mingled in the horrid butchery of the Borodino—had lighted his pipe at the embers of the burning palaces of Moscow—and, finally, had beheld the setting of the sun of Napoleon on the field of Waterloo. The benumbing influence which this event shed over the military world, extended itself to the narrow orbit in which he moved; he was disbanded, and now earned a miserable subsistence as a guide to the Rhine. This old veteran appeared to live on the memory of the past; and he spoke of his former chief in terms of melancholy enthusiasm.

The table d'hôte, at the Hôtel de Treves, was crowded. The upper part of the table was occupied by the officers of the garrison; the *truces et cerulei oculi, rutilæ comæ, et magna corpora*, distinguished them as strongly as they did their ancestors in the days of Tacitus. Near me sat two disbanded French officers of the old imperial army; their brows wore an air of gloomy disappointment; they inveighed bitterly against the Prussians, and said that, in the event of a war, in fifteen days the Rhine would again become the boundary of France. As I looked through the windows, the formidable works of Ehrenbreitstein appeared to frown a fierce defiance to this Gallic vaunt. The Prussians are entrenched up to their necks in the land; and it is not one, or even two, successful campaigns that would drive them beyond the Rhine. The Prussian army is, in every respect, the most effective in Europe, and will, in the event of an appeal to arms, cut out hard work for the French.

There were two young English officers of cavalry at table, on their way to the camp of instruction at Sane Louis; they were fine specimens of our military school, and I looked on them with feelings of pride. At the bottom of the table were seated an English lady and gentleman, who forcibly arrested my attention. The lady was beautiful, and has often since haunted my dreams; she had soft hazel eyes, a profusion of raven locks, and a classical paleness of complexion that we rarely meet with but in the sunny climes of the south. Her companion appeared to be in the last stage of a consumption, and was on his way to the genial climate of Italy, in the vain pursuit of health. The hand of death was already on his pallid brow; and, long ere he reached the frontiers of that sunny land, the beautiful creature by his side, who was turning her eyes on him with a look of thrilling anxiety and tender solicitude, was a widow, in the desolate loneliness of a foreign land.

---

## POPE GREGORY AND THE PEAR-TREE.

HUGO BON COMPAGNO was one of the gayest of the gay children of the south. He had archness and vivacity—a bright eye and a ready tongue. He was the favourite of the neighbours, and was predestined by the monk who taught him Latin, to make a great figure in the world. Hugo had formed a close friendship with a youth about his own age,—the son of a gardener; in all respects his inferior, save in that plastic quality of temper that moulded itself to the will of others, and which by its docility made, very frequently, a far deeper impression on those who knew him, than the more apt and vivacious qualities of his patronizing companion. However, the two lads were firm friends, and in the day-dreams of boyhood, ere the warm impulses of our nature become chilled in the school of selfishness—ere, in our progress through the world, we imperceptibly imbibe so great a portion of its clay—the youths had but one hope, saw but one fortune for both. Wealth, if they gained any, was to be equally shared by them—honours, if they came, must be participated by either. So dreamt they in the delicious time of youth, so lived they in one of the liveliest spots of Italy,—at a village some few miles from Bologna. The world, as yet lay before them, an undiscovered country; they saw it, as the great navigator saw in his dreams, the distant yet unknown land: a halo of glory was about it—it was rich in fruits and flowers, and spicy forests and mines of gold.

At length, the time arrived, when this romantic region was to be explored. Hugo was to go into the world.—At the period of which we write, the church was the surest road to honour: and Hugo, as we have before implied, had that keen and subtle temperament, that untiring perseverance, and that aptitude for book-learning, which in those days were considered the indispensable requisites for one who, in ostensibly devoting himself to God, sought to grasp at temporal sway; and who, as he bowed with a seeming inward reverence to the Cross, leered with a miser's eye at Mammon and his heaps. Hugo was devoted to the church: he quitted his native village, and grown beyond childish years, and having cast away "all childish things," he became a monk, and in his function pored over that awful volume, so blotted with crime, so stained with tears, so confused, so scrawled with error—that mystery of mysteries—the human heart. Thus he laboured, all his thoughts and feelings attuned to one purpose—worldly ambition. His home, his relatives, the companions of his youth, the scenes of his boyhood—all, all were forgotten—the monk had killed the man.

"Well, Hugo," said Luigi, with a saddened air—"to-morrow you quit us: to-morrow you leave the village, and the saints alone know, if we shall ever meet again."

"Meet again, Luigi, and why not?—you will come and see me—I shall sometimes come here. We shall see one another often—very often."

"Yes—see one another! But you will only be to me as the ghost of a dead friend!"

"The ghost of a friend! Can I ever forget Luigi—my earliest play-mate—the brother of my heart, though not of my blood?—Trust me, I shall ever love you."

"A monk love!—a monk has neither parents, nor friends!"

"No: he loves, with an equal affection, all mankind!"



"Aye—and only with all, must Luigi take his share. Farewell, Hugo, and the Virgin bless you:" and Luigi turned away with ill-concealed emotion, and endeavoured to proceed with his work. Hugo was likewise sensibly affected by the sincere passion of his friend. And let not the reader too hastily condemn the scene as weak and puerile—hitherto Luigi, although he had known and conceded to the superiority of Hugo, yet felt proud of the excellence that had cast its favour upon himself.—He now saw in it the cause of separation; he now felt that he was the humble Luigi, the gardener, destined to eat from his daily toil—and that Hugo, his earliest and choicest friend, was to be severed from him to pursue a path, it might be, of glory and renown. Luigi continued at his work.—

"What are you going to plant there, Luigi?" asked Hugo.

"A pear-tree—and it is said to be of a rare kind."

"Stay, let me help you," rejoined Hugo; and approaching Luigi, he assisted him in planting the young shrub, for it was little more. Whilst thus employed, they uttered not a word—each drew a sombre picture of the future, and for the time, Hugo felt that he could give up all hopes of the power and splendour, promised to him in his dreams, and in those reveries more delicious, though often as equally vain, as the visions of the night—that he could forego all temporal pomp, all spiritual dominion, rather than wound the honest heart beside him.—For a moment, the genius of the place seemed to ask him—"Why not abide here in the home of thy father—why not rest with us, and get thy food from the earth—why pant for the commerce of the world, 'as the hart panteth after the water-brooks?'" Ere the young tree stood supported by the earth, this feeling had subsided, as it had never risen, and Hugo stood again about to say farewell to Luigi, who looked at him with a look of mingled sorrow and distrust.

"Luigi," exclaimed Hugo, with sudden animation—"let this tree be as a covenant between us. As it stands, it is no unapt type of your friend. The rich earth is about its roots, and the 'dew will lie upon its branches;' with the blessings of the saints, it may put forth swelling buds and leaves, and rich and odorous fruit—and men may pluck refreshing sweetness from its boughs, and rejoice beneath their shade. So it may grow up, and so may it adorn the land that doth sustain it: and, Luigi, it may be that it may pine and shrink, and never put forth one green leaf—or blight may eat its buds, and canker gnaw its heart, and so, cut down, it may be cast upon the fire, and so may perish. Thus stands your friend: I shall be planted in the church, Luigi,—in that soil, rich with the flesh and blood of saints—heaven may rain its dews upon me, and I may put forth glorious fruit—and, Luigi, (the voice of the speaker became slightly tremulous)—these hopes may be a melancholy mockery of my fate—for I may perish, unknown, unhonoured, unregretted. I know not how to account for it, my mind is possessed by a sudden superstition—I feel, and it is an odd, perhaps an unchristian fancy, that this tree will be the symbol of my destiny: if it flourish, I shall prosper; if it fade, Hugo will decay too. But, however it may be, Luigi, the hearts of our youth shall, in their friendship, be the hearts of our old age. And though we shall meet, yes often meet, yet here I promise, that there is no time so distant, no state so high, that even though, parting here as youths, we never meet but as grey-headed men—that here embracing in this humble garden, we next encountered in the

halls of kings—I give my solemn word that you shall be to me the same Luigi, I the same Hugo.”

Luigi grasped the hand of the speaker—“Heaven prosper you, Hugo—and forget not your friends—Remember, remember the pear-tree.”

Hugo quitted his paternal home; years passed on, and whilst Luigi, a happy and contented man, tilled his ground and propped his vines, and saw his ruddy offspring flourishing around him—whilst he enjoyed that great gift of Paradise, “a country life,” and lived in an atmosphere of serenity and sweetness, Hugo was toiling through the devious paths of church-craft, a childless man. He was a politician and a priest—then, more than ever, twin-flowers upon one stalk—he had advanced in dignity, and had almost within his grasp, that bright reality, the shadow of which had shone like a star upon his tide of life, and tempted him to ford all depths, to dare all dangers, to hold all toil as nought.

And Luigi lived on, and became an old man. His children’s children frolicked under the shadow of the pear-tree, which shot up, and spread out, as though some spirit were specially charged to tend it.

“Ha!” cried Luigi, “’tis a rare crop;” as two of his grandchildren, perched in the boughs, plucked the fruit, and threw it into the laps of their little sisters, who piled it in two large baskets—“’tis a rare crop,” repeated Luigi, “and if Hugo bear but half as much, there are few richer among the brotherhood. He said, as this tree flourished, so should he prosper: he was a true prophet; though ’tis well he left something behind to inform me of his increasing greatness—it seems I should never have known it from himself.”

Hugo had, shortly after his departure, forgotten his friend, who, however, continued to tread the same humble, happy path, in which he had at first set out. He had had nothing to disquiet him, no losses, no family afflictions; the dove, peace, had always nestled in his cot—and it was not until the old man was bending downwards to the grave, that misfortune threatened his hearth-stone.

A man of high birth and immense wealth had built a magnificent palazzo in the neighbourhood of Luigi’s cottage. This man was connected by marriage, with the family of Hugo. He was purse-proud and despotic, making of his gold a sword against the poor. One day, it was his arrogant whim that the cottage of the gardener interfered with the beauty of the prospect from the palazzo. It was almost instantly conveyed to Luigi, that he must seek another abode, as the land on which the house was built, together with the gardens, belonging to his potent neighbour, were to be devoted to other purposes. The intelligence fell with a heavy blow upon the old man. To leave the cottage—the roof under which himself, his fathers, were born—to quit his gardens, his trees, things which, next to his own children, he loved with a yearning affection—the very thought of it appeared to him a kind of death. He refused to quit—he remonstrated—implored: it was of no avail—the cottage interfered with the prospect.

One evening the old man, half bewildered, had returned from a fruitless journey to the palazzo. He sat down in his garden, and looked with swimming eyes upon his mirthful children (heedless pretty ones, whose very happiness gives a deeper melancholy to a house of sorrow); shocked and wounded by the tyranny of his landlord, he glanced at Hugo’s Pear-Tree—for so he always called it). The old man leapt from his seat—his resolution was taken—he would go to Rome—he

would, as a last hope, strive to find some part of his boyish playmate Hugo, in the wrinkled, politic churchman. All things were soon ordered for his journey, and he quitted the cottage, bearing with him a small basket, filled with the finest pears plucked from Hugo's tree. Luigi arrived in Rome—and now, with a sinking heart, now with a confidence based on honest pride, he sought the presence of the Holy Father. Appearing before the servants of his Holiness, Luigi asked for an audience of Messer Hugo Bon Compagno? When reminded of this unbecoming familiarity, Luigi replied, that he knew not Pope Gregory XIII., but was a dear friend of Hugo's, and therefore demanded to see his companion, not caring, he said, to trouble the pope.

To this Luigi obstinately adhered, continually urging, with great earnestness, that he should be admitted to the presence of his early comrade. There was a simplicity in the old man's manner that for once won upon the minions of the great; and the strange demand of Luigi being reported to his Holiness, he was with great ceremony ushered before the sovereign Pontiff—before the man who was courted by emperors, flattered by kings. All retired, and the rustic and God's vicar upon earth were confronted.

How changed, since the friends had last met!—Then they were, at least in fortunes, almost equal. Now, one was bent beneath the load of empire—worshipped as one only “a little lower than the angels”—the triple crown upon his head—St. Peter's keys within his hand. What has the poor gardener to shew against all these?—a basket of pears!

“Now, my son,” said Pope Gregory—“you sought Hugo Bon Compagno—you find him in Gregory the Thirteenth. What ask you at his hands?”

“Justice, most holy father—justice and no favour.”

“Speak.”

“I made with another, in my time of youth, a mutual compact of kindness and protection—we vowed that whichever should prosper in his fortune, should serve and assist the other.”

“It was a Christian promise. Well? Stand you in need of succour?”

“Most grievously—oppression has come upon me in my old age.”

“And your friend forsakes you in your need? Have you witnesses to the compact of which you speak?”

“Yes—this basket of pears!”

“Pears!” cried the pontiff, and light darted from his eyes as he fixed them earnestly on Luigi—

“We planted the tree on which they grew—‘Let this tree be a covenant between us’—were the words of my companion. He and the tree have flourished: for forty years that tree has never failed; for every year it hath brought forth a crop of luscious fruit—and I have sat beneath that tree and wondered how it could be so bountiful to me, when he who helped to plant it, he who was bending beneath his honours and his wealth, had forgotten to send me even a single pear.”

“Luigi—Luigi,” exclaimed the pontiff, and with a face crimsoned with blushes, he threw his arms about the rustic!—*Their grey heads lay on each other's shoulder.* Thus they continued for some moments, and then Luigi, stooping to the basket, presented a pear to Gregory: he took it, and looking at it, burst into tears.

Luigi kept his cottage.

J.



“CONSOLATIONS” IN CHOLERA.

THAT the cholera will cross the Channel before the reform-bill shall have passed the House of Lords, or before certain noble senators have exhausted their eloquence in defending the assassin of the old Marquis de Loulé, or before the *non-illuminated* have caused the broken windows of their mansions to be mended, can scarcely admit of much doubt, when we look at the rapid strides this greatest of all reformers has already made into the heart of Germany. At all events it may be quite as well, even if it never reaches our own shores, to turn a greater share of our attention to the means of opposing the progress of this malady, and whilst scientific men are yet at variance respecting its contagious or non-contagious qualities, to adopt all the means placed within our power, to prevent the sacrifice of human life to the yet unsettled opinions of its nature.

If during the fierce disputes which have always, and ever will prevail, on the subject of epidemics, the common consent of all the disputants could but be obtained to a system of precaution, which would include the resistance of attacks either from contagion or infection, then, without any derogation to science, the epidemics which so often ravage Europe, and particularly the Mediterranean coast of Spain, might possibly be attended with a much smaller loss of life; but unfortunately theorists have hitherto found a pride in maintaining doctrines formed previous to any entrance on the arena of the malady, where alone circumstances should assist in forming their conclusions, which are too often the cherished decision of closet-studies, or, what is still worse, interested views. Such was the variety of opinions regarding the nature of the late epidemic at Gibraltar, that one physician daily swallowed the “*vomito negro*” to prove its non-contagious power, whilst another conversed with his patients at the end of a long stick, and with averted head, lest a nearer approach should communicate the disease. Experiments according to the notions of each particular party were consequently practised, and no single combined system of cure observed, because prejudice could not be conquered.\*

If it be not too hazardous a step to pronounce an opinion derived from mere experience, amidst the conflict of scientific ones which exist, the precaution might not be found without its use, nor totally disregarding of the health of the people of these realms, if the cholera morbus were considered as a disease communicable, either from the breath of infected persons, or by means of conducting substances, such as hemp, wool, &c., from which effluvia may arise to poison the atmosphere, and propagate the pestilence. In this light it becomes the legislature not only to enforce quarantine regulations against passengers, but also to cause a

---

\* Until Dr. Pym's arrival in Gibraltar in 1828 no uniform system of cure or precaution was adopted. It is curious to reflect on the composition of the board of inquiry government instituted at this time, to consider the nature of the disease. Two of the members of this board were the town major and the captain of the port. In case the fever had been pronounced indigenous, the town major would have been displaced for suffering a surplus population to collect in the garrison. If imported, the captain of the port would have been equally disgraced for a relaxation of the quarantine laws. Yet amidst this heterogeneous mixture government hoped to elicit impartial opinions.

regular and strict expurgation of all merchandize coming from suspected ports or places.

Lest these remarks should cause it to be supposed that some dissertation on infectious diseases is here intended, I must at once declare that such is not the case; it is only meant to record some of the moral features of the epidemics which have occurred in the garrison of Gibraltar—hitherto the most fertile field in Europe for the study of contagious disease.

It is well known that many of the present inhabitants of the rock have accumulated great riches merely from the frequent recurrence of epidemics. Now that their treatment is somewhat better understood, and that fear, that worst of all infections, has not as formerly abolished all police regulations, the chances of making fortunes by these events are considerably diminished; add to which, the present registration of landed property prevents the accidental holders of title deeds from appropriating to themselves houses or lands, which the death of the real owners induced them to convert to their own use. During the fever of 1804, the houses of sick individuals were openly plundered at mid-day of every valuable they contained. The family of a Portuguese lady, who had all fallen victims to the epidemic, had been successively carried to their graves, she alone lay abandoned on her bed, with just sufficient of sense left to see what was passing around her. A neighbour, who had hoped that there would be no kind friend at home to receive her visit, came to the house, and under the impression that her conduct was unwitnessed by any living being, proceeded to rifle the drawers of some valuable jewellery, with which she decamped. The Portuguese lady, contrary to expectation, recovered; as soon as she was able to walk, she returned her neighbour's visit, intent on reproaching her with the theft, but death had laid his cold hand on the offender, who was extended on the floor a corpse. Under these circumstances, to take possession of what was her own property the lady conceived was perfectly justifiable. In the act of helping herself the police entered the house to remove the dead bodies, and found her in the act of carrying off the jewellery. In vain did she protest the property was her own; the appeal was useless, she was hurried off to prison, and as soon as the fever had subsided was brought to trial. Fortunately the parties yet lived of whom the Portuguese doña had purchased the trinkets; these lent some weight to the story she told in her defence, and when the possession of the ornaments came to be contrasted with the notorious poverty of the woman who had died, the prisoner's innocence became apparent.

At this time the living were scarcely sufficient in number to bury the dead; delinquents imprisoned for crime were offered their liberty on condition of undertaking that office. Even those under sentence of death were pardoned for this purpose. Four mutineers, soldiers of one of the Irish regiments in the garrison, had been condemned to be shot at the period of the commencement of the epidemic. They had taken a final leave of their wives and children on the morning of execution, and were conveyed to "Bay-side" to undergo the sentence of the court-martial. Their eyes were bandaged, and they had already fallen on their knees, when, ere the platoon received the word "to fire," the town-major stepped up to the culprits, and told them, on condition of their devoting their lives to the care of the sick and the burial of the dead throughout the duration

of the fever, his excellency the governor consented to grant them a free pardon. The poor wretches, already half dead with fright, could scarcely believe the words addressed to them, but as soon as their scattered senses comprehended the proposal, they joyfully assented to the terms. Being set at liberty joy lent them wings, they took to their heels, contending with each other which should gain the barrack-yard first to communicate the joyous intelligence to their families. Here all the women and children, belonging to the different regiments of the garrison, had assembled to join in the wailing and lamentation customary with the lower class of Irish on these occasions. Uttering the wild shouts so peculiar to their country, the four men with reversed jackets, and bandages with which their eyes had been bound still hanging loosely round their heads, bounded into the barrack-yard to the great terror and astonishment of the women and children, who had already commenced the most dismal howlings, concluding this world had closed upon the condemned. Confusion and dismay now seized every one present; their natural superstition lead them to suppose these were but the apparitions of the deceased. A cry of "ghosts!" was raised. Some of the women ran distractedly screaming to and fro, whilst the more bold shared in silent trembling the general panic. On three of the four wives of the soldiers, the yet unexplained phenomenon of their husbands' reappearance had a fatal effect. Strong hysterics seized their frames, as they viewed with streaming eyes, and indistinct vision, the supposed spectres. The pardon of the men was the death-blow of their wives, who never recovered from the fearful effects of that sudden surprise. The poor fellows, however, braved the fever in its direst forms, and all except one survived its fury.

One third of the population of the garrison were at this time swept off. Protestant, Catholic, Jew, and Mahommedan were buried in one common grave. The cries of the sick and dying resounded from the houses and ships. The heavy rumbling of the dead-cart was constantly heard in the streets. Coffins, of rough deal, lay piled in pyramids in the market-places. The scene of desolation was such as may not be painted too minutely, but it may be easily imagined how every way terrific are these scourges of Providence, if we for a moment picture the ties of kindred or of love broken and despised—every one intent on individual safety—flying from death in one shape but to meet it in another!

The extreme danger resulting from any unnecessary detention of a corpse above ground, in so hot a climate, gave rise to some ludicrously tragic events, which in the general dark picture of an epidemic may almost be considered the only endurable relief.

A Genoese captain, from whose body the breath had scarcely escaped, was placed in a shell for interment; the evening gun told at this time the closing of the garrison gates, outside of which was the burial ground. The corpse was consequently allowed to remain in the apartment where it laid, till the following morning. The mate of the vessel to which the captain belonged, calling at the captain's house to ascertain his fate, was informed that he was dead, and already nailed down in his coffin. The mate recollected the captain wore a pair of gold ear-rings, and deeming it a pity these should be interred with the body, watched a convenient opportunity to steal up-stairs, when he removed the lid from the coffin, and proceeded to detach the ear-rings from the captain's ears. One of



these did not easily yield; the mate thinking at the moment he overheard footsteps on the stairs, attempted to force the ornament from the ear, and in so doing tore away part of the flesh. Blood instantly spirted from the wound, and with a deep groan the Genoese slowly raised himself from his narrow bed! The mate was filled with terror; he threw himself on his knees, and implored all the saints in the calender to pardon the sacrilege he had committed. He declared he meant no harm to any one! When the mutual surprise had so far subsided as to admit of an explanation of their relative situations, it was discovered that the captain had been too speedily deposited in his coffin. He embraced the mate, and prayed heaven to reward instead of punishing him, for only tearing off his ear, whereby he had prevented him from being buried alive!

Benito Soto, the pirate, who was imprisoned at Gibraltar, during the epidemic of 1828, nearly succeeded in getting himself removed from his prison, by ingeniously colouring his face with yellow ochre, and his tongue with ink. In this state he was found by the gaoler, extended on the floor of his cell. So frightful did his condition appear that even those who had taken pains to inoculate themselves with the disease, were afraid to approach him. Reflection, however, on the symptoms of his case, led to the suspicion that some hoax was intended. He was consequently strictly watched, and the trick was discovered. Instead of being conveyed to the hospital, as he expected, where he would not have found it difficult to make his escape, he was more closely confined than ever. This imposture having failed, he subsequently attempted to commit suicide, which, from the cares of Mr. Scrogie, one of the garrison staff, who presides at the farewell ceremonial of culprits, he was prevented from effectually accomplishing.

The over-crowded population of Gibraltar, during the last fever in this place, filled with just alarm the *sinecurists*, who had so long enjoyed the fruits of office; they perceived the attention of the government at home would now necessarily be drawn to the state of the population in the garrison, and therefore adopted every expedient to reduce the amount of its numbers, and amongst other measures, strictly prohibited the re-entrance into the town of all the Spanish emigrants, who had been encamped, during the fever, on the neutral ground. Orders were given to the inspectors at the different gates to prevent their admission. Towards the close of the fever the ingenuity of these gentlemen was roused to devise means to escape the vigilance of the gate-keepers. The dead-carts, which, from the regularity of their arrivals and departures, had been compared to stages, and had been actually nick-named "The Swan," "The Defiance," "The Black Vomit," &c. &c. were pitched upon, on account of their fitness for concealment, as an excellent means of serving their purpose. A party of these ill-fated men bargained with the driver to carry them into the garrison, which being agreed on, they were placed within the vehicle, and conveyed without observation to their place of destination. They had scarcely, however, descended from the pestiferous cage in which they had been confined, ere they were seized with the worst symptoms of the yellow-fever, the carts being strongly impregnated with the contagion. Contrary to their expectations, they all fell victims to their temerity; and were soon after removed in the same conveyance to their graves.

The frightful ravages this disease made at Barcelona in the year 1823, exhibited the fear the Spaniards still entertained of it. The medical men despatched from Algeiras to visit the Gibraltar hospitals, after examination of the sick, declared the malady to be nothing more than bilious intermittent fever, an opinion which for a short time greatly delighted some English medical sages, who exultingly reported that the Spanish physicians had but confirmed their own ideas of the nature of the disease. Few hours, however, had elapsed ere their eyes were opened to the true opinion of the Spanish doctors. On the arrival of the latter at the Spanish lines, on their return to Algeiras, the commandant was informed that a yellow fever, of the most virulent description, existed in the garrison. All communication was immediately suspended, and a military cordon was formed across the peninsular which connects Gibraltar with Spain, thus preventing any entrance of the English residents into the neighbouring country. Birds or beasts which accidentally crossed the cordon were at this time pursued and shot. The Spaniards were prohibited from eating fish, being told that the English were in the habit of casting dead bodies into the sea, which, by poisoning these animals, might communicate the disease. The inhabitants of the garrison were even forbid to sail along the Spanish shore on pain of death, which latter prohibition had nearly proved fatal to the writer. A sudden breeze prevented a boat, in which he was sailing, from tacking at the required moment, and carried him involuntarily beyond a jetty which had been marked out as a boundary by the sea line. A volley of musquetry from the shore, which made sundry apertures in the flapping sail, soon told that a choice between that of being drowned or shot was extremely probable; the former alternative was chosen: leaving the boat to drive before the wind, he jumped over-board, and strove, by swimming, to regain the English territory, but "ere he could arrive the point proposed" he became exhausted, and, as is usual, just previous to sinking, felt all the strange sensations antecedent to such a death, which those who have been in similar situations can alone appreciate. With just sufficient sense left to know that the rays of the bright sun, which shone full on his face, as he lay floating upon the water, were the last he should ever see, he bade farewell to its light; and at the same moment he was grasped by a stout hand, who, regardless of danger, and instigated by the suggestion of a brave and noble heart, buffeted the contending waves, and drew the tired swimmer to the shore.

S. B.

## DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

LANDER's discovery of the mouth of the Niger, has turned public interest once more to Africa, and there may now be at last a rational hope of establishing some useful communication with its people, discovering some portion of the natural riches of a land fertile beyond all conception, where it is fertile at all ; and perhaps ameliorating the social condition of those millions of mankind who have been from the earliest ages condemned to be the victims of their own ignorance, and of the avarice of every other people of the globe.

Those who scoff at every thing, may scoff at the idea that providence takes any care about those matters. But there may be no superstition in thinking that there is a striking coincidence between this great discovery of a path into the heart of Africa, and the present perfection of the steam-boat ; and that the honour of the discovery, and perhaps its first and most direct advantages, are given to the nation which first declared against the sale of the unhappy African, and which, to this hour, holds an unremitting and most righteous struggle against the incorrigible and hideous avarice of the European slave-traders. The entire of Western, and what is called central Africa, are unquestionably laid open by the discovery of the mouth of the Niger, and by the access thus given to the numerous rivers which branch off from its course, and which intersect nearly the whole of the middle country. But there is still a vast country, the table-land of Africa, totally unexplored, and of which we even can conjecture little ; but, by judging from other table-lands, that its climate is temperate, its population naturally numerous, and that in it we shall probably make the finest and most useful discoveries of natural produce and mineral opulence.

The extent of Africa overwhelms the mind. It is nearly five thousand miles long, by four thousand broad, and it lies directly under the sun's path ; the equator almost intersecting it, and the tropics covering the central regions to the north and south. The sun is *always vertical*, somewhere, in Africa. In Major Head's ingenious *Life of Bruce*, he observes, that " what is marked by nature, on our European scale of climate, as excess of heat, is all that the African knows of the luxury of cold, except what is produced by elevation or evaporation." It is two thousand five hundred miles from the equator to its northern boundary, the Mediterranean, and about the same distance to its southern, the Cape of Good Hope. The great question with men of humanity and common sense is, how this mighty continent can be civilized, made happy, and made a contributor to the general happiness and wealth of the world. In this view, we entirely agree with the author of the *Life of Bruce*. Nothing has been made in vain. The Creator had made no country, for the express purpose of defying the activity or benevolent ingenuity of man. All is capable of being turned to good if we but use the means. The earth was undoubtedly made to submit to the mastery of man, and the vast and curious inventions of late years seem to have been put into our hands for the purpose of expediting that mastery. It is not improbable that the discovery of America was *delayed*, until the peaceful state of Europe, the commercial activity of its people, and the adoption of settled governments, rendered it capable of taking advantage of that



magnificent discovery. It is observable, that the discovery originated in no striking improvement of either ships or seamanship at the time. The European ships and sailors had been for centuries as good as those which first touched at America. But if the discovery had been made under the Roman empire, it would have been probably neglected by a people who were engrossed with war, and who despised commerce, and hated the sea. If in the dark ages, it would have probably been equally neglected among the furious feuds of the little European powers, too little to bear the expense of remote expeditions, living from day to day on the plunder of friend and enemy, distracted by perpetual change, and generally perishing as soon as they rose. The only use which they would have made of America, would be as a place of refuge to some defeated chieftain and his half savage followers. But a time came, when the Crusades had relieved the European cities of the weight of baronial tyranny, when the sudden opulence of Venice, arising from its eastern intercourse, awoke mankind to the value of commerce, and when the leading sovereign of Europe, Ferdinand, the ruler of the most chivalric and daring nation of the fifteenth century, had just flung off the tremendous pressure of the Moorish wars. And then, and at that moment, was divided before the Spanish keel the mighty barrier, which had shut out America from the eye of mankind since the creation.

If Africa, so long known, and so close to the most civilized and inquiring regions of the world, should have remained to this day scarcely less shut out than America, we may well ask, how could we expect to have the treasures of this land given to us, while Europe was guilty of the slave-trade, while, if we could have penetrated the hidden glories of this fourth of the creation, it would have been only to spread more misery, to shed more blood, to fill it with the moral contagion of the most corrupting of all traffic, to inflame more savages to fury and massacre by our temptations, and finally to drag more human beings from their country, to perish thousands of miles from their home. The time has certainly arrived when this trade, which it is no violence of language to call Satanic, has received its death-blow, at least in England, and the time may not be remote when we shall be summoned to apply the national vigour to open up the treasures of Africa. "It is not unreasonable to hope that the whole southern continent may be given over to our tutelage, and that England, the great depository of freedom, knowledge, and religion, may be the elected guardian of the *infancy* of Africa. Our extraordinary advances in machinery, and the general command over the powers of nature, a command which seems to have been almost exclusively confided to this nation, have not been given for nothing, and important as they are to the increase of our wealth and comforts at home, we shall yet see them operating through the world on the colossal scale, suited to the wants of nations. The very fact that our powers of steam and machinery are so rapidly increasing, that we literally can hardly imagine to what known obstacle we shall have to apply them, tends to shew that there must remain something very important in this world for man to do. In short, the enormous tools which nature is placing in our hands, clearly foretell that she has some wonderful work for us to perform, and therefore, instead of calculating, as many people do, for instance, how long our coals are to last us, and in how many years hence we are unavoidably to be left in cold and darkness; is it not justice to believe, that with our new powers, we shall obtain new

resources, and that the wisdom of nature will continue to bloom when the idle fears and theories of the day have faded away and perished.

The hope of civilizing Africa, must depend on its being made fit to sustain civilized communities, which from its present natural constitution it is unfit to do; one immense portion of it being overspread with barren sands, and another being alternately turned into a bog by rains and rivers, and into a nest of contagion by the action of the sun upon this mighty morass.

Between the tropics it is constantly raining somewhere, and the rain falls in quantities that absolutely overwhelm the country. The hot winds constantly follow the sun from tropic to tropic, and the vapours which they raise, on reaching the higher regions of the atmosphere, and being chilled, are constantly poured down in rain. A country of a thousand miles on the north and south of the line, is thus kept constantly in a state of the most powerful irrigation, and the direct result is, a most superabundant fertility for the month or two while the earth is drying, and excessive heat and excessive moisture first come in full combination. Yet for the remainder of the dry period, the land is a sink of pestilence; so deadly from its miasmata, and so torturing from the swarms of insects generated by the heat, that man and the inferior animals perish in great numbers, or fly even to the desert, where they had rather encounter the tremendous fierceness of the sun, than the agony of the innumerable stings that haunt them in the fertile soil. The country is covered with immense marshes, and thick jungles, where the over-luxuriance of the vegetation checks the air, and all is fever and death.

We see that the whole question turns on the distribution of the rains. Too much water, or too little, makes the misfortune of Africa; and the only remedy for the evils which convert one of the richest soils of the world into a grave, or a nest of reptiles, is to be found in equalizing this gift of nature. It is impossible to doubt that a vast portion of the wildernesses of Africa would produce the fruits of the earth, if they had water. We find in the heart of the desert, vegetation where ever there is a well, and a little colony, surrounded by woods and rich fields, where ever there is any thing like a regular supply of water. The grand problem would be to lead the superfluity of the tropical rains from the innumerable rivers, and immense lakes of Central Africa, into regions now condemned to perpetual dryness. The results would be to dry the watery morass into productive soil, and to water the burning sand alike into fertility; in fact, to drain the centre of the country, and to irrigate all the rest: and for this purpose the peculiar construction of the continent seems to offer no trivial advantages.

The whole central belt of Africa runs directly under the equator, and from the known figure, and the actual formation of the land, this central belt is so lofty that it pours its rivers, the collection of its rains, down on both sides through the continent in great abundance and force. Denham computes the lake Tchad, one of the reservoirs of those rivers, at twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the ground beyond it towards the south was still rising. Bruce computed the southern elevation to which he had reached, at two miles above the level of the sea, and this is probably but a small part of the whole elevation. To use Major Head's words, "It being true that there are a series of vast tanks and reservoirs placed by nature above the thirsting deserts of Africa, the stagnation, as well as the rapid evaporation of which, now pollute the

climate; and also that a number of immense rivers flow out of Africa into the ocean; would it not be a problem worthy of the inquiry of travellers, by a scientific reconnoissance, to determine (only in theory, for theory must in this case long precede practice, and with the practice, after all, *we* can have little or nothing to do) what would be the difficulties attending the tapping of those enormous vessels. As also of applying tourniquets upon those veins and arteries, which, eternally bleeding, have left a great portion of Africa destitute of vegetable life."

We fully agree in this conception, gigantic as it is, and difficult as its execution may seem. It would be a truly noble object of inquiry; and would be worth all the idle ramblings of our dilettanti in Egypt—that fashionable lounge—to the last days of the earth. But we greatly doubt the *veto*, that we can have but little to do with the practical part of the change, if it shall take place. If it be ever done, it will be done by England. It is our boast, and deservedly so, that no work of palpable good ever wanted protection in our country, nor the ability to carry it into execution, when once fairly undertaken: and there are some curious instances which may take off our alarm at the difficulty. The water of the tropics is actually conveyed through the whole length of the sands of Nubia in the memorable course of the Nile; and a little sandy region in the shore of the Mediterranean is turned into the most extraordinary example of fertility in the world by this simple water-course. There are in Egypt itself, the very region of sand and sunbeams, dykes and embankments for irrigation, on a vast scale, to which the permanent fertility of the land is owing. In the Abyssinian history a threat is recorded of one of the kings who had a quarrel with the Divan of Cairo, to turn away the Nile, and thus "stop the cock," out of which Egypt drank. There is a remarkable instance too, of a threat of this kind having been partially put in force, when Lalibala the king, in the year 1200, turned the course of two rivers from the Nile into the Indian ocean.

The true points in which those conceptions should be viewed, are their use to Africa, their use to mankind in general, and their especial honour to England. It is a matter of great importance to have a direct object of acknowledged utility in our researches in a foreign country. Hitherto in Africa we have had scarcely any, or the mouth of the Niger alone. Our travellers have all set out on a hunt for Timbuctoo, of which nobody knew what possible good could be derived from the discovery. But Timbuctoo had been said by some fabling Moor to be a second Paris or London, with only the addition that gold was the paving of the streets. A crowd of able and active minds have been lost to their country in this wild-goose-chase after an Eldorado, which after all turns out to be nothing more than a collection of filthy huts, in the heart of a desert. Bruce, a man of admirable powers, of great acquirement, intelligence, and mental and personal activity, wasted his health, his wealth, and his years, in achieving the trifling discovery, that one of the sources of the Nile was a spring in a hillock, in an Abyssinian valley. But the expedition to discover the means of pouring fertility into the wilderness, and giving health to the tropical regions of Africa, would be among the noblest that can be undertaken by the benevolent ambition of man. That there are vast districts where drainage could be effected with very simple means, and equally vast ones where water might be collected and preserved to supply the failure of the rivers in the dry season, is well



known. On such a subject, though rashness may be deprecated, it would be criminal to despair. We must remember, that "the difficulties will not increase, while our powers are hourly increasing;" and in this good spirit let us turn to the service of human nature our last grand discovery of the Niger.

But it is a higher consideration still, that by giving health and fertility to Africa we should be actually taking the most direct way to elevate the character of its innumerable tribes. The tyranny of the petty kings is almost wholly founded on the poverty of their people, on their ignorance of every thing, and their unacquaintance with the arts and comforts of European life. The poverty of their kings themselves drives them to the horrid resource of the slave-trade, itself reacting on every feature of the national character. Africa undivided by its enormous deserts, and with the spirit of man unbroken in it by perpetual disease and poverty, would not long remain without making advances in liberty, knowledge, virtue, and as the combined result and protector of them all, in Christianity.

Our intercourse, unstained by the indescribable pollution of the slave-trade, would rapidly excite the tribes to the employment of their natural powers, and by a wise and well regulated commerce we *must* rapidly rescue those benighted millions of our fellow-men from fetters heavier and more fatal than all that were ever forged of iron. And all this might be done without the most trivial coercion, and with the most direct advantage to ourselves. "In all countries under the sun there is one great road that leads directly to every man's heart, his own interest."—If we were calmly to offer to those people the information that we possess, and give them gratis the inestimable benefits which science can bestow upon rude labour: if we were to offer to the poor woman a wheel for her draw-well—to the people who pound their corn in a mortar, a simple method of grinding it—if we would by a common filter sweeten for them impure water, and by an herb lull the painful disorder which it creates—if we would come forward to replace a dislocated limb—if we could shew manure, unknown, lying in the soil before them—and on the greater scale, if we would explain to those people, that by a very simple operation immense districts of their vast country might be either irrigated or drained—in short, if, on great subjects as well as small, we were chemically and mechanically to assist them, we should undoubtedly find that the general good qualities of a mind truly civilized, would, in Africa, as well as elsewhere, be fully appreciated, that our fame would justly extend, and that every tribe and nation would be eager to receive us. The following sketch of the rivers of Africa, shews what vast floods the tropical rains pour down, and how little founded is the complaint which charges Africa with general want of water.

"The only river of consequence which empties itself into the Mediterranean is the Nile. It is the longest river in the whole Continent, being navigable about four hundred and fifty miles from the sea. The greatest velocity of the stream is three miles an hour. The rivers in the Barbary States, which run into the Mediterranean and Atlantic, are very insignificant.

"There is no stream deserving notice on the western coast from Morocco to the Senegal.

"From the river Senegal, along the coast of Guinea to the equator, there is more water discharged into the ocean than from any other part of Africa—probably more than from all the rest of that Continent put together. The

Senegal has a course of about one thousand miles; is navigable for sixty leagues from its mouth, in all seasons; and, in the rainy season, vessels of one hundred and fifty tons can go two hundred and sixty leagues from the sea.

"The next river of importance is the Gambia. It is navigable for vessels of three hundred tons for sixty leagues. The tide is felt, in the dry season, at the distance of two hundred and fifty leagues. For the first three months, even of this season, the current is so strong that vessels cannot ascend the stream.

"The next river is the St. Domingo, then the Rio Grande, navigable for vessels about twenty leagues, and for large boats about forty leagues farther. From this river, or more properly from the Gambia to the river Mesurado, the country being flat, the rivers are often united a considerable distance up the country, when they branch off, and discharge themselves into the sea in distinct streams.

"The Mesurado is a large river, so is the Sierra Leone river. Then follow the Ancobar, St. John's, Volta, and Formosa rivers. The latter can be ascended twenty-eight leagues.

"From Formosa river are the Rio dos Forcados, the Bonny, the New Calabar, the Old Calabar, and the Rio del Rey. These are very large rivers, and not well known. The country about here is low; and these streams intersect the land in every direction, and form numerous islands.

"Turning southward is the river Cameroons, which has several mouths, but its size has not been ascertained. Then succeed several smaller streams, till we arrive at the Congo or Zaire river, which is very large and rapid, discolouring the sea for a considerable distance, and tearing away large pieces from its banks.

"South of the Congo, for about six hundred miles, there are several rivers of a good size; many of them will admit vessels of one hundred tons. After that, for about eight hundred miles, there is not a single stream of fresh water till we come to the Fish river. Then follows the Orange river, which, although it has a considerable length of course, does not discharge much water into the sea.

"There are several considerable streams in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, as well as on the east coast of Africa, the largest of which is the Eramo or Zambese, which has a course of about one hundred and eighty leagues. The rest are much smaller, but none of these are well known, though many of them are large and deep at their entrances.

"The Decra river, which runs into the Indian ocean to the north of the equator, is very large at its mouth, and is supposed to take its rise in the mountains south of Abyssinia. Beyond this there are no rivers of consequence till we reach the Nile, and indeed it is not known that there is a single stream of fresh water discharged into the Red Sea."

Such is the continent newly opened; for we must call Africa a closed world to us, until the discovery of the connection of the Niger with the ocean. Such are the means of access given to us, now that we have purified our hands of the abomination of man-selling, and that we are masters of that most extraordinary means for defying tide and storm, which steam has given. A great duty is imposed upon us, and England is not what she was, if she does not instantly proceed to fulfil it, and that nobly.

## PROPOSALS FOR ABOLISHING THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

BY A RETIRED SPORTSMAN.

THE first of September, and the first of April, are the only days in the year to which I have strong objections. The fifth of November is also no particular favourite of mine, though it serves to keep up my abhorrence of the Pope. Why I dislike the first of April I need not say—but why I utterly abominate the first of September I have sundry good and efficient reasons sufficiently powerful. Only let the humane reader take into consideration the fate of those unhappy ornithological bipeds, (to speak scientifically,) who are thus annually deprived of their short-lived existence. Wilberforce, are you thrashing your nigger?—Martin, are you starving a donkey?—that you allow this worse than slavery, this horrible cruelty to pass unnoticed. What is slavery compared to the life of a partridge? What is cruelty in comparison to its fate? Talk of thrashing a nigger, what's that to basting a pheasant? Talk of rubbing red pepper into the back of a slave when he shews symptoms of insubordination, what's that to the cayenne and lemon juice thrown upon his body when the poor bird gives indications of being on the go? Mr. Martin described the sufferings of animals with an eloquence as great as if he had himself endured them. Let him be placed on Wimbledon Common, and allow himself to be shot at by innumerable cockneys, till some one puts him out of his misery—then let him undergo the various operations of plucking, skewering, basting, and cayenne-and-lemon-juicing:—let him be eaten with bread sauce, and his bones thrown to the dogs; and *then* let me ask him if he ever felt, or saw, or read of any thing half so cruel in the whole course of his philanthropic existence? There is no disputing such an argument; and I entertain great hopes that after passing the Reform Bill, ministers will bring in a bill for abolishing the first of September. Let them talk of the good qualities of the blacks, let them praise the usefulness of domestic animals; but to a brave nation such as Great Britain, no virtue can be of half so much importance as that of being game to the back-bone. *Ex officio* informations should be brought against Manton, Egg, and such as are in the habit of persuading others to break the peace, and spread inflammatory reports.

I may be asked what motives induce me to attempt spoiling other people's sport. I say, the most disinterested that ever influenced frail humanity. I have known, seen, and felt all kinds of sport, and have always found it, however pleasing at the commencement, most unprofitable at the conclusion. I have had painful experience of the fact, and will relate the result of that experience for the edification of all those who are interested in this most momentous subject.

I was always fond of sport. I recollect my first essay was against the finned race, and it took place shortly after I had been initiated into the glory of frock and trowsers. I had previously observed boys of all ages, by the banks of a pond near our house, pursuing their piscatory avocations, who used to carry away with them their tiny prey alive in a wine-bottle, or a pickling-jar filled with water. I saw nothing in the pond but a few consumptive looking dogs, who, if I were to fish there all day would never honour me with a *bite*—doubtless for various good reasons of their own into which I have not inquired; and some unfortunate kittens who had been deprived of their existence for sundry



unanswerable arguments in political economy, (for which see Malthus). But I had ocular demonstration that some very fine fish nearly half an inch long, inhabited those waters; for I saw them hooked, and bottled off for home-consumption. I was an Izaak Walton in embryo, and declared war against the tittlebats. Clandestinely I procured the best part of a ball of thread from my mother's work-box, and luckily found a bent pin admirably adapted for my murderous intentions. These I joined together, affixed a worm to one, and my father's riding-stick to the other, and then sallied out to the enjoyment of my first day's sport. Nibbles I had innumerable, but I was at first too eager, and lost every chance. As I became more disappointed, the fish became more shy. I watched the bait with as much anxiety as an expected heir watches the last symptoms in a rich relation. At last I saw one of the scaly tribe, larger than the rest, swim several times round the bait, and look at it with rather a suspicious eye; after a time his doubts cleared up, or perhaps it had wormed itself into his confidence, for he opened his capacious jaws and swallowed it with as much ease as a whale would a jolly-boat. I was overjoyed with my prize, but had unfortunately forgotten to bring with me any vessel in which to carry him home. I thought of a happy expedient; that very morning for the first time I wore a handsome new white hat; without a moment's hesitation I snatched it off my head, scooped out some water with it from the pond, put in my fish, and marched homeward with a very exalted idea of my own cleverness at having discovered a new hat to be useful for more purposes than one. Near home I met my father, who had gone out in search of me. On I went in full confidence of being rewarded with all the halfpence in his coat-pocket for my skill and dexterity. I exultingly told him my history, in confirmation of which there was the water oozing out of my unfortunate beaver, which had undergone considerable alteration both in colour and shape. As soon as he saw its deplorable condition,—but it will be enough to say, that, as was also the case with the fish above mentioned—I caught it.

I grew up more fond of sport than ever. My father had a considerable freehold property, with game preserves; but although he was exceedingly fond of shooting, he gave strict orders to the servants not to allow me on any occasion to handle a gun. I was therefore confined to bows and arrows, and other missiles, which teach "the young idea how to shoot," and occasionally did considerable execution among the tom-tits and other small-birds. This I soon grew tired of. I panted for higher game. I tried to coax the game-keeper, but without success. I attempted to bribe the other servants with as little effect. Then I bethought me of a boy on the estate, who had a gun for the purpose of keeping the rooks off the corn. He was a poor half-starved, tattered rascal—in fact a living scarecrow. He had a sort of den under the cover of a thickset hedge, at one extremity of the field. I got into his good graces by bringing to him something more palatable than his ordinary diet; things I had stolen from the larder for that purpose; and while he was eating I scared away the rooks by shouting at them. Things went on admirably. He taught me how to load a gun and fire it off, and allowed me to handle it. His was an old heavy one, with a touch-hole wherein I could nearly put my little finger. I longed to shoot a hare, but he was only allowed powder, and I knew that without shot I had but small chance of killing one. To supply the defect, I picked up in the gravel-

paths, a number of nice little round white pebbles about the size of swan-shot; these I kept in my pocket till a proper occasion for their use presented itself. One day when the boy had gone into the next field to cut a turnip for a dessert after his dinner, and had left the gun in my care, I put in nearly a handful of these little round pebbles, rammed them well down with stiff brown paper, put in plenty of priming, and then with the gun upon half-cock, I went in search of game. There was a path, on each side of which were plantations; and I knew I should find there hares in plenty, and rabbits out of number. I got there with all speed, approached on tiptoe along the grassy edges of the path, and beheld four hares nearly within shot, scratching up the gravel, and then scattering the dust with their hind legs with the greatest impudence imaginable. I hid myself behind a tree, cocked my gun, and waited for them. In a short time a fine jack-hare came within a few yards. I put the gun to my shoulder—took aim—shut my eyes, and pulled the trigger. I heard a bang—and felt one, which sent me nearly lifeless on the ground. When I recovered, I found myself lying in my own bed with a dislocated shoulder.

After that I was sent to school that I might be out of the way of mischief. Here I contrived to have a little sport occasionally. It was the custom of our worthy dominie during the summer season to take us out every Saturday to angle in a brook within about a couple of miles of his "Establishment." For this he had two good purposes in view, it went to the increase of our health, and to the reduction of his expenses; for the proceeds of the Saturday's sport always went to the Sunday's dinner. When we had caught as many as we could, we put away our lines and hooks, divested ourselves of all external covering, and plunged into the water. One luckless day I was diving where there was a great depth of water a little distance from the rest, and as I was throwing out my feet I felt myself to my inexpressible horror and pain, hooked just below the tendon-achilles. I prepared to rise to the surface, but felt the hook tugging in a contrary direction. As soon as I could clear the water from my eyes, I discovered a little cockney urchin, who had lately joined the school, standing on the edge of the stream, and wondering what sort of a fish he had hold of. I brought my complaint with my wounded leg before the master, but the bow-bell and bow-kneed imp whimpered out as an excuse, (the pun is his, not mine)—"Vy, I vas only a fishing for heels," and he was allowed to go with a reprimand, and a desire to drop the aspirate in future. Rods I always disliked since I first came in contact with them; and lines, except poetical ones, I have never made use of from that hour.

This, though it damped my ardour for sport a little, did not lessen it. It only determined me to confine my pursuit of it to the land. There was a subscription pack of hounds kept in the neighbourhood, and they hunted during the season twice a week. Our excellent pedagogue always indulged us, upon half holidays, with the enjoyment of following the chase on foot, and at convenient places observing it at a distance. This I did with as much excitement as the red-coated and top-booted gentlemen themselves; but I longed to cross a horse, and mingle in the mounted throng. There I thought was all the enjoyment; and the pleasure to be derived from hunting on one's own legs I began to think, was a mere nullity compared with that of carrying on the sport on those of others. Once, as I was running along the side of a hedge,

I heard the sound of a horse's feet, and as I turned round I saw a huntsman taking a flying leap over the high hedge within a few feet of where I stood. He cleared that, and a wide ditch as well, but the beast stumbled, pitched his rider violently to the ground; and then, after going a few paces, suddenly stood still. Without a moment's thought I put my foot upon the stirrup, and with some difficulty mounted the saddle, but, before I could make my seat secure, the animal started off at the top of his speed. It was a terrible cutting-up chase across country, but we cleared every thing in the finest style: five-barred gates we went over with as much ease as a frog would over a mushroom, stone walls of any altitude, and ditches of any width, were passed almost without an effort. The consequence was, we distanced all competitors, and kept close to the hounds; wherever they went we went, I expecting, at every leap, as many a member of parliament may at this moment, to be deprived of my seat. Every ditch seemed to yawn for me, and every wall seemed to put its head in our way that mine might be sent against it. The fox, as a last resort, swam across the branch of a canal, but he was "dogged" wherever he went, and killed at the other side. All I remember further is, that I was ultimately tumbled backward into the water, and that, when I recovered, my kind master thought it right, as I had been "horsed" during the chase, that a similar ceremony should be performed afterwards.

In due course of time my father went the way of all fathers, and I was declared heir to the estate. Then my old passion for shooting returned with its full force, as I knew I possessed every opportunity of indulging it. I armed myself with a first-rate double-barrelled Joe Manton, and purchased some excellent dogs. The first of September arrived, and with my old friend the gamekeeper, who had the reputation of a most capital shot, I started off one fine morning caparisoned in the most appropriate style. We went through the park into a stubble field—the scene of my first attempt. The sight brought to me some painful recollections, but I considered that there was some difference between *concussion* and *percussion* guns, and felt more at ease. We trudged side by side. Presently the dogs made a point, and up went a covey of young partridges. This rather confused me, and prevented me taking a good aim, but I slapt away with both barrels, and though the flashes made me wink a little, it did not prevent me, to my inexpressible joy, seeing a brace and a half of birds fall to the ground. I ran to pick them up, and the keeper, while he was reloading, complimented me upon my success. After we had bagged the game we proceeded onwards. We found the birds very plentiful and strong upon the wing, but to my surprise and delight I never missed once—bringing them down by two's and three's every time. The result of that day's sport was very pleasing, for we had partridge-pie in the house all the week; and sent several brace beside to my friends in town. My good friend the keeper proclaimed every where that I was a most astonishing shot, and as he seemed to admire a very handsome powder-flask which I made use of, I presented it to him, in return for his honest opinion. My delight in sport increased wonderfully, and my friendship for the gamekeeper with it, for I found that I never missed when he was by my side; consequently he was never away when we went out on our sporting excursions. He generally fired either at the same time, or immediately after I did, but he always laid the result to



my charge, with such strong asseverations of my superior skill, that I in a short time considered him to be a miracle of honesty, and when he complained of his ill-luck, I thought I was bound to make him most liberal amends. My fame increased wonderfully, till one day, at the house of a neighbouring squire, whom my friend, the keeper, had assured me was not half so good a shot as myself, a dispute arose as to who was the best; that I was sufficiently certain of, and offered to bet—I tremble to think of the sum—that I would bag more game in a certain time than he could. The conditions were, that his keeper should proceed with me, and mine with him, that each should have the same chance of fair play. I was going to demur about the absence of my faithful servant, but I considered that one keeper must do as well as another, and was satisfied. Every thing was arranged, and we started off in different directions, exactly at the same hour. The man who went with me was not at all prepossessing in his appearance—an old, stiff, ostrich-legged sort of person, who looked as if he lived upon cast-iron. He was as taciturn as a sign-post, and moved as mechanically as an automaton. We had not proceeded far, before, with the usual rustling of wings, up rose a hen pheasant, and immediately afterwards the cock followed; my senses must have been distracted between the two, for I fired at both, but unfortunately killed neither. I felt a little chagrined, and looked at my companion, while he was loading, but his countenance was innocent of all expression. We went on—my dogs started a hare—I slapped at him with both barrels, and waited to see him drop; but on he went as if nothing had happened, and turned into a coppice. I called back the dogs in no very good temper, but my silent friend did not seem to notice any thing. I proceeded, and met with the same ill-luck wherever I went. I shot at numbers of pheasants, without so much as inconveniencing one of their feathers, and kept firing away at hares, without disarranging the order of their tails. I began to think it very odd. Still the features of my untalkative companion kept their vacancy undisturbed. The time now was nearly concluded, and I had not bagged any thing. The last field came to be crossed. It was full of furze, and I knew it to be the resort of hares and rabbits innumerable. I had gone a little way, when I saw something move among the bushes, which I was certain could be nothing else but a hare. I took a good aim, and fired. To my infinite horror I heard a melancholy howl, a few short barks, and then my favourite spaniel crawled out, and lay dead at my feet. I was just on the point of shedding tears at this unhappy incident, when I was startled by a tremendous noise close by me: I turned round, and saw my hitherto mute companion indulging in a strain of laughter that drowned even the reports of my competitor's gun, which were now becoming nearer. The end of it was, that my antagonist had met with the most excellent sport. My keeper was loaded, and several boys followed him, bearing as much game as they could carry. He was in high spirits, and praised the excellence of my preserves, with a volubility of tongue which kept me dumb. When my companion came up, and was desired to produce the result of my day's sport, he twisted his mouth into a most diabolical grin, and opened the game-bag, where I thought there was nothing; but to my utter despair the unfeeling villain hawled out by his tail, the remains of my hapless spaniel. What could be said after that! "Where should Othello go?"

This settled my love of sport. I discharged my keeper without any

ceremony, and did the same with my gun for the last time. To fire-arms, I have thus acquired a most particular aversion, and like Mr. O'Connell, have made a vow never to accept any challenge; so that it would be quite useless for any one to think of calling me out. My friends wanted me to become a captain in that fine body of middle-sized men, the Surrey militia, by which I might have had an excellent opportunity of seeing the coronation; but I disliked the suspicious manner in which they carried their muskets, and declined the honour. When in town, I never attend the theatres, in consequence of the immense quantity of gunpowder and bad jokes which are let off there upon all occasions, and nothing on earth will induce me to touch a newspaper on account of the "reports."

R. F. W.

#### PARAGRAPHS FROM A PORTFOLIO.

THE "science" of Latin-verse pronunciation has puzzled England for the last five hundred years, and I suppose will proceed in puzzling it for five centuries more at least. Watson, Bishop of Landaff, in his *Memoirs*, feelingly deploras the misfortune of having "got his Latin" at a north-country school, which left him to hammer out the "longs and shorts" for himself, when he began to work his way up to character at Cambridge. Paley too, was not "strong" in this very much prized, and very absurd attainment. It is still among the stories of the "common room" at Oxford, that in reading the Thesis for his Doctor's degree, he pronounced "profugus" with the penultimate long. All Oxford was in astonishment, nothing was talked of for a month, but this high-treason against prosody. At last by an effort of wit and indignation which cost the author another month, the following lines were pasted on the undone Doctor's door:—

"Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit littora,  
Errat Virgilius: forte profugus erat."

It is to be presumed that nothing could have prevented his drowning himself under the college pump, after this ponderous punishment; but his getting the living of Bishopwearmouth, worth two thousand a-year then, and since worth four, and swelling the pluralities of the Honourable and Reverend the husband of the celebrated Lady Charlotte Cadogan, and brother of the Duke of Wellington, being the fifth tribute to the "virtues and learning" of that very lucky personage.

Sheridan's habits of unpunctuality were so confirmed, that no one ever thought of his keeping an engagement: and the true way of having him at dinner was to invite him to breakfast; then there was a probability of his stepping in about the time cloth was laid, to apologize for being a "little too late."

At last a friend, who had frequently been disappointed when he had asked large parties to meet him and Mrs. Sheridan, applied to him to fix his own hour, and tell him fairly at "what time of day or night, he would choose to dine." "Oh, any hour you think proper," was Sheridan's answer: "but, my dear friend, hang being fixed to minutes! I hate such bread-and-cheese notions."

A single sentence may sketch a national character. What could be more graphic than the Englishman's, who, sitting in a coffee-house, the day after he was in the Gazette, happened to have his opinion appealed to by a couple of his friends. "Sir," said the ruined man, in the bitterness of his spleen, "why should any one ask me? What opinion can a man have in this country, without a guinea in the world."

To take another character from the mingled wit and scorn of a Persian. When it was told to Nadir Shah that the Turks intended to invade Persia, he threw his cloak into his camp-fire: "I do this," said he, "because it was old, and I shall soon have tailors for *nothing*; the *cross-legs* are coming." On hearing that the Turks were actually on his frontier, "Never mind," said he, "they would have enough to do, if we were asleep. The Osmanli have but two hands, the one is busy keeping on their turban, and the other pulling up their trowsers. If they had a third, it would be holding up their pipe."

The discovery of the chief sources of human enjoyment have all been attributed to some fabulous origin in the ancient world. Corn, wine, oil, music, and a multitude of similar things have all been ushered in by some antique tale. But some have had in later times a sort of second birth. The story of that important feature of the Englishman's happiest dinner, the beefsteak, was thus given in the middle ages.

Lucius Plaucus, a Roman of rank, was ordered by the Emperor Trajan, for some offence, to act as one of the menial sacrificers to Jupiter: he resisted, but was at length dragged to the altar. There the fragments of the victim were laid upon the fire, and the unfortunate senator was forcibly compelled to turn them. In the process of roasting, one of the slices slipped off the coals, and was caught by Plaucus in its fall. It burned his fingers, and he instinctively thrust them into his mouth. In that moment he had made the grand discovery, that the taste of a slice thus carbonadoed was infinitely beyond all the old, soddened cookery of Rome. A new expedient to save his dignity was suggested at the same time; and he at once evinced his obedience to the emperor by seeming to go through the sacrifices with due regularity, and his scorn of the employment, by turning the whole ceremony into a matter of appetite. He swallowed every slice, deluded Trajan, defrauded Jupiter, and invented the beefsteak. A discovery of this magnitude could not be long concealed: the sacrifices began to disappear with a rapidity and satisfaction to the parties too extraordinary to be unnoticed. The priests of Jupiter adopted the practice with delight, and the King of Olympus must have been soon starved, if he depended on any share of the good things of Rome. The phenomenon at length attracted Trajan himself: he was a man of that indignant virtue, which hangs the criminal for the purpose of reforming him. The chief priest of Jupiter, and all his subordinates, were condemned to the halter. This venerable personage, was a man of ancient years, of imperturbable gravity, and had the most prodigious and saintly length of beard in Rome. Trajan felt some human compunctions at the loss of a high-priest with such a holy prodigy hanging at his chin, but his word was irrevocable, and if he had ten times the length of beard he must be hanged. The emperor,



however, did him the last honour, that of attending the ceremony. All Rome was on foot: there never had been any thing so melancholy since the death of the Emperor Titus the beloved, and the interest made by the Roman matrons of the first rank, to get conspicuous places in the Coliseum, was unequalled. How the high-priest would be clothed, whether he would be hanged or decapitated, and in the latter case have his beard, or his head cut off first, were the whole conversation of the highest circles for a week, and the ladies of the senators, and the royal family, wept and laid wagers on their own opinions of the matter, from morning till night. During the entire day before, nothing was done, but driving from place to place, to make bets on the length of time the holy criminal would take in dying, to hurry the robe-makers for new dresses for the ceremony, and to join their tears in weeping for the handsomest wearer of the handsomest beard, ever seen since the arrival of the ambassador from the Parthian king.

The day came, and the Coliseum was crowded to the highest bench, with all the youth and beauty of the metropolis of the world; the costumes magnificent, the gold and jewels incalculable, the loveliness divine, and the tears, only awaiting the beginning of the sacrificial song to fall in showers.

The ceremony at length commenced, and the high-priest, looking more venerably handsome than ever, advanced to be hanged. Virgins and matrons rose on tiptoe, that they might not lose a single feature of a ceremonial, against which even the presence of Trajan himself could not prevent them from more than murmuring, as the most barbarous act of his reign, though they acknowledged that the general ceremony was worthy of imperial magnificence. In short, all were terribly interested, all miserable, and all delighted.

Trajan now approached, and the high-priest supplicated that he might be allowed to finish his career as he had begun it, by sacrificing to Jupiter. The last request of so high a servant of the state could not be refused. The altar was loaded with fire, the victim was laid on it in the accustomed pieces, and the ceremony was performed in the most perfect style. At its close the high-priest presented a fragment of the offering to the emperor, humbly entreating that he would but put it to his lips, as an evidence that he bore no personal resentment against the sufferer. Trajan complied, tasted it, and the slice, to the universal wonder, instantly disappeared. Another, and another followed. The ministers of the scaffold were still delayed. The matrons and virgins began to be impatient for the conclusion of the ceremony. At length, the whole vast assembly rose, and with loud outcries demanded, how long they were to be disappointed. The emperor returned from the altar, and with a look that expressed all the offended dignity of the master of the world, resumed his seat upon his throne. Then with the high-priest at his right hand, said, "Romans, clamourers against my imperial will, rebels against him who is a god on earth, bow your heads to the dust and be silent. Know the temptation before you adjudge the crime. The high-priest has given away only to an irresistible pleasure. Now you, in your ignorance, call him an offender against the laws of the empire; if he had not so done, he would have been an offender against the laws of nature. I invite him to dine with me to-day. To-morrow, there shall be a public banquet, at which every dweller in

Rome shall taste what I have tasted to-day; and on the third you will be erecting in every street of Rome, statues to the great discoverer." All was so said and so done, and the Beefsteak was immortalized.

"The noble lord in the blue ribbon," said Fox, in one of his nervous attacks on Lord North, "I see, carries the concentrated majesty of the government in his person. But however it may have been in other times, he shall not be counted for his cabinet; he shall go for nothing more than he is worth, in the settlement of this question."

Fox's reference was probably to the very curious, and very lucky, mistake, in casting up the votes in the celebrated 31st of Charles II. Lord Grey, one of the tellers, a man of pleasantry, on seeing a very corpulent peer just entering the house, said, laughing, "My lord, I cannot count you for less than ten," and went on counting accordingly. The other teller, Lord Harris, a moody and careless man, took the telling for granted, which Lord Grey, in the hurry of the moment, forgetting what he had done, gave in. This decided the majority for the Ayes, and the bill, one of the most important to the freedom of England, the right to bail before trial, was made part and parcel of the law.

The world is flooded with anecdotes of Johnson. Let me record an anecdote of one of his hearers. He and Burke were one evening, I believe, at the Misses Cotterell's, when the conversation turned upon the great poets of antiquity. At length, it was settled on the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil. Johnson was for Homer, Burke for Virgil. Johnson poured out a prodigious quantity of thought upon the vividness, originality, and grandeur of the Greek. Burke delighted in the sustained majesty, the mingled pathos and vigour, and the mellifluous eloquence of the Roman. The argument went on for hours, while no one present thought of interrupting so noble a display of genius on both sides. At length, a young lady's eye glanced on her watch, and to her surprise, finding that it was past midnight, she whispered the hour to her mother. "Child," said the mother, indignant at being disturbed, "tell me that the house is on fire, for nothing else can be an excuse for leaving such conversation."

A party, among whom were Arthur Murphy and some of the "Wits about Town," were dining at a tavern in Fleet-street, when two of them oddly began to quarrel about two poems which they were on the point of publishing. To appease the controversy, Murphy recommended a deputation to Johnson, to decide a bet, as to which was the superior work.

The deputation waited on the doctor, who, though surprised at dinner, was at length induced to listen to the statement of the affair. "What depends on my decision?" said he. "Five guineas," was the answer. "Give me the poems," said Johnson. He ran his eye down them, and reckoning the lines, made his award. "Gentlemen," said he, solemnly, "poetry does not always differ from real life. It is a right principle, of two evils to choose the lesser. Both poems are as bad as poems can be; therefore the *shorter* has won the wager."

The French, in their day of revolutionary renown, had a favourite boast that all the roads of the world centered in Paris, a boast which expressively hinted that the march of a French army was easy to any capital of the globe. But England has now taken the lead in the locomotive propensity, and her travellers, whether by steam, by carriage-wheels, or by balloons, will soon leave no spot untraversed where man can live and be looked at. How would it have astonished our forefathers to hear that St. Petersburg could be reached from London, slept in, and returned from, within the week. Of course, this lays all Europe, where a steam-boat can approach, directly at the mercy of the cockney who can spare from twenty-four hours to half a dozen days. A simple glance at the map shews the distances of all the ports.

The distance from Amsterdam to London is 190 miles W.

The distance from Copenhagen to London is 610 miles N.W.

The distance from Stockholm to London is 750 miles S.W.

The distance from St. Petersburg to London is 1140 miles S.W.

The distance from Constantinople to London is 1660 miles N.W.

The distance from Lisbon to London is 850 miles N.N.E.

The distance from Dublin to London is 338 miles S.E.

The distance from Edinburgh to London is 395 miles S.

The distances between London and the capitals not accessible by sea are more formidable from the mere circumstance of their being out of the way of the steam-boat; but time may introduce the railway, at least upon the principal highroads of Europe, and we shall disregard miles equally by land or sea. The distances of the remaining capitals are:

London from Paris is 225 miles N.N.W.

London from Berlin is 540 miles W.

London from Vienna is 820 miles N.W.

London from Madrid is 860 miles N.N.E.

London from Rome is 950 miles N.N.E.

No one will charge either the ancient Romans or the modern English with inferiority in mental distinction, and yet almost the whole of the Roman sources of eminence in the arts of civilization were foreign. Their music, painting, and sculpture were Greek; their laws Greek; their architecture Greek. In war their borrowing was equally conspicuous. Their tactics, their weapons, their armour, their standards, their military rewards, their art of fortification, their military machines, were all borrowed from strangers.

England has been just as great a borrower, if we were to judge merely from her language. Our principal terms of sculpture and of painting are Italian; our military terms are French; our navigation has largely borrowed its language from the Dutch and Flemings; our systems of accounts, loans, and banking, are Italian; our coats are made by a *tailleur*; our wives' gowns by a milliner (a Milanese) or a mantua-maker; our hunting vocabulary, our horsemanship, hawking, and field-sports in general have borrowed largely from the French; our cookery is daily borrowing so much from the French, that it will require a Parisian education to sit at an English table. The chief uses of the old English are to be found in the names of things connected with tillage. The names of science, and its instruments and operations, are principally modelled on the Greek. The botanical names of flowers are generally Latin. And yet England has contrived, like Rome, to do prodigiously



well on the system of borrowing; or rather, is not the good sense that dictates this general adoption of all that is useful among strangers, the true guide to greatness in men or nations?

Eccentricity finds eccentric reasons for its doings. Schlager, a Danish man of fortune, sold his estate, and fixed in the northernmost corner of Iceland. He said that he fixed there because he hated the confined air of Europe, and chose to have his breeze fresh from the pole.

An Englishman, some years ago, was found vegetating in the midst of bogs and solitudes, in a village on the west coast of Ireland. His reason was, to be in the next post-town to America.

A Spaniard perched his house on the summit of the Sierra Morena; on being asked, "why he preferred that place of clouds, storms, and solitude?" he said, "that he was tired of mankind, and the clouds hid mankind from him; that he was tired of his wife's tongue, and that the storms drowned her talk; and as to the solitude, he could not be solitary, who had the angels for his next door neighbours."

No book has lost more by "improvements" than Johnson's Dictionary. The definitions in which Johnson's spleen burst out against a world which had used him hardly enough, have been extinguished one by one, until this famous Dictionary differs little from a common word-book. The first edition took the town by surprise more than any book of its day, and a second edition was called for within the year.—No slight part of the charm was to be found in such definitions as these:

"*Tory*.—A cant term, derived, I suppose, from an Irish word signifying a savage.—One who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state, and the apostolic hierarchy of the church of England.—Opposed to a whig."

"*Whig*.—The name of a faction."

"*Pension*.—An allowance made to any one without an equivalent.—In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state-hireling for treason to his country."

"*Pensioner*.—A slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his master."

"*Excise*.—A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom it is paid."

For this opinion on matters of excise, the commissioners conceiving violent wrath, actually meditated a prosecution for libel, and laid an opinion before Murray, the Attorney-general, afterwards Lord Mansfield, to ascertain how far they could take vengeance on the man who had called them *wretches*, a name, however, to which they had been tolerably well accustomed from the time of Walpole. Murray, who probably thought the whole affair absurd, recommended that "an opportunity should be given to the writer to alter his definition; otherwise, he should be threatened with an information." Murray thus dexterously contrived to evade the *onus* of a public prosecution, and the hint was probably given to Johnson, for the definition of both Excise and Pension were altered in his octavo abridgment.

The Doctor's well-known antipathy to the Scotch, still displayed itself in his definition of

"*Oats*.—In England the food of horses, in Scotland the food of men." But his gall was let fly on other things too, for example—"Dragoon, a soldier who fights indifferently on foot or horseback." His scorn of his

own pursuit was humorously represented by his definition of—"Lexicographer, a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge;" and "*Grub-street*, the name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called *Grub-street*."

---

Tom Warton, the Laureate, abounded in eccentricities, as is the case with most men who have lived much by themselves. Tom Warton had "kept his chambers" for thirty years in a college. He had an extraordinary fondness for puppet-shews, and all sorts of street exhibitions, provided they were attended with a *drum*. The charm was in the drum. He was a thorough believer in the frequent appearance of ghosts, though I do not recollect whether he ever was indulged in person with any visit from the tombs. One of his propensities, and a most unaccountable one, though he shared it with Selwyn and many others of note, was his fondness for seeing executions. In one instance, when he had some particular reason to fear the indecorum of being present, he was known to have disguised himself in a smock-frock, and appeared as a carter.

He was desperately ridiculed in the "Probationary Odes for the Laureateship," and the joke was made keener by an ode of his own being the one inserted among the burlesques. Unluckily, nothing could be more capable of being turned into a caricature of the whole art and mystery of those unfortunate productions, Birthday Odes. The Laureate seemed to take the jest in good part, but the blow was not to be parried.

---

Mason, the poet, was a good deal of a coxcomb. All the world have laughed at the story of the senior wrangler, who on going to the play one night when the king was present, and seeing the audience standing up, begged of them to sit down again, declaring that *he* had not expected Cambridge news to be so soon known in London, and that, *though he was senior wrangler*, he was still but a man.

Mason went nearly the same length of modest deprecation. He had written a heavy poem called *Isis*, containing some reflections on Oxford, and speedily forgotten by every body. Some years after, he paid a visit to Oxford, and congratulating himself that he entered it at the close of the evening, his friend asked him the reason, "Oh, to be unseen!" was the answer; "remember my '*Isis*.'"

The French have a pleasant little anecdote of a poet suddenly awakened from his dream of popularity. The bard had published some verses on the Lottery, which fell lifeless. After running about Paris for a week to gather his laurels, and finding that the crop had entirely failed, he left the city of the Muses and Graces, with a solemn protest against ever believing again that a Parisian knew good verses from bad.

Within a league or two of the abandoned city, he sat down to rest himself, and soon perceived that he was the object of marked attention to all the passers by. Some took off their hats—some pressed their hands on their bosoms—some looked up to Heaven, as if thanking it for having sent so distinguished a genius upon earth. The bard was surprised, delighted, overwhelmed with gratitude. "*Paltry Parisians!*" he exclaimed, "*your brains are stuffed with the dust of your stupid streets. It is only in the country that sensibility exists;—this is true fame at last.*" He rose, and continued gratefully taking off his hat to every

group who passed. At length one man threw himself from his horse, knelt down, and approached him on his knees. The bard was in raptures. Was there ever a more striking deference to genius?—it was actual worship!—"No, no, my good friend," he exclaimed, rising, "you must not offer this homage to me. I acknowledge your taste. Yet remember that, though I am the author of the 'sixteen sonnets' on the Lottery, I am still no more than a man."

The worshipper looked astonished, but proceeded in his homage. The bard could no longer resist; this delightful disobedience mastered him. He rushed forward, and flung himself in tears on the worshipper's neck. The man started up, and they both rolled on the ground together. As the bard happened to cast up his eyes, he saw that, on the bank behind him, was an image of the Virgin. The secret of the general bowing and uncapping was suddenly revealed to him. He rose, brushed the dirt off his culottes, shook the dust off his feet against the good city of Paris, went his way, and wrote verses no more.

Old Selden has some curious remarks on the manners of courts. He compares the different styles of the English royal life to the succession of dances at a ball—which, by the by, seem to have been a curious and rather formal ceremonial in themselves. "First, you have the grave measures; then the corrantos and galliards; then French-more and the cushion-dance;—and then all the company dances—lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid—no distinction.

"So, in our court, in Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were kept up. In King James's time, things were pretty well; but, in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but French-more and the cushion-dance—*omnium-gatherum, tolly-polly, hoity-cum-toity.*"

Julius Cæsar, the prince of gazette-writers, has undergone the torture of the wits in his Latinity. "*Venit summa diligentia*" is translated "come on the top of a diligence;" proving that, in his time, they travelled by public coaches in France. Tacitus is authority for the Roman invention of telescopes; for it is said of the same Cæsar that, in his invasion of England, he examined the country *positis speculis*—"by fixing his glasses;" though another translation pronounces it—"putting on his spectacles." And Suetonius is equal authority for attributing the trial by jury to the Romans. Speaking of Cæsar's death, he says, "*Jure cæsus videtur*," which is translated—"he appears to have been put to death by jury;" a proof unanswerable, and which may lower the crest of our Anglo-Saxon law-makers.

It is singular to see a phrase making the tour of the world. Oxenstiern's celebrated remark, "My son, see with what little wisdom the world is governed," was probably made a thousand years before Oxenstiern, and uttered by a thousand lips before his. Selden relates it of one of the popes:—

"He was a wise pope that, when one, who used to be with him before he was advanced to the popedom, refrained afterwards to come at him (presuming him to be too busy in governing the Christian world). The pope sends for him, bids him come again, and says, 'We will be merry as we were before; for thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the whole world.'"



Selden's notions of popery would be scouted by the *liberalism* of our days. Yet Selden's acuteness will scarcely be doubted; and he lived in a time when popery was well known.

"The protestants in France bear office in the state, because, though their religion be different, yet they acknowledge no other king but the king of France. The papists in England, they must have a *king of their own*—a pope, that must do something in our kingdom; therefore, there is *no reason* they should enjoy the same privileges.

"Amsterdam admits of all religions but papists, and 'tis upon the same account. The papists, wherever they live, have *another king* at Rome. All other religions are subject to the present state, and have no prince elsewhere.

"The reason of the statute against priests was this. In the beginning of Queen Elizabeth there was a statute made that he who drew men from their civil obedience was a traitor. It happened, that this was done in privacies and confessions, where there could be no proof. Therefore, they made another act, that for a priest to be in England was treason, because they presumed that it was his business to fetch men off from their obedience.

"The priests of Rome aim but at two things—to get power from the king and money from the subject.

"When the priests come into a family, they do, as a man that would set fire to a house. He does not put fire to the brick wall, but thrusts it into the thatch. They attempt the women, and let the men alone."

We all know the characteristic answer of the Protestant to the Papist who taunted him with the novelty of the Reformation.

"Did you wash your face this morning?"—"Where was your face before it was washed?"

Selden gives it in another shape. *Papist*. "Where was your religion before Luther, a hundred years ago?"—*Protestant*. "Where was America a hundred years ago, or sixscore years ago?"

*Æsop* himself has nothing finer than Selden's apologue of the Dog and the Mutton. On the maxim "*In a troubled STATE save as much for your own as you can.*"

"A dog had been at market to buy a shoulder of mutton. In coming home, he met two dogs that quarrelled with him. He laid down his shoulder of mutton, and fell to fighting with one of them. In the meantime, the other dog fell to eating the mutton. He seeing that, left the dog he was fighting with and fell upon him that was eating. Then the other dog fell to eating. When he perceived there was no remedy, but which of them soever he fought with, his mutton was in danger, he thought that he would have as much of it as he could, and thereupon gave over fighting and *fell to eating himself.*"

The apologue of the Lion and the Fox is full of the practical wisdom so important in his day. "Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion called the sheep, to ask her if his breath smelt? She said, Aye. He bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and asked him. He said, No. He tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox, and asked him. Truly, he had got a cold and *could not smell.*"

After all that we have been told of the prepared orations of the Greek and Roman orators, it is curious to find so high an authority as Quintilian declaring, that without the power of extempore speaking an orator had better let his art alone.

"Maximus vero studiorum fructus est, et velut præmium quoddam amplissimum longi laboris, ex tempore dicendi facultas. Quam qui non erit consecutus, mea quidem sententia, civilibus officiis renuntiabit, et solam scribendi facultatem ad alia opera convertet."

His directions to attain this essential faculty are many and rational. "Nota sit primum dicendi via." We must first look to the order of the subject, and settle which part to place first, second, and so forth. The next point is the "*copia sermonis optimi*," the commodity of good words. This is to be the work of habit. "Nam consuetudo et exercitatio facilitatem maxime parit." The next point is to acquire the habit of "*foreseeing the parts of the discourse*." "Ut dum proxima dicimus, struere ulteriora possimus semperque nostram vocem provisa et formata excogitatio excipiat." A great point is to throw our own feeling into the subject. "Pectus est enim quod disertos facit, et vis mentis. Ideaque imperitis quaque, si modo sint aliquo affectu concitati, verba non desunt."

But no one should trust entirely to his talent, nor suppose that words and thoughts will come at command. We must cultivate the extempore faculty from the least beginning, to perfection.

The other mode is *thinking* the subject over in all its divisions, which has the advantage of its being manageable in all times and places. Diligence should be perpetual. "*Studendum semper et ubique*." Cicero recommends "*perpetually to speak one's best*." "*Quidquid loquimur, ubicunque, sit pro sua scilicet portione perfectum*."

We should never write more than when we are practising extempore speaking; for writing corrects the superfluities of style, and gives it solidity and dignity. Those who have frequent necessity for extempore speaking, often find it convenient to write down the principal points, and "*beginnings*," which Cicero did. It may be advisable also to have notes and heads written to glance at. But it is bad to write down an oration which we are to deliver; for it restrains the natural impulse of the time. "Nam hic quoque accidit, ut revocet nos cogitatio ad illa elaborata, nec sinet præsentem fortunam experiri."

---

## AFRICAN TRIBES.—THE ASHANTEES, &amp;c.\*

THE attractive, but very deceptive colouring under which the narrative of *Mungo Park* was disguised, before being submitted to the public, was more calculated to aid the deep designs of certain persons in this country, than to give a faithful view of the actual state and condition of African society.

To please the public, and the *amis-des-noirs*, the harsh features of the picture seem to have been softened down, or entirely obliterated; and instead of presenting us with a faithful idea of what Park actually saw, we fancied to ourselves a number of primevous communities of happy and innocent beings, amusing themselves with "mumbo jumbo," dancing all night by the light of the moon, and pitying *the poor white man*, who had "no mother to bring him milk," and who, "to grind his corn, no mother had he!"

These narratives, universally read and admired, assisted in creating erroneous impressions, which were artfully kept up until this country was led into an injudicious expenditure of some millions of public money,—genuine charity was enticed from its proper channels,—and many thousands of valuable lives have been thrown away in pursuance of impracticable plans for civilizing Africa, and in maudlin schemes, promulgated under the specious garb of philanthropy, which never would have been entered upon, or at least pursued to any ruinous extent, had the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, been at first made public.

To draw aside the veil, and look at the actual deformities of African society, as exhibited by more recent travellers is, to a mind imbued with feelings of humanity, rather a repulsive than a pleasing task. But when we contemplate the mischief which has actually been done, and may still be perpetrated by persons taking advantage of these false impressions; and when we hear people still characterizing the natives of Africa as a simple, innocent, and unoffending race, it becomes the duty of every honest man to strip them of that deceptive and factitious colouring by which the truth is obscured, and to exhibit all their native deformity, so that delusion may no longer prevail.

We have already, by exposing the Sierra Leone humbug, and by noticing the travels of Clapperton, Caillé, Landers, and others, contributed our share towards this desirable object; and we have now before us the narrative of Major Ricketts, a gentleman who spent many years in active service on that coast.†

---

\* Narrative of the Ashantee war, with a view of the present state of the colony of Sierra Leone.—By Major Ricketts, late of the Royal African Colonial Corps. London, 1831.

† Our readers are aware that the slave trade is still carried on there, in spite of our naval superiority, to a greater extent than ever; but they may not, perhaps know, that while ministers are endeavouring to put it down with one hand, they are holding it up with the other. Foreign sugars, raised by means of the slaves now surreptitiously carried off by these foreign slave dealers, are, by a juggling "foreign sugar refinery bill," admitted into the refineries, and are partly consumed in this country, to the exclusion of British sugar; so that the latter is now almost entirely shut out from the refineries; for by this stupid bill the refiners for exportation cunningly obtain a bounty, in the shape of drawback, of 3s. or 4s. per cwt. more than is allowed upon British sugars!



The melancholy catastrophe which befell Sir Charles M'Carthy, is still so fresh in the memory of our readers, that we do not consider it necessary to recapitulate at any length the circumstances which preceded and attended it. That lamented officer arrived on the coast, and took possession, in March, 1822, of the forts which, in consequence of the clamorous and false accusations of the Sierra Leone *saints*, had been transferred from the African Company to government. Two or three years previously the savage chief of the Ashantees had attempted to impose a tribute upon the people of the coast, which demand was opposed, particularly at Cape Coast Castle; and, in 1821, the Governor, assisted by certain of the natives under our protection, repelled a threatened attack of the Ashantees and Fantees, who had murdered one of our people; the trade with the Ashantees was interrupted in consequence, and Sir Charles found matters in this threatening and unsatisfactory state on his arrival. Shortly afterwards a serjeant in the Royal African Colonial Corps was kidnapped while on duty, and put to death by order of the King, who had the "jaw-bone, skull, and one of the arms" of the victim, sent to him. An attempt made by Sir Charles, at the head of a British and native force, to chastise this aggression, was unsuccessful, and led to further pretensions.

Sir Charles left Cape Coast for Accra, in April, 1823, but returned in May. The Ashantees, in the meantime, threatened to drive the English into the sea, and prepared for hostilities by buying powder at Dutch and Danish Accra, where some skirmishing with the British troops and their adherents took place, and many lives were lost.

Having organised a militia on the Gold Coast, Sir Charles returned to Sierra Leone, and composed some differences amongst the contiguous tribes; but he was shortly recalled to the Gold Coast by the hostilities which had there continued.

Captain Laing had successfully attacked one of the enemy's camps; but before the Ashantees fled, "they, with their accustomed cruelty, massacred the unfortunate prisoners who had fallen into their hands, whose bodies were found still reeking from the knives of their murderers."

A camp was established in the interior, to endeavour to prevent the Ashantees from receiving gunpowder from the coast, and on Sir Charles's return, in November, he was enthusiastically received by all classes. He shortly received a visit from a neighbouring king, who exhibited considerable pomp. His drums were covered with tartan plaid, "to hide the skulls and jawbones of his conquered enemies, with which they were decorated, according to the custom of the native chiefs on this part of the coast;" but this *potentate* had the good sense to know that such a display would not be agreeable to the British. He afterwards visited the camp at Yancoomassie, and received the voluntary oath of the chiefs, to stand by him against their enemies, an oath which the Fantees, in particular, shamefully violated on the day of trial. "The person about to swear took a sword in his right hand, and with great animation, whilst expressing his determination, called heaven to witness that he would be faithful to the cause, continually pointing the sword upwards at the governor's head, and flourishing it round his own, so near at times, that his excellency's eyes were frequently in imminent danger."

The Ashantees now approaching the coast in great force, Sir Charles endeavoured to introduce something like discipline amongst his allies,

and advanced to meet the enemy, who continued to move towards the coast.

An Ashantee girl and lad, who had been taken prisoners, stated that when they left Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee, young virgins had been sacrificed on certain days in the week, to the fetish, for the recovery of the king's health.

The Warsaws and Dinkeras, retreating from before the Ashantees, were with difficulty induced to turn their faces towards the enemy, who, on the 21st of January, were heard advancing through the woods with horns blowing and drums beating. They are said to have consisted of considerably more than ten thousand men, armed with muskets, and having large knives stuck in their girdles. They marched up through the woods in different divisions of Indian file, their horns sounding the names or calls of their different chiefs. "The action now commenced on both sides with determined vigour, and lasted till nearly dark. It was reported about four o'clock that our troops had expended all their ammunition," and being disappointed of a supply, which should have reached in time for the battle, every thing fell into confusion, and our gallant little force, deserted by most of their allies, and now outflanked and surrounded, defended themselves with their bayonets until overpowered by the enemy, "who instantly beheaded nearly every one who fell into their remorseless hands." Although the Warsaws and others had deserted early in the action, Cudjoe Cheboo, the king of Dinkera, was found by Sir Charles surrounded by his people, fighting bravely; but it was impossible to rally any other part of the force, and Sir Charles, who had received several wounds, lost his life in attempting it. Major Ricketts succeeded with much difficulty in escaping. The Ashantees behaved after the battle with their usual ferocity, obliging the captive women to throw away their children in order to enable them to carry their plunder, and many of these poor infants were afterwards found in the bushes, "in a dying state, or with their brains dashed out."

Major Chisholm, who had been advancing to the support of the governor, on hearing the result of the action, retreated to secure Cape Coast Castle, where he was afterwards joined by the force under Captain Laing, and was enabled to resume offensive operation on the 16th of February, by an attack upon Dutch Sucoondee, which he burnt, after driving out the natives and Ashantees.

The Ashantees, after the battle of the 21st of January, having remained for some time inactive, opened negotiations through the government of the Dutch settlements on the 14th of March, which were, however, unavailing.

Mr. Williams, the colonial secretary, who had been wounded in the battle, and kept in their camp, obtained his liberty during this negotiation. He had been locked up each night in the same room with the heads of Sir Charles McCarthy, Mr. Buckle, and Ensign Wetherell, and fed on a small quantity of snail soup.

The allies, after an injudicious attempt to bring the enemy to action, dispersed or retreated in the beginning of April. On the 10th of that month another movement was made in advance from Cape Coast Castle, but the enemy again fell upon the native forces, defeated, and dispersed them.

Lieut.-Colonel Sutherland, having arrived with reinforcements from

Sierra Leone, assumed the command, and, on the 21st of May, fought the Ashantees for several hours, and being well seconded by the King of Dinkera, forced them to retreat.

On the 21st and 22d of June, the Ashantees, being strongly reinforced, again advanced, under command of their king, to within a very short distance of Cape Coast Castle, into which the women and children rushed for shelter. The garrison being strengthened by the seamen and marines from the vessels, the enemy retired to a new position, from which they sent out parties to burn and destroy all the adjoining villages, and lay waste the country.

A strong party of the natives having again joined our small force, another battle was fought close to Cape Coast on the 11th of June. Two of the enemy's camps were burnt and plundered during the action by some of the unorganized natives, who, although *daily driven out of the town to their posts at the point of the bayonet*, fought bravely this day for four hours, particularly those on the right, against which the greatest efforts of the enemy, who shewed great courage, were directed. On the 13th the enemy retreated, having first, by a skilful *ruse-de-guerre*, succeeded in sending off their wounded, the women, and carriers. It was reported by a brother of the King of the Fantees, a prisoner who had made his escape, "that the heart of Sir Charles M'Carthy was eaten by the principal chiefs of the Ashantee army, that they might imbibe his bravery; that his flesh had been dried, and, with his bones, divided amongst every man of consequence in the army, who constantly carried his respective proportion about him, as a charm to inspire him with courage."—An action characteristic of the ferocity of these blood-thirsty demons, who have been held up to the people of this country as a simple, innocent, and unoffending race! But as we proceed we shall find *our own allies* disgraced by equal brutality.

Lieut.-Colonel Grant arrived from England on the 18th, bringing a supply of ammunition, and a few men of the artillery and rocket corps, and, taking the command, he sent out parties to annoy the enemy, who continued plundering and burning the Fantees, until called to defend the capital of their own country, now threatened by the Queen of Akim. They left many hundreds of the sick and wounded behind them, who fell into the hands of the Fantees, and were "nearly all beheaded."

Famine and disease began in the meantime to prevail within the crowded walls of Cape Coast, where most of the houses had been accidentally burnt down in preparing for the defence of the castle; and unless a timely supply of rice and other provisions had arrived from England and Sierra Leone, the mortality and distress would have been still more dreadful.

About the latter end of March, 1825, Major-General Turner arrived with considerable reinforcements, and issued a proclamation stating, in regard to the Ashantees, that if their king would "content himself with governing his own nation and people, and not stop the trade of the interior with the coast, or attempt to oppress his neighbours," peace would be made with him; "but," says the General, "I will not make peace with him on any other terms, nor until he gives up every claim to tribute or subjection from the surrounding nations." The general, having returned to Sierra Leone, died there on the 7th March, 1826, and was succeeded by Sir Neil Campbell, who hearing that the Ashantees



were again advancing in a hostile manner to the coast, left England in July, accompanied by Major Ricketts, and other officers; but before he reached the Gold Coast a decisive battle had been fought by the British and their native allies, the whole being under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Purdon. This battle took place in a plain, with small clumps of trees and underwood at intervals, about twenty-four miles north-east of British Accra, near to a village named Dodowah.

On a Monday, the day reckoned prosperous by the Ashantees, the king's drum was distinctly heard, beating the war march; and the allies, estimated at about eleven thousand, of whom only three hundred and eighty had muskets, formed a line to oppose them, extending about four miles east and west. "Our men," says Captain Ricketts, "were decorated with large sea shells, suspended from their necks and shoulders, before and behind, or were decked with a strip of white calico, to distinguish them from the enemy. Many of them fought with the cloth hanging from the barrels of their muskets, which added to the novelty and singularity of the scene." After some dispute between the Kings of Akimboo and Dinkera, and the *Queen of Akim*, who should attack the King of Ashantee, hand to hand, the former by agreement took up a position on the extreme right, and the two latter on the left, the centre being composed of a few Europeans, some of the Royal African Corps, and the European residents, with their servants and volunteers. "The attack commenced from right to left, at about half-past nine o'clock. Several of the natives came insulting and abusing the centre as cowards; which being represented to the commanding-officer, he directed them to advance about four hundred yards, when a heavy and destructive fire took place. They went steadily forward amid the work of death, the enemy slowly and sulkily giving way. No prisoners were taken by the natives, but as they fell they were put death: happy were they whose sufferings were short; *in vain the gentlemen implored them to hold their hands*, or at least kill them out-right; some were ripped up, and cut across the belly, when plunging their hands in, they took out the heart, and poured the blood on the ground, as a libation to the good fortune of the cause: others, when they saw their own friends weltering in their blood, would give them a blow on the breast or head, to put an end to their misery. In many instances they dragged each other from the opposite ranks, and wrestled and cut each other in pieces; and fortunate was he whose knife first found out the vital part in his foe during the deadly grapple, though perhaps in his turn to be laid low by the same means. So hard were the enemy pressed at this moment, that a captain of consequence *blew himself up*, nearly involving some of the Europeans in destruction."

Notwithstanding this successful effort in the centre, the battle had nearly been lost through the cowardice of the people from Dutch and Danish Accra, who gave way, and allowed the Ashantees to penetrate between the centre and the left. "The centre were now obliged to fall back and relinquish every advantage, sustaining a galling fire in flank, and closely pressed with the mass of the enemy, who evidently were making a bold push to seize or bring down the whites. This was the crisis of the battle; Colonel Purdon advanced with the reserve, and the rockets, a few of which thrown among the Ashantees, occasioned the most dreadful havoc and confusion: the hissing sound, when thrown, the train of fire, the explosion, and frightful wounds they inflicted,

caused them to suppose that they were thunder and lightning, called *snowman*, in Fantee, by which name they are now known among the natives."

On the left the King of Dinkera, deserted by the Winnebabs, was hard pressed; but being assisted by a few rounds of grape, thrown over the heads of our people, he succeeded in driving back his opponents. On the right, the battle was not for a moment doubtful; "the King of Akimboo drove all before him, and penetrating the King of Ashantee's camp, took them in flank; his path was marked by the column of smoke that rose in front, the short grass being dry, from our forces having bivouacked at the roots of the trees for two nights, together with extreme heat, caused it to take fire; *the explosions of some Ashantee captains, who at intervals blew themselves up, in despair, which was known by the smoke that arose over the trees; the shouts and groans of the combatants, with the burning grass, and the battle raging all around, formed no bad idea of the infernal regions.* Fancy may indeed imagine, but it cannot describe such a scene of havoc and destruction, more resembling the wild fiction of an oriental tale, than one of absolute reality." The actors in this bloody drama seem, indeed, to have fought more like demons than human beings, possessed with the common feelings of humanity,—yet such are some of the people whom the pseudo philanthropists of England delight in describing as "our simple, innocent, and unoffending brethren of Africa!!"

The cowards who fled at the beginning of the battle, returned, and stole away the greater part of the plunder. About one o'clock the heads of the Ashantee chiefs began to be brought in,—when the deaths of any of them were reported to the king, *he offered up human sacrifices to their manes*, in the heat of the battle. The Ashantee camp, with their baggage and gold, fell into the hands of the natives. "Towards the end of the day, a great many slaves or prisoners were taken by the natives, *who subsequently sold them to slave vessels*, to the leeward of Accra, being satiated with the multitudes they had killed, in the early part of the fight."

The troops lay on their arms all night, during which, at intervals, "some of our native allied chiefs struck their drums to some recitations, which were repeated along the line, and as they died away, had a most pleasing effect, but were generally succeeded by deep wailings and lamentations from the glades, in front of our position, apparently from some unhappy Ashantee women, looking for their friends among the fallen."

This important battle, of which Capt. Ricketts gives a strikingly graphic description, seems to have broken the power and courage of the Ashantees. After various negotiations, their king sent in April last, his son and nephew to Cape Coast Castle, as hostages, accompanied with six hundred ounces of gold, to be lodged there, as a security for his future good conduct towards the British, Danes, and Dutch; thus terminating disputes which had disturbed the coast for so many years.

The queen of Akim, who evinced so much activity in the war, and who was resolutely engaged in the battle of Dodowah, is described as being "about five feet three inches in height, with an infantine look; her voice is soft, evidently modulated to interest her audience, but cracked, as a singer would express it, from constant use." "Just before the attack she went along the line with a massive necklace of leaden

bullets, and in her hand a gold enamelled cutlass, and she was afterwards in the hottest part of the action! To some of the gentlemen who called upon her the day before, she said, among other things, 'Osai has driven me from my country because he thought me weak, but though I am a woman, I have the heart of a man.'"

We have now authentic accounts regarding most of the nations, or tribes, on the coast of Africa, or bordering thereon; we see that they are everywhere treacherous, brutal, and ferocious; that notwithstanding all our attempts to civilize them in Africa, their thirst for blood is easily excited, and that in seeking revenge, or in compliance with superstitious customs, it is still poured out in their native country, like water! We have been told by a person long resident on the coast,\* that the negroes usually sent from the interior for sale, are, generally speaking, either savage warriors taken in battle, or "bad subjects of barbarous states enslaved for their crimes." We see that this statement is corroborated by the narrative of Major Ricketts, and that many of the Ashantee prisoners taken in this last battle, *were actually sold to the foreign slave-traders.*

We have seen by the narrative before us, the ferocious disposition of these savage warriors; and we would ask any reasonable man whether it would be possible by any speedy process of civilization, to reclaim them from their state of brutal barbarism.

The British West Indians say, that by a long course of steady and mild discipline, they have succeeded in raising the character of their labourers, until, in point of civilization, and as regards all the relations of social life, they are far beyond even the most favoured tribes of their original country. That they are now, unless when disturbed by arbitrary regulations sent from home, living in cheerful contentment, and gradually gaining a knowledge of the gospel; that they have laid aside and nearly forgotten the whole of their ancient superstitions, and are in fact rapidly becoming a moral and industrious people; that they possess considerable property, and are well cared for in sickness, and in old age; and they have repeatedly challenged a fair and full inquiry into the truth of these allegations, to be made, not secretly, but openly in the face of the country.—Yet a well known party of anti-colonists at home, wish, by sudden and forcible measures, to deprive the blacks, by the ruin of the whites, of their present advantages; and throw them back into that state from which they are now rescued.—Surely the people at home will not always remain blind to the true state of this case, nor insist upon that which would place the lives of thousands of our countrymen in jeopardy, or perhaps at the disposal of some old negro warrior, of whom there are still many in the West Indies, whose African propensities only require to be roused by the sound of the war-drum and the prospect of plunder.†

To return to the Narrative before us, Major Ricketts gives us a concise, but perhaps rather favourable view of the condition of the people at Sierra Leone. We have not space to enter fully into this subject, after what we have already said regarding it in former numbers; but we

\* Pamphlet of the late Kenneth Macauley, Esq., of Sierra Leone notoriety.

† The accounts which have just been received of a partial insurrection of negroes in the United States, is illustrative of this subject. *They are said to have murdered, with the most atrocious cruelty, every white family within their reach, without the least regard to age, sex, or condition!*



have much pleasure in referring such of our readers as may be desirous of further information to Major Ricketts' Narrative.

The climate will always prevent Sierra Leone from being a desirable settlement. "At intervals during the day in the rainy season," says the major, "the action of an intensely hot sun on the earth, covered with a luxuriant vegetation, and saturated with moisture, produces a sickening smell, which is probably one of the causes of the fever that prevails at this period of the year, as persons recently arrived are generally taken ill in July or August; some, however, have been known to reside in the colony above two years without having been affected by it. If they remain beyond this time they are certain not to escape much longer, and when at length they take the fever, it generally proves fatal to them." The major expressly states, that unless some method be devised to give employment to the greatly increasing population caused by the emancipation of slaves, who are almost daily arriving, it is probable the liberated Africans will relapse from their present state of civilization into their former habits and customs. "*There was evidently such a tendency when I quitted the colony.*" Many secret themselves in the woods, rather than live in villages, especially the Pacongo nation; "these are cannibals; and one of them was taken not very long since with a human hand in his wallet!" The original Maroons still in existence, *speak of their former residence (in Jamaica) with fond remembrances, and sigh to return to it.*

With regard to the slave-trade, which has cost this country so many millions of money and valuable lives in attempts to abolish it, "it is carried to a greater extent than formerly, on the neighbouring rivers; many of the liberated Africans have been enticed from the colony, and others kidnapped by the vagabonds who reside in the suburbs of Free-town: *they are re-sold as slaves*; some of them, after a few months, have been re-captured in slave vessels, and brought again to the colony to be liberated," and a second bounty is paid to their captors, out of the public purse!! "Slaves are purchased from the natives, on an average, for about four pounds each, and are paid for in gunpowder, arms, tobacco, ardent spirits, &c." which do not originally cost a third of that sum. These slaves, as our readers must know, are carried to the Brazils, Cuba, and the French islands, where they are immediately employed in raising sugar to compete with that which is raised by our civilized negroes, in the British colonies. Instead of trying to check this system, by discouraging the use of such sugars, our wise governors, with humanity on their lips, and stupidity in their heads, are encouraging its consumption—even in this country—to the ruin of our own colonies, and the injury of those British negroes whom they profess themselves so desirous to benefit!\*

---

\* *Vide* note at page 414.

## THE WISDOM OF FOLLY.

ANY one who loves not an honest laugh—any one who is not ready to give the brightest day in August to a frolic dedicated to Momus alone—any one who is not a jolly, roystering blade, who can forgive a joke even against himself, for the sake of the joke—any one who goes up the steps of life one by one, counting each step as he goes, instead of now jumping three at a time, now pausing a livelong day on a single one, and now hopping up half-a-dozen on the left-leg alone—any one who likes grave airs better than merry faces ;—any and each of these, on reading the title of my paper, will cry out “ a paradox ! a paradox ! ” shake their huge ears with solemn, sneering glee, and wonder how any editor, not utterly insane, could ever dream of admitting such an article into his magazine. So let it be ! I heed them not ! “ The Wisdom of Folly ” is not written for their comprehension.

For myself, I am determined to laugh all through the paper. I have wrapped myself round with the mantle of good-humour. I have, like Mr. Peter Piggins, thrown off the world's heaviness for the nonce, and I am determined to have a day's pleasure, *conte qui conte*. The disbelievers in “ the wisdom of Folly ” I discard, before they have an opportunity of discarding me ; and if, on any point, I should descend to the explanatory, it is not in obedience to their scruples, but in the hope of picking up by the way the doubters, the fickle, and the weathercocks, and confirming them in the true and honest faith of the wisdom of Folly.

When Folly was born, Mirth was the next to come into the world ; and so close did the one birth follow the other, that the good midwife, Lucina, owned herself fairly puzzled to tell which had precedence. Mirth, however, like a jolly, honest-hearted fellow, and considering that

——“ when a lady's in the case,  
You know, all other things give place,”

yielded in favour of his sister, and, at the same time, swore by Momus, sire of both, that never should his sister shew her face without his being at hand to do honour to her presence. Thus as they began, so have they ever been ; and so shall they ever be, in spite of old, wrinkled Age, who frowns and puckers when laughing Echo first gives notice of their approach.

Every thing of, about, and concerning Folly is in keeping. Like the harvest-moon, she has a halo of her own, the whole of which borrows its lustre and colour from the luminary that shines in the midst. “ When the heart of a man is depressed with care,” it flies to the shining light for illumination and gladness ; while Folly herself revels in a sort of green field, which nature has adorned with a thousand bewitching innocencies for the spirit of all honest men, when worn down with ugly worldly care, to rejoice in, and regain its pristine buoyancy : it is the meadow-land of the imagination—the paddock surrounded with an invisible fence, in which the skittish fancy of a man may frisk, and bound, and jump, and dance, without the fear of the dingy harness of solemn prudery before his eyes :—he who enters there in the true feeling of the place must be a partaker with Cowley's grasshopper—

"Thou dost innocently joy,  
Nor does thy luxury destroy."

If he be not this, the pleasant places of folly are not for him; and he must retreat again into that same Slough of Despond, which as much encircles these happy regions as those so picturesquely described by Bunyan.

But it is not Folly alone that offers so much gladness. To repeat my metaphor, all her halo partakes of the same tone.—Let us examine it, part and parcel, as a lawyer would say. The very word has something sympathetic in it. Folly! Folly!—it rings with a silver sound in the ear, like a well-cast bell—and jogs on towards the heart, like the burthen of a merry song;—and, indeed, the ending of all authentic verse is but an imitation, or rather a trolling expansion of it.—Foll-loll-de-roll!—Who does not see, in a moment, whence this thousand-times-repeated, always-welcome cadence, dates its origin? Sir Philip Sidney well remarks, in his *Defence of Poetry*, "I never heard the old song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet;" and that prince of Follyists, hight Sheridan, was fond of saying that he would rather have written the ballad of Hosier's Ghost than any piece of poetry in the language. Verily, there is great excellence in a song;—but ten-fold—yea, twenty-fold, is the excellence that lies in the burthen of it. So much, then, for the word!—Now for the associations that that word produces. If there is one thing in the world that has dear and touching associations attached to it, it is Folly. It takes us back to childhood—to those delicious days when all was folly and all was happiness. Folly, the immaterial, resolves herself into a picture palpable to the senses; she wears the shape of the tiny paper-boat, and still more tiny sail, waiting for a breeze in the forest-pool;—she takes on herself the image of the schoolboy, climbing the tallest tree, leaving the world fifty feet below him, and conjuring himself into a Robinson Crusoe or a Lemuel Gulliver;—or assuming the same progressive fiction, "with a difference," she is a boy-Cæsar, leading on a Roman army of half-a-dozen playmates across a new Rubicon, so christened for the occasion. Nor are these the only associations that Folly has for her disciples. Not only with schoolboy-reveries, but with "Love's young dream," is she rife. The fair-haired, blue-eyed maiden of the valley comes back, almost to our corporeal senses, at her bidding; the wicked brunette, that laughed us into midsummer-madness, joins the throng; and each bright fairy of the spring of life, that tripped to the wayward music of the heart, is once again revived and made personal to the mind.—These are the delights of Folly's associations;—but her recollections have joy-giving power too. They take us back to the days of olden time; they place before our eyes the court-fool, the Lord Mayor's fool—party-coloured and coxcombical; and can these strike upon our memory without bringing with them gentle ladies, gallant knights, love-sick troubadours, and fell magicians wound round with necromantic charms? Or—quitting the general for the individual—Folly's recollections give us back Medora's tender-hearted fool, who pined himself to atrophy for that his mistress died—honest, fine-faced Will Somers, who yet lives on Holbein's canvas—Shakspeare's Touchstone, who equally lives in the poet's page—and Sancho Panza, the *ne plus ultra* of the brotherhood, who, in eating, sneaking, proverbizing,



aggrandizing, and ass-riding, lays fair claim to the rank of Folly's prime-minister.—Thus much for Folly's name, for Folly's associations, and for Folly's recollections! But there is yet one other scintilla of her halo—Folly's emblem—the venerable cap and bells! Ah! gentle reader, I see by your good-humoured smile—that which is illuminating me as I write—that the very mention of this head-gear has “iteration” for you. The high-coned bonnet is before your eyes—the tinkle-tinkle of its silver caparisons is in your ears—and you claim for yourself the rhymer's couplet,—

“When the light heart with Folly swells,  
At least put on her cap and bells.”

But though these things are light and airy, as things so connected should chiefly be, Folly is not without her more solid recommendations to the heavy-going mind, that finds a difficulty in flapping its wings in the rarified oxygen atmosphere of imagination. Folly has often stood the honest cause of humanity in good stead, and crushed mischief that threatened grievous consequences. It was Folly's prompting that taught the elder Brutus how to make Rome free; for with Folly's mantle round him he outwitted the tyrant Tarquin, till the time was ripe for graver matters, and Lucretia's virtuous death sounded the trumpet of enterprise. So in Rome's later days, Folly's own bird, the goose, saved the Capitol from the ruthless Gaul, and fanned into flame the city's torch of freedom that was at that moment about to be extinguished for ever. And as Folly knows how to save virtue, so she knows how to punish crime. Witness how she prompted traitorous Tarpeia so to word her bargained reward for treason, that the gift was death instead of riches.

Nor has Folly confined herself to actual deeds in thus benefiting mankind. It is she that, in a hundred instances, has inspired the poet's pen and the painter's pencil; it is she that has awakened them to the faculty of delighting the world—thus, at one effort, doing homage to their mistress, and conferring immortality on themselves. Holbein's obligations to Will Somers have already been mentioned. But, without Folly, what would Hogarth have been?—what Teniers?—what Ostade?—what Wilkie? Evil, thrice evil the day, when the latter forgot his debt of gratitude to the mistress who had inducted him to fame, and, deserting her colours, under which he was captain, enlisted under the banners of another, where he has hardly yet obtained the degree of a non-commissioned officer. But, if painters are thus in debt to Folly, how much more so authors! The world would have had no Petrarch but for the folly of love—no Rabelais but for the folly of humour—no Cervantes but for the folly of quixotism. Pope would have left unwritten some of his finest productions but for the folly of mankind; and, but for the same cause, the great Shakspeare himself would have been shorn of half his beams. Where would have been, but for Folly, his Don Armado—his Touchstone—his Trinculo—his Sir Andrew Aguecheek—and, above and overtopping all others, his honest Jack Falstaff, the fattest and the folly-est of all the tribe of Follyists?

Hail, all hail, then, Folly!—thou queen of all good things and all good fellows!—thou princess of laughter!—thou chief of mirth!—thou, in whose train walk

“Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,

Nods, and becks and wreathed smiles!”

Were I a rich man (which thou, great mistress, knowest I am not), I would build unto thee a temple, which, in honour of thy name, should be called "The Folly!"—A college of Follyists, with myself for their *sacerdos*, should there assemble weekly; and, by laughing, joking, quirking, quizzing, drinking, dancing, eating, fiddling, roystering, ramping, each should strive to shew himself worthiest of being quoted as thy disciple. High in honoured state should be thy fane, and all around should be arranged the busts of those who, through the world's lugubrious ways, have held thy faith unpolluted and unbroken. But, alas! I am being carried away again by Folly's tide. I have no riches wherewith to honour her of my heart: "silver and gold have I none." Verily, I have not wherewithal to gild a gingerbread alphabet, or to make glittering a baby's coral. But, with all this emptiness staring me in the face, I despond not. Despond, said I? Nay, I laugh hugely, giggle exorbitantly, dance unceasingly, and royster endlessly—for all which manifold blessings, to thee, oh! Folly, am I indebted!—to thee, to whom, like Erasmus, I dedicate my best lucubrations in endeavouring to extricate thy jolly name, from the fangs of those cold-blooded, matter-of-fact men, who will have it that "folly is folly," and "wisdom is wisdom," without admitting the possibility of so admixing the two, as to arrive at that pleasant concoction, which good fellows recognize under the title of "The Wisdom of Folly!"

G.

---

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

Every man who is unhappily forced to make use of his feet, in our Sunday promenades, must look with envy, for such is human nature, at the brilliant chariots, the spruce buggies, and the shining chargers of gentlemen, whom in his week-day peregrinations, he sees with pens behind their ears, and their persons behind desks in the dingy holes and corners of the city, which by courtesy are called counting-houses, banks, and public offices. His week-day pity had been raised by thinking what calamity had driven those poor devils to perpetual sallowness, starving, and scribbling; and he goes out of the den wondering how any living being can manage to live in this tax-paying world upon the salary allotted to this tread-mill existence. But Sunday reverses all his meditations, converts his sorrow for them into shame for the seediness of his own wardrobe in such well-dressed society, and finishes his calculation, in the wish to discover the gold mine out of which the men of sallowness and scribbling have dug such capital things.

We submit a little explanation of the phenomenon to our Heraclitus, and give him this paragraph to dry his tears withal:—"A clerk in the banking-house of Messrs. Curtis, Robarts, and Co., having absconded with £4,000., which he had collected, the police were sent in all directions. Sir W. Curtis himself, accompanied by Forester, the officer, went to Calais, and set inquiry on foot. He gained no information from which he could draw any conclusion as to the destination or the hiding-place of the clerk. Letters were sent off to America to stop the notes of the bank. It is believed that the clerk is in London, and a sharp eye is kept upon the movements of some of his female companions."

Dear as buggies and bungalows are, £4,000 would, even in these hard times, go a good way to pay for them, and we conceive that a

clerk of sixty pounds might contrive to live in tolerable style for at least a year, on the application of these assets of Messrs Curtis. The truth is, that buggies and bungalows, and even blood-horses, cannot be had for nothing; that a villa at Clapham, vulgar as the thing is, is not to be had for a song, and that a fortnight at Brighton itself is not to be managed, even at the York, without putting the hand rather frequently in the pocket. In this way the £4,000 is easily, naturally, and faithfully accounted for. Clerks *must* be men of fashion, as who is not, on sixty pounds a-year? Men of fashion *must* have their little conveniences; or be *cut*, an indignity to which no gentleman could or would submit. They must have their club, if newspapers are to be read, coffee drunk, or a rubber played with any human comfort. For exercise, they must have something of figure, one of Milton's hundred-and-fifty-guinea gallopers for Hyde Park, half-an-hour before their lounge to dinner, at their deservedly favourite Clarendon. The hunting season requires an addition to their stud, and for five hundred pounds, if they are lucky in their dealer, they may be respectably mounted for three days in the week, with the Surrey fox-hounds. All the world must be aware that no gentleman can do this out of moonshine: and if Sir W. Curtis is angry at the disappearance of his £4,000, he has only to ask himself, could *he* do it for less. The thing is incontrovertible, and the pedestrian has only to envy on. A flight to America, to his brother men of fashion, who have already run the same brilliant career, saves all trouble. The man of fashion, like the patriot, finds every land a home. "*Omne forti solum est patria.*" Glorious America opens her free arms to the flyers from jails and ropes, those cruel and fiend-like accompaniments of the demon legitimacy, all over the ancient world; and the man of fashion sports his virgin swindling in the virgin world of swindlers. "*Vive le Tilbury!*"

---

At the announcement of every drawing-room, there is a formidable postscript commanding that no one shall be presented, without a previous sending in of names to the Lord Chamberlain. How then can we account for the paragraph which has been running the round of the papers?—"At the drawing-room an occurrence took place with reference to the reception of a lady of title, which has given rise to much conversation in the higher circles. A peeress (not recently married) whose conduct in private life has not always been of the strictest moral character, despite of the remonstrances of her friends, would be presented on this occasion. Her Majesty, we understand, treated her in such a manner as to evince in the circle of the court that determination to discountenance doubtful characters, even in the highest rank, which was so deservedly lauded in the demeanour of Queen Charlotte."

The worst part of the whole affair is, that, no journalist having thought proper to give the name of the "fair unpresentable," imagination gets an unlucky liberty to rove; and goes doing mischief among a full third of the "fashionable world." Far be it from us to lift the veil of this delicate obscurity, but we must join in the common acknowledgment that the sooner the court sets a good example to the people, the sooner we shall see "*matters as they ought to be.*" We say no more.

---

How rapidly all the fair and the famous pass away! So have said all the moralists from the beginning of the world, and we do not dispute



their saying. Of all the eminent officers who signalized themselves in the greatest of all wars, the French revolutionary war, Wellington alone survives. Blucher, Schwartzenberg, Platoff, Bulow, Gneisenau, and a crowd of others, have all gone. Yet there are from time to time, singular instances of existence prolonged to a date and rendered memorable by a good fortune, that almost contradict the common maxims of the novelist. Let us take the ladies: — “The venerable Countess Dowager of Mornington, who died a fortnight ago, was the most aged of the peeresses, having, at the age of 20, walked at the coronation of Geo. III. and Queen Charlotte. Her ladyship was the only surviving female of rank who officiated at the coronation of the illustrious parents of our present monarch. The Countess was the eldest daughter of the first Viscount Dungannon, and accepted the hand of the late Earl of Mornington in 1759. By his lordship, who died in 1784, the Countess had issue the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Maryborough, Lord Cowley, the Honourable and Rev. Gerald Valerian Wellesley, D.D., and one surviving daughter, Lady Anne Culling Smith. Lady Mornington, who had for some years lived in retirement, was in the receipt of a pension of £600 per annum from the civil list.”

Here was a mother of the Gracchi? The wife of an obscure Irish peer, dies the mother of four lords, and would have died the mother of a fifth, if the Rev. Gerald had played his cards a little more coolly. However, he has no great reason to quarrel with the world, it having given him *four* incomes, amounting to about £7,000 a year. This fortunate woman lived long enough to see her sons enjoying among them the highest rank of subjects, and, in the instance of Wellington, the highest professional fame. It was not to the honour of any of those sons that she should have been left in her old age a pensioner on the public bounty, and a dweller under a public roof. But nothing will ever cure a public man of his passion for grasping every farthing that he can out of the national purse, and while the price of one of the Duke of Wellington's dinners would have made her independent, she was forced to linger on a pension; and while a quarter's tithe of the Rev. Gerald's living of Chelsea, might have given her a handsome house, she was forced to lodge among the peerage rabble of Hampton Court. But it is useless to expect high-mindedness among those people.

The old Duchess of Rutland was another of those instances of prosperous longevity; though her prosperity was of a less casual kind. She saw no sons rising from comparatively humble life to eminence. She began on the highest step. The wife of a duke, the mother of a duke, and grandmother of a rising race of beauties and nobles; she died, after a period of undisturbed rank, opulence, public respect, and personal esteem, at the great age of seventy-five, and rests honoured in the tomb of her family. The funeral cavalcade was in the ancient English state, a style which, however unsuited to the *parvenus*, whom we see aping nobility, yet is graceful and becoming, where it belongs to the noble and the honoured. “The cavalcade was joined about four miles from Belvoir, by one hundred and fifty of the duke's tenantry, on horseback, wearing black cloaks. The remains of her grace lay in state at the castle during Sunday, and on Monday morning they were removed for interment to the family mausoleum, within a short distance of the castle. The funeral ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles Thornton, in the presence of the Duke of Rutland, the youthful Marquis of Granby,

Lords Charles and Robert Manners, Lord Forrester, and the Messrs. Norman, her grace's grandsons. The jointure of her grace, amounting to £7,000 per annum, reverts to the present duke."

The duchess, fifty years ago, was confessedly the handsomest woman in England, which is equivalent to saying that she was the handsomest woman in the world. She lost her husband, while she was in the bloom of life, and she yet remained a widow; with a character unstained, with the respect of the world following her to the last hour, and with the more singular female distinction, of beauty, scarcely touched by time.

Another instance of prosperous years, though in the hazards of a peculiarly hazardous profession, has lately been brought into public notice by the peerage of Sir James Saumarez:—"Baron de Saumarez, whose important naval services and general unostentatious merits fairly entitle him to the honours of the peerage, which it has been understood is the spontaneous gift of the king, was passed over at the coronation of his late majesty. His lordship was made a baronet in 1801, on the occasion of his celebrated victory over the Spanish fleet. The noble lord has since obtained the highest honours of his profession, having been rewarded with the distinguished appointment of Vice-Admiral of Great Britain, and the Grand Cross of the Bath, with which he was invested in 1802. The venerable peer is far advanced in years, having completed his seventy-fourth year. The Honourable and Rev. James Saumarez, the incumbent of a living in Devonshire, is the noble lord's eldest son and heir apparent."

His being passed over at the late king's coronation, was understood to arise from no intentional neglect, but from some difficulty as to the pension usually given to the naval peers. He had proudly earned his rank. He was one of the pillars of the naval throne of England, and late as the honour has arrived, long may the great warrior wear the coronet that he has so long deserved!

What is life, even the life of a licenser, but vanity? as the wisest of kings said. What is it but the subsidence from the saddle into the easy chair, from the flask of Champagne into the pint of old Port, from the wit into the story-teller, from the poet into the proser, from the graces into the gout, from the man into the "slipperd pantaloons," from the playwright into the licenser, from the jovial denizen of the King's Bench into the ultra-prim prig of the king's ultra-pay, from the spruce manager of the play-house into the lieutenant of the band of gentlemen-pensioners, and from the lieutenant into nothing! The licenser has just disposed of the commission which entitled him to draw some hundreds a year, for the laborious and heroic duty of wearing a coat with ten pounds' weight of tinsel on it, half a dozen times a year. Report says, that somebody has been found generous enough, or by whatever other name such transactions designate the payer, to give him £6000 for the honour of wearing the coat—a bargain with which old George is understood to be peculiarly well pleased.

Then he has got rid of his licenser-ship too, though we have not heard the terms. So thus old George is now completely *sinecured* to all intents and purposes, and left to cultivate his virtues undisturbed by the cares of this world. Which of the biographers is to have the honour of delivering him down to posterity? Why not make the experiment himself? His "Random Recollections," were, we must ac-

knowledge, dull for a professed wit, and rather destitute of *plot* for an inventor of so many *ruses* on the boards. But we will have no quarrel with old George the *younger*, after all. He has done something for the drama in his day. His John Bull was, to be sure, one of the most impudent things that ever were fabricated; but it was clever, it was a fair attack upon the blundering arrogance that from time to time abuses authority, and George was at that time no hypocrite. His "Heir at Law" too, though a clumsy caricature of both the pedant and the *parvenu*, yet had life about it, and deserved to live. George must have a monument, placed somewhere in the purlieus of Covent Garden, with himself in the gentleman-pensioner's full embroidered suit, setting his foot on the head of a prostrate Shakspeare, and a motto from Wesley's hymns, *REQUIESCAT*!

Why is not Martin an R. A.? Have the whole forty among them an abler artist, a more popular painter, or a more amiable member of society? Is there among them one whose works have done more honour to British art on the continent? have produced more, in the more commercial sense of the word, to the community, or are more distinctive of original talent? Certainly not one. The academy contains able men, and we have every reason to be proud of our national school; but the absence of Martin from the academy is a public slur upon its reputation. Of the private and individual reasons which may be offered for this strange neglect of its own honour, we ask nothing, for we care nothing. If Martin is offended with their overlooking him when his genius was known only to his profession, we cannot wonder at his feelings: if he disdains to canvass for election, and, manfully scorning the little arts of mediocre men, stands upon his claim of right, we altogether applaud him: if he appeals to his celebrity, to the fame that he has added to the British school, to the impulse that he has given to his art, and scorns to crouch, while he feels himself entitled to hold up his head, and rank with any artist living—there too, we applaud him; and say that it is of such men that an academy should be formed, and that sycophancy and creeping should be as decisive grounds of rejection as absolute want of talent. We trust that under so intelligent a head as the president, this blot will be cleared away, and that Martin and the academy will, before long, be in circumstances to do honour to each other.

In the mean time he perseveres with his unwearied activity and ability. He has now enriched his art with a series of compositions on the finest subjects ever offered to the pencil, Illustrations of the Scriptures. The second plate from Genesis has just appeared:—The first plate represents Adam and Eve after the fall. The figures are well conceived; the attitudes natural and expressive. The back-ground would be grand enough, we think, without being quite so black. The sky, together with the moon and stars, have a fine and appropriate expression; the lights playing among the foliage are sweetly introduced, and give great life and value to the scene.—The second plate is, where they are, or should both be, covered with skins. The air of the disconsolate pair is striking; the distraction portrayed is pertinent, and seems to pervade even the surrounding scenery. The face of nature presents a howling wilderness, as if all fell with Adam; the tempestuous sky, the lightning, and the infuriated tiger, all conspire to spread despair and desolation around. The lion killing the deer, though not exactly new, is not the less good. The



total exclusion of verdure from the garden of Eden gives a powerful impression of the effect

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose moral taste  
Brought death into the world, and all its woe,  
With loss of Eden."

The artist has acquitted himself with masterly ability, and we do not doubt that he will highly gratify his admirers, and all who like to see the sublimest subjects grappled with by a mind, awake to all their interest and importance, and full of vigour and poetical imaginings.

The late peerages have set all the merry-men in motion, and no member of any of the clubs within five miles of St. James's thinks he has done his duty, without a bon-mot daily on the subject. That odd rencontres sometimes occur in this world, every body knows; and it will be no wonder if Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane, when we may possibly see Westminster getting into a west-country stage, (from pecuniary considerations) and driving as fast as four horses can accomplish the object, into Cheshire. "One of those witty gentlemen about town, who

"Things that are serious turn to farce,"

hearing that Lord Grosvenor was to be created Marquess of Westminster, suggested the absurdity, quite possible, of an invitation from the Bishop of this diocese to his lordship, couched in these words—

"Dear Westminster,  
"Will you come to Fulham to-morrow?"

"Your's truly,

C. J. LONDON.

"It is thought that Lord Westminster's second title will not be Earl Grosvenor, as might naturally have been expected, but that the present second title will be changed in a slight degree, so as to suit the alteration in his own, and that as son of the Marquess of Westminster, Lord Belgrave will in future be called Lord Belgrave Square.

"There is another title vacant, which, if Mr. Hume, whose surgical skill should never be forgotten—should be elevated to the peerage, will, we presume, be granted to him—Lord Bills of Mortality."

But if we once begin with the bishops, what a fertile field may we plough for the pleasantries of locomotion. We shall have Jamaica coming to St. James's, Barbadoes on a visit to Brighton, and Calcutta, for the winter months of May, June and July, established in Cavendish Square. This is the day of strange things. It was once predicted that when the cross of St. Paul's met the dragon on Bow, London should have a wooden Lord Mayor. The rencontre actually took place in a tinman's shop in Cheapside, and this difficulty being got over, the rest of the prediction was a matter of course. The next prediction was, that when the bottom of the Thames fell out, the giants of St. Dunstan's should strike their last; and four fools should be returned for the city to parliament. The Thames tunnel effected the fulfilment, and the result is before our eyes. Who but knows the famous Mother Shiptonism?

"There was an old prophecy found in a bag,  
That Ireland should be ruled by an ass and a hag;  
That her priests should be thieves, and her thieves should be priests;  
That her feasts should be blood, and her blood should be feasts,

That her rulers should walk with tied elbows and knees,  
 And the pike and the gallows o'ertop all the trees.  
 And the parsons, and nobles, and traders take wing,  
 And a rascal from Rome be priest, general, and king."  
 (*Vide the Original in Sir Jonah Barrington's Memoirs.*)

The Lords of the Treasury have with great propriety abolished an intolerable multitude of Custom-house and trading oaths, of which it was not unfairly said, that they were all comprehended under one, an oath not to keep any of them. The number is computed at ten or eleven thousand direct perjuries, which their lordships cleared from the consciences which, we are sorry to say, never "boggled" at any of them, and would have as little reluctance to bolt ten thousand more.

But why will no friend to the church take up the laws of simony? The purpose of those laws is to prevent the presentation to livings by means of money. There are thus five classes of contracts obnoxious to the charge of simony. 1st. All payments or contracts for a benefice *already vacant*. 2nd. A clergyman's purchase of the *next vacancy* for *himself* in any way whatever, either with his own money, or money to which he may have a future right, as his heirship, or his future wife's portion, or in any way whatever, by which it is to become his own. 3rd. The procuring the living by giving up any of its rights to the presentor. 4th. Promises to the presentor, of a portion out of the dues, any annuity, or allowance whatever, as a bribe or acknowledgment for the living. 5th. Bonds, to resign on demand, though Paley objects to the law on this last class, and thinks that it lays a snare for the conscience. The law has been modified, but cases arise in which difficulties are still encountered.

"A case concerning simoniacal contracts has lately arisen, which is important to the information of the clergy, and also patrons of livings. A clergyman tendered to his diocesan the resignation of a living, of which he was incumbent, made by him in pursuance of a regular agreement entered into by him with his patron at the time of presentation, to resign the living at the end of two years. Upon reference to very high legal authority, this agreement proves to be simoniacal, under the act of 31 Eliz., c. 6. It necessarily follows, that all engagements whatsoever between a presentee and a patron to resign, unless made and registered according to the provisions of 9 Geo. IV., c. 94, are simoniacal, and render the parties liable to the severe penalties of the first mentioned act, viz., the avoidance of the living, the forfeiture of the next term of presentation to the king, &c.; and that it is absolutely necessary for parties, who propose to enter into such engagements, to regulate their proceedings strictly according to the 9th Geo. IV., c. 94."

This class contains obvious conveniences to both patrons and clergy; for, the holding of a living until the patron's son comes of age to hold it, is one of the most common things, and is advantageous in so far as it gives an addition of income, for the time, to some respectable clergyman. But as for the other classes, the purchase of livings with marriage portions, and fifty other transactions of the same kind; what shall we say, or what says every-day experience?

In the pleasing bustle of Reform some things of some importance may be casually neglected. And we beg leave to suggest to the unconscious legislature, that the India charter, a matter once thought worthy

of consideration, comes to its close next year. In other days a twelve months' notice might have been thought rather short for the winding-up of such a concern. But as we live in an age of "doing-everythingness-at-once," as the celebrated Mr. Hume says, probably the business may be settled in a committee-room, some time in the Easter holidays, over a week's consumption of coffee. Jeremy Bentham, too, will be by that time, we presume, in the House, and every one must acknowledge how much his counsels may tend to abbreviate the question.

The papers are still keeping up a fire upon Dean Ireland and his people:—"The Westminster Abbey Show.—The Dean and Chapter, in reply to an order of the House of Commons for a return of their receipts arising from the exhibition of the monuments, say—'This grant was made to the Chapter in 1597, on condition that, receiving the benefits of the exhibition of the monuments, they should keep the same monuments always clean, &c.' The following are the receipts of five years:—1821, 648*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.*—1822, 2,317*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.*—1823, 1,664*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.*—1824, 1,529*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*—1825, 1,585*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*"

It is impossible to doubt that the Dean, a man of honesty, though notoriously one of the most crabbed of the sons of the church, is able to satisfy his conscience as to the distribution of those monies; yet we are not quite so well able to satisfy ours. What! an average £1,700 a year for brushing away spiders, or even for washing the faces of the old effigies! They might be gilt by contract for half the money. Mops and brooms must bear a formidable price about Westminster. But the truth is, that the whole charge ought to be abolished. Old as it is, it is beggarly. It may make a few pounds for each of the Chapter, but it makes more sneers than are worth the money. The whole paltry traffic offends people; it unquestionably gives a handle to scoffers, it makes the church unpopular, and if the Dean could but see the countenance with which this miserable tax is paid, or hear the reflections which accompany the parting shillings, he would doubt whether Vespasian's famous maxim might not be carried too far. This pitiful tax must be abolished, mops and brooms must not be purchased at so heavy a charge, water and brushes must be procured at some market where they will not cost £1,700 a year; and the public, whose fathers paid for the cathedral, and who themselves have paid for the monuments, must be admitted to a view of their own property, and have a sight of the great men of England, in their monuments, without being perpetually reminded of the little ones.

Poor Taglioni! The life of a general is precarious; so felt Diebitch. The life of an orator is a passing shew; so felt Orator Hawkins, the other night, when he broke down so piteously, in the very centre of his most prepared pathos. But what are they all to the perils of a danseuse! Poor Taglioni, unblemished as she was, has made a step which the Parisians say, is irrecoverable, and the occurrence of an unfortunate chink in one of the boards of the King's Theatre, has sent this bounding and elegant creature to obscurity for life. The sprain of her ancle has again disabled her, and she retires, almost hopeless of returning to the scene where opulence and applause attended every saltation. Alfred Chalon has made his sketches of this most renowned of dancers, just in time. They are clever, as what is not that comes from his dexterous pencil?



And they are lithographed by the most established of our lithographers, Lane, we are sorry to say, with no possible addition to his stony renown. They look pitifully thin and washy—scraped, not drawn, and altogether albumish—a phrase which we have adopted from young Macauley's last speech, and to which we thus give the *imprimatur*. But our chief objection to this sextuple Taglioni is, that the artist makes her consummately ugly. Six caricatures are too much for our feelings, six varieties of deformity overwhelm our taste for the dark side of human nature, six duplicates of distortion and diabolism startle our dreams by night of the exquisite *danseuse*, and ruffle our gallantry by day. No, for the honour of the female face divine, Taglioni is *not* the thing that now lies grinning and writhing through the six physiognomical positions of agony on our table. Her little Italian visage, though not of the "finest order of fine faces" is not the grim diversity of a face on the rack, nor the living emblem of Sheridan's picture, "where, like a congress, every feature seemed to have a different interest, and the nose and chin are the only ones likely to come to an amicable understanding." We quote from memory, and if we have improved the original, Sheridan has only to thank us. Clever the sketches are, good in legs and feet, bust and arms; but the night-mare physiognomy in the midst, reminds us of nothing but the Arab flying fiend, the genie, the son of the daughter of Eblis. If Chalon thought his heroine ugly, why did he not make her handsome. A dancer's fame, fortune, figure, and physiognomy are in her feet. She might as well be painted without a head, for any thing that we care. But there the head is, and such as it is, it spoils our meditations, and reminds us of the Bottle Imp—at the moment when we wished to give ourselves over to the recollections of the sylph, treading the air in blue roses, green clouds, and coquelicot satin wings.

But as we have not time to tell the characters under which this matchless mistress of the whole three graces at once, appears from the pencil of M. Chalon, we must resort to the poetry that illustrates them. Each sketch is accompanied by a poem, from the pen of "F. W. N. Bayley." The closing compliment to the fair *danseuse*—now, we fear from what we have lately heard, a dancer no more—we copy as a specimen:—

Marie Taglioni!—we've bowed to thee now,

As the nymph of a blue stream\*—the goddess of flowers†—

As a creature whose heart, like the smile on her brow,

Is as light and as lovely as life's happy hours.

As a Napolitaine—as a daughter of Tell,‡

Bounding out from her cottage, as light and as free

As the chamois—the eagle—the fawn—the gazelle,

In her youthfulness, pure as the purest might be.

We've hailed thee with wings! as a spirit of air

(The wings of a butterfly, not of a dove)—

We've hailed thee when, robed as the bright Bayadere,

Thou seemest to dance in a circle of love!

Thus thy colours were varied, as those of the bow

That spans in its beauty the skies of the spring;

And in all thy young gracefulness haunted us so,

That still to its magic our memories cling.

\* La Naiade.

† Flore.

‡ La Tyrolienne.

And now, with the hope that 'mid days of delight,  
 And moments of pleasure, nor futile nor few,  
 Thy heart may be happy, as thy step has been light—  
 Marie Taglioni!—we bid thee adieu!

"A little black negro beggar, who about five years ago used to stand by Messrs Elliott and Robinson's tea warehouse, near Finsbury-square, has retired to the West Indies with a fortune of about 1,500*l.* obtained by begging. He lodged for many years at the Rose and Crown public-house, better known by the name of the Beggar's Opera, in Church-street, St. Giles's, where he has been known to spend 30*s.* a-week for his board, and has been seen to spit his geese and ducks, and live upon 'the fat of the land.' He always kept a bag of silver and a bag of copper in his room, and has frequently taken up people who lodged in the house for robbing him of money."

We give the statement as it was given to us, and though it contains some superfluities of expression, such as, telling us that the negro was *black*, and that living by begging, he was a beggar, still the thing is valuable. It shews what can be done by emancipation, and at once offers a new contrivance for re-inforcing the decayed population of the West Indies, and proves the utter distinction of nature between the negro and the Scotchman.

We give another incident. The property to be made by beggary is undoubtedly very considerable, as every one knows who walks Bond-street and compares the display of three-fourths of the shewy persons there with their possessions on the face of the earth. Bankrupts, too, are generally a very thriving race, and your thrice-washed insolvent is generally marked by the peculiar *enbonpoint* of his person, and the peculiar elegance of his clothing. But, to our tale. The individual in question was a regular professor of the art of supplication, imprecation, intoxication, vociferation, and the other accomplishments of that ingenious class of society who would rather honour the king in any other way than by paying him taxes, and who love their neighbours by howling them into the practice of the virtues. The hero's name was Sinclair, not the Sinclair whose sweet tones have extracted so many guineas from the public pocket on the stage in willing exchange for his *notes*, but a brawny Bacchus who roused the chimes and frightened the watchmen through the length and breadth of Scotland. He was, however, stopped in his trade the other day, and "inquired into." The narrative states that,

"Upon examining his person in prison, it was found that his coat, which was in some places two inches thick with patches of various colours, contained between 20 and 30 pockets, filled with pamphlets, tracts, school-books, songs, &c.; and in one of his private receptacles were discovered a promissory Edinburgh bank note for 130*l.*, and two of the British Linen Company—one for 43*l.*, and the other for 42*l.* 13*s.* In the pockets of his waistcoat (about 20 in number) were deposited 2*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.* in silver and copper, almost every shilling and sixpence being separately placed in the fingers of old gloves, and carefully tied up. The whole sum found upon this wretched disciple of mammon amounted to 218*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*, which has been lodged in the bank. The entire motley habiliments of this sturdy beggar weighed nearly eight stone, including about seven pounds of bread, and a small quantity of oatmeal."

Here was handsome evidence of talent in his line. But there are some points of the narrative on which we would desire a commentary. "*Wretched disciple of Mammon.*" Why? He was probably a much merrier fellow than any lord from Inverness to Berwick during its col-

lection. As to the money's being seized by the reverend gentleman, whether it were lodged in the bank, or in his own bureau, we desire the clerical magistrate to shew us his law for either. It was the fair gain of his labours, and no one else had a right to touch a penny of it. As to the tremendous fact of it being stuck in the fingers of old gloves, we can only interpret it as a sign that Sinclair did not choose that it should be *fingered* by any one but the owner. Still there are some points about the story which make us pause. The seven pounds of wheaten bread to the small quantity of oatmeal, might show the fellow's good taste, but how could he obtain the bread in the northern regions of the isle. The sum of money too is staggering. Two hundred and eighteen pounds and odd shillings, collected in Scotland in the course of a life, however long, travels however extensive, and begging however indefatigable, are a phenomenon severely trying to our belief. The whole story will probably turn out to be a puff of the Scotch bankers, to shew the internal resources of their country.

The theatrical world is prodigiously on the *qui vive* at the approach of the season. At Drury-lane the old fashion of our going to see the lions is to be revived with delightful reality, a whole forest of them being to be let loose on the stage, and to devour M. Martin, their proprietor and principal prey every night. The greatest precautions are in progress for the security of the audience. The stage is to be palisadoed round with bars ten feet thick, and forty feet high. In addition, the first three ranks of the pit are to be furnished with pikes eighteen feet long, to defend themselves in case any of the *dramatis personæ* should break through, or in their enthusiasm scale the parapet. To prevent the chance of flying leaps, the remainder of the pit are to be furnished with rifles double-loaded, from Mr. Eggs', the celebrated gunsmith, now selling off his stock, and a regiment of the Guards is to be planted in the two-shilling gallery. The master-general of the ordnance also, with that attention to the public convenience, which characterises the whole policy of ministers, has voluntarily promised to keep a brigade of field-pieces in readiness on the nights of performance, which, in case of any thing like serious disturbance among the performers, will be in town in half an hour from the throwing up of the first rocket from the roof of the theatre. The lives of the biped actors are also to be insured at "double hazardous!" Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Humby, and the other more attractive portions of the female establishment, are to be cased in cuirasses, furnished in the kindest manner by several cornets of the Life Guards, and which fit their shapes as if they were made for them. The engagement of these pre-eminent *artistes* is due to the diplomatic talents of Mr. Bunn, who has out-manœuvred Matthews and Yates, in a style which will probably terminate those two gentlemen in a *felo de se*.

The fate of Covent-garden distracts us still. Whether Charles Kemble and his daughter are to play here or in Kamschatka, to retire from the stage, or to bear once more the burthen of the establishment on their own heads, are matters which still perplex the world. The fact is, that there is nothing certain under the sun, and we fear that theatres and their calculations must be reckoned among the number. One thing we hear of which we do not like; a vast number of expensive engagements of actors who, without good plays and new ones too, are absolutely worth nothing, let their abilities be what they may. Another is, that we do



not see the slightest hope held forth of these good and new plays. Where has gone the genius of the drama? where the encouragement once held out to it by the great? or does it wait only for another Harris the elder, or a revival of Rich? what know we? But we are told, "The future lesseeship of Covent-garden theatre is still undecided, owing to the continued indisposition of Mr. Pepys, who is retained as leader of the respondent's case. Should the House of Lords think proper to reverse the decision pronounced by Lord Lyndhurst, the affairs of the theatre will be thrown into great perplexity, and wholly preclude the possibility of its being opened for several weeks. The engagements for the ensuing season have been all made with Messrs. Kemble, Willett, and Forbes, and to these, of course, Mr. Harris will not be bound, should he succeed to the managerial throne. Some say if that should so turn out, Mr. C. Kemble means to take his company either to the Italian Opera or to the Haymarket theatre—but this is all surmise. The fact is, Mr. Kemble does not anticipate the possibility of failure in maintaining his claim to the theatre."

---

The marriage act brought in by George the Third, to extinguish the possibility of *mesalliances* in his family, has certainly not been among the most prosperous instances of legislation. One of its fruits is now flourishing before the public in Chancery.

"Sir Augustus D'Este, the son of the late Countess D'Ameland by the Duke of Sussex, has, it appears, filed a bill, to perpetuate the testimony of his father's marriage, and has also taken counsel's opinion upon its legality—which is in his favour!"

If the lawyer says so, we only wonder at the oddity of the opinion, for nothing can be more express than the statute of 1772, and few things could have been more perfectly understood during the last half century, than its operation. It has been conceived, indeed, that the illegality of the marriage in England may not bar the rights of the issue of such marriage in Hanover. But unless law be a vapour the question in England is settled.

---

We rejoice that we have not had an opportunity of personally witnessing the wisdom of our "Sovereign Lord the Mob, in the districts of Zips and Zemplin." The history of the proceedings of his "majesty" may be of some use to the experience of those who will be taught by nothing else, and who may learn at last to believe, that the rabble wisdom is not altogether to be relied on in all public emergencies. On the approach of the cholera, the Austrian government had issued directions for its treatment, and among these remedies chlorate of lime seems to have been a good deal relied on. In some instances this failed, and probably in some, the peasantry swallowed the chlorate, and thus poisoned themselves. But the rumour instantly spread that the government had been the grand practitioner in the poisoning, and the sovereign people acted without delay, on the suggestion.

"This story, with the sudden and violent breaking out of the cholera at Kluknau, led the peasants to a notion of the poisoning of the wells, which spread like lightning. In the sequel, upon the attack of the estate of Count Czaki, a servant of the chief bailiff was on the point of being murdered, when, to save his life, he offered to disclose something important; he said that he received from his master two pounds of

poisonous powder, with orders to throw it into the wells; and, with an axe over his head, took an oath publicly in the church to the truth of his statement. These circumstances, and the fact that the peasants, when they forcibly entered the houses of the landowners, every where found chlorate of lime, which they took for the poisonous powder, confirmed their suspicions, and drove the people to madness. In this state of excitement, they committed the most appalling excesses. Thus, for instance, when a detachment of thirty soldiers, headed by an ensign, attempted to restore order in Kluknau, the peasants, who were ten times their number, fell upon them; the soldiers were released, but the ensign was bound, tortured with scissors and knives, then beheaded, and his head fixed on a pike as a trophy. A civil officer in company with the military was drowned, his carriage broken to pieces, and chlorate of lime being found in the carriage, one of the servants was compelled to eat it till he vomited blood, which again confirmed the notion of poison."

When the cholera broke out in St. Petersburg, the mob could find no better contrivance for its extirpation, than murdering the physicians; who, they declared, were hired by the government to poison the patients in the hospitals, and it was not till after they had proved their science, by tearing some of the unfortunate doctors into fragments, that some battalions of the guards put a stop to this summary justice.

But the true state of popular wisdom is not to be looked for in great cities, where there are battalions of guards ready to turn out with fixed bayonets, but in the rural districts, where life is pastoral and pure, where the vices of cities dare not venture, and where the shepherds and shepherdesses have it all their own way. For example:—

"On the attack of the house of the Lord at Kluknau, the Countess saved her life by the most piteous entreaties; but the chief bailiff, in whose house chlorate of lime was unhappily found, was killed, together with his son, a little daughter, a clerk, a maid, and two students who boarded with him. So the bands went from village to village; wherever a nobleman or a physician was found, death was his lot; and in a short time it was known that the high constable of the county of Zemplin, several counts, nobles, and parish priests had been murdered. A clergyman was hanged because he refused to take an oath that he had thrown poison into the wells; the eyes of a countess were put out, and innocent children cut to pieces. Count Czarki, having first ascertained that his family was safe, fled from his estate at the risk of his life, but was stopped at Kirchtrauf, pelted with stones, and wounded all over, torn from his horse, and only saved by a worthy merchant, who fell on him, crying, 'Now I have got the rascal.' He drew the Count into a neighbouring convent, where his wounds were dressed, and a refuge afforded him. The secretary, who accompanied him, was struck from his horse with an axe, but saved in a similar manner, and in the evening conveyed with his master to Leutschaw. The steward of Count Czarki was killed, his chief bailiff bound, thrown on the ground, and half beaten to death; after which, he was dragged to a smithy and bound to a bench, and the soles of his feet burnt with irons, which peasant women made red hot. The entreaties of the wife and sister of the bailiff seemed only to increase the rage of his tormentors. But enough of these horrible scenes! Those here mentioned (and they are but a few from the counties of Zips and Zemplin) will suffice to give an idea of the mad rage of a

people hitherto kept in a state of ignorance and brutality, as soon as it breaks its fetters for a moment."

We are compelled to agree in the final observation, hostile as it may be to the march of intellect, and are very glad that we are not enjoying its progress in the districts of Zips and Zemplin.

The theatres will all open in a few days. Fascinating news! The stages, long and short, are as crowded with actors now rushing up to town, as they were a fortnight ago with partridges, and will be, for a week to come, with geese. And the lounging members of both houses, who have battled, broiled, brawled, and bungled through this burning and endless session, will have somewhere to rest their weary souls from the perpetual bore of doing good to their country. They must, unluckily, wait awhile for the opening of the King's theatre, where Mr. Monk Mason, who speaks Italian like a tiger, who has visited foreign lands, and sat out all the operas for the last five years, is preparing to assemble such a galaxy of operatical lights, as never yet were let loose upon the optics of our foggy and philosophical island.

"M. Laporte, released from the Opera, intends directing his whole attention, in conjunction with M. Cloup, to the French drama, and the company, next season, will be more efficient than any that has yet appeared."

The critics are still in doubt whether this active and very ugly Frenchman gained or lost by his tenancy of the Opera. Laporte says that he *ought* to have made 15,000*l.* Others say that he *ought* not to have made the thousandth part of the number of farthings.

"Macready is engaged at Drury-lane." We hope not to play Virginius and Werner, Werner and Virginius, through the season.

"At Covent Garden, Young is positively engaged for a limited number of nights. Lacy has prepared an opera—and the evergreen Braham, has been studying his part for a month past. Wilson, and the great card, Miss Inverarity, will, of course, form part of the company."

We have no objection to any of these engagements. But we must enter a caveat against our being compelled to see Young in the Stranger, Hamlet, or Brutus, for the last time. We have some sensibilities about us still, and can be tired of the eternal repetition of the most delightful of all human things, as much as ever Manners-Sutton was tired of a debate on the Address.

"The fascinating Mrs. Humby is enlisted in Captain Polhill's corps. A Miss Kenneth, described to be in Miss Foote's line, will also appear. Mr. Jones, from Edinburgh, takes the lead in genteel comedy. The Honeymoon will be the opening play."

By joining the captain's *corps*, we are to understand, nothing more descriptive than becoming a portion of the captain's theatrical company, to which this gay and clever little actress will be a great acquisition. Why has she not been a regular *attachée* to the Winter Theatres long ago? They have not had upon their list a prettier woman, a livelier comedian, or a more piquant *artiste*, in dress, dialect, dialogue, and dithyrambics.

Bishop, the idlest of clever composers, who has enriched English opera with some of the sweetest works extant, is generating a pair of operas at once. Under the general head of drama, we understand that there never was a season so fertile in proposed performances. Forty-



two French farces are already in the actors' hands. Macready has the leading parts of ten tragedies lying on his breakfast-table, enough to deprive any man of his appetite. One hundred and fifty melodramas, from all corners of the empire, and with the *venue* in all quarters of the globe, are perplexing the brains of Messrs. Farley and Barrymore at both houses; and the Christmas pantomime of Covent Garden is complete, with the exception of a flying man in the last scene: while, at Drury Lane, they have been rehearsing their pantomime during the last month. These are new times, and the results must be brilliant. We understand that the superintendence of the ballet-department is to be given to the Lord Chamberlain, who has lately been taking lessons from M. Diddelot for the purpose, and that, as soon as he is able to *pirouet*, his grace will announce his acceptance of the office. It will not be like his chamberlainship. It will be any thing but a sinecure.

What an immensity of consternation the Saints exhibited a sample of, years since, on the untimely end of a Mr. Missionary Smith. "John Bull," who still protests against "all that sort of thing, and every thing of that sort," as Matthews says, has just ferreted out a little transaction of the Missionary, which shews that he had his eye a leetle fixed on the mammon of unrighteousness, as well as the publicans and sinners of the West Indies. The document by which he exhibited his sense of the guilt of dealing in slave merchandise is worth preserving, even for his sake:—

"Know all men by these presents, that I, John Smith, of the colony of Demerara, for and in consideration of the sum of eighteen hundred gilders, Holland currency, paid to me by James Kelly, Esq., of the aforesaid colony of Demerara (the receipt whereof I hereby acknowledge), have granted, bargained, sold, aliened, enfeoffed, and confirmed unto the said James Kelly, a female *negro slave*, named Kitty, together with her future issue and progeny, and all right, title, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, both at law and in equity, *of, in, to, or out of* the aforesaid slave, and her future issue and progeny, to have and to hold the said female negro slave named Kitty, unto the said James Kelly, his heirs and assigns, *for ever!*

"And I, the said John Smith, do hereby warrant and defend the aforesaid female slave, together with her future issue and progeny, against all and every person whatsoever, unto the said James Kelly, his heirs and assigns, *for ever!*"

By the bye the West Indies are going to ruin. The outcry against the planters, the interference of my Lords of the Treasury and the Right Hon. the Colonial Secretary for the time being, and the Sierra Leone Man-consumption-company, and the Mauritius Free-slave-sugar-corporation, and the Female-penny-raisers, and the orators black, brown, and fair in Exeter-hall, are rapidly breaking down the interests of the finest and most productive colonies that ever swelled the opulence of a nation. We are making the West Indians ask the question, "What good is to be got by adhering to England, and what evil by looking to America?" If a war should arise in that hemisphere, the islands would be among the very first objects of American attack, and the time may come when the hope of being able to make that attack successfully will be the cause of an American war. We have clearly contrived to irritate the colonists; our next steps may alienate them, and when, to please the Buxtons of

this speechmaking generation, we shall have either thrown the whites into the hands of the blacks, or the islands, with both whites and blacks, into the hands of the Yankees; then, it is to be hoped, we shall be satisfied. But as matters are going on now, between laws to teach the planters how to take care of their own property, and to encourage the produce of strangers in preference to that of our own countrymen, West Indian property is going to the dogs, hour by hour.

---

Since his Majesty's accession, one valuable change has taken place in the military equipment, by the adoption of red for the general service, cavalry as well as the infantry of the line. We are not quite so much charmed with the remaining mustache privileges of the life-guards, lancers, and hussars, who are still too much Frenchified for British tastes, and who would fight as well, and look much better, by applying the razor to their upper lips as well as their lower. We also think that in naval tailoring, the new taste is by no means an improvement, and that the white facing which Nelson, Jervis, Howe, and Collingwood made a terror to our enemies, is ill-displaced for the Frenchified red and blue of the present fashion. Now, too, the British marines are to have a Frenchified title, and to be called *naval guards*! a copy of Napoleon's "*gardes de mer*," as if nothing could be good that was not borrowed. The "*naval guards*!" are to be divided into four corps, with a distinguishing appellative to each of the four divisions, viz.:—"1st, King's, or Kent division; 2d, Queen's, or Devon division; 3d, the Lord High Admiral's, or Hants division; 4th, Princess Victoria's, or Essex division; and that a *third* colour (the *original* standard of the corps) is to be restored, and presented to the third division. This flag is St. George's Cross, having the rays of the sun diverging from each corner of its centre. When the marines bore this flag, they were designated His Royal Highness the Duke of York and Albany's, or the Lord High Admiral of England's Own Naval Regiment." Perhaps in no service in the world has the passion for changing uniforms and names exhibited itself so much as the British. The changing of the uniforms may be intelligible enough, for the tailor-interest has always been strong. But when no one was to be the richer by the change in the names, we find it difficult to assign the reason of this perpetual shifting of nomenclature. Thus we have seen the 95, first the sharpshooters, and then the rifle-brigade; the royal artificers, now the sappers; the third foot guards, now Scotch fusileer guards; artillery corps, now regiment of artillery; horse artillery drivers, now horse brigade; household troops, now life guards; the 60th, now Duke of York's rifles, &c. &c. *cum multis*; and the service not a hair's breadth the better for them all.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

PRINCIPLES OF LITHOTRITY.—BY BARON HEURTELoup, DOCTOR OF THE FACULTY OF MEDICINE, PARIS.

Lithotomy, or *cutting* for the stone, is an operation comparatively modern, but though frequently accomplished with success, it is always hazardous, and in a large proportion of cases attended with fatal results. But the *knife* is the favourite instrument with English surgeons. Something like vanity enters into their dexterous use of so formidable an instrument; and they will not readily relax their hold. On the face of it, Lithotrity—that is, the breaking and crumbling of the stone by the means of instruments introduced through the urethra, is the more obvious and desirable mode of cure. The source of the disease is thus accessible by one of nature's own passages, and not of man's forcible entry. It is the difference between quietly opening the door of a house, and burglariously breaking in; and carries with it its own recommendation. It is true lithotrity has been abandoned, on consideration for what appeared the better process—the more direct and violent one; but that is no proof of its superiority. Lithotrity may have been managed in a bungling manner; but modern ingenuity, and the delicacy with which the necessary instruments can now be manufactured, might long ago, had surgeons persevered, have remedied all defects. Instead of this, the attention of the medical world has been turned from it, and directed almost exclusively to the perilous knife. The art and the use of it have doubtless been improved; but no approaches have been made, or can hope to be made, to perfect security. In this state of things we welcome this powerful publication of Baron Heurteloup—a French gentleman, who has turned his mind to the improvement of lithotritic instruments for some years past, and who is now settled in London for professional practice. The book is obviously the production of a man who enters zealously into the subject, and is thoroughly familiar with its details, and who writes, moreover, in a manner “intelligible to the meanest capacity.” It cannot fail of arresting attention. Patients will force surgeons to turn to it. The dread of lithotomy is general, and the facilities and safety of lithotrity will strike patients forcibly—it will be difficult, when once this book becomes known, to persuade them to submit to the knife.

Into the particular merits of the baron's improvements, we cannot here, of course, enter; but the following considerations are worth listening to:—“Lithotomy requires to be performed in a favourable season; lithotrity may be performed at all times, with equal chance of success. The former requires that the patient should remain in bed for a month or six weeks after the operation; the latter needs no confinement, and often allows the patient to pursue his usual avocations. Lithotomy requires the patient to be kept on a rigid diet; while he who undergoes lithotrity is only moderately restricted;—the recovery is often, in the former case, very tedious; whilst, in the latter, it is effected at once. Lithotomy often produces serious accidents—such as impotence, incontinence of urine, and urinary fistulæ; lithotrity, from its nature, cannot cause any of these consequences. The former, whatever may be the means employed, always requires a large and deep incision; the latter requires none. Lastly, lithotomy may cause almost instant death, from hæmorrhage; lithotrity cannot, under any circumstances, produce such a termination.”

THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETRY, &c., BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. 3 vols, 12mo.

It would be difficult to point out, among the *Origines* of art or literature, one more involved in obscurity than that of the English drama; nor would it be easy to decide which has most contributed to retard the clearing away of that obscurity—indolence, ignorance, or arrogance. The general tone of commentators and critics has been—we have done all that can be done—we have



searched and sifted all our materials; you must be content with the fruits of our labours, for labour can do no more. They have taken credit for consummate ability and unsurpassable exertion—for strenuously reaping the scanty harvest, and even for carefully gathering the gleanings. But, luckily, the effects produced by such declarations are usually short-lived—they repress only contemporaries. With the next age they lose their force; and the new energies of a fresh generation will scale with ease what the old pronounced unsurmountable. Thus it is that one age surpasses another, and we have little doubt that, though Mr. Collier's researches will appear to *his* contemporaries to be such as to make further efforts hopeless, another age, another century, will produce new labourers, who will make his discoveries look as little as he makes those of the Stevensens, Malones, and Giffords.

Mr. Collier's able performance consists in reality of two distinct works—the *Annals of the Stage* to the closing of the Theatres in the reign of the Puritans; and a *History of Dramatic Literature* to the days of Shakspeare. The public offices and receptacles for old records furnished large and valuable additions to the materials, which had been already discovered, but which lay scattered in printed and manuscript volumes. The state-paper department—the privy council office—the chapter-house of Westminster, have supplied numerous original documents, which throw a fresh, clear, and strong light upon some of the most obscure parts of the history of the stage and drama. Among them, Mr. C. particularizes unopened patents to different companies of players—original accounts of the royal revels from the early part of the reign of Henry VIII.—unexamined books of domestic expenses of our kings and nobility from Edward IV. downwards. These were sources scarcely accessible to general search, and might be expected to present some novelty; but not less productive have proved the MSS. of the British Museum, which have been long open to every body's scrutiny. Mr. C. was amazed at the substantial materials which he detected there. The Burghley papers, exceedingly voluminous, had been scarcely glanced at; and even the Harleian, Cottonian, and royal MSS., have never been thoroughly ransacked. In the royal MSS. Mr. C. found two of Ben Jonson's masks in his own hand-writing. In these, too, he met with letters from and concerning our "most notorious poets," the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakspeare; and especially in a diary, kept by an intelligent barrister, who lived while Shakspeare was in the zenith of his popularity, he found original notices and anecdotes of him, Spenser, Jonson, Marston, &c. Mr. C. spent some years in going through these voluminous collections, but he declares he never had occasion to repent the mis-spending of a single hour while so employed.

In the history of dramatic poetry Mr. C. begins with the miracles, or miracle-plays, (usually designated by the name of Mysteries,) as the source and foundation of the national drama. They appear to have been translations from the *French* language rather than Latin. The most ancient is that of St. Katherine, acted at Dunstable very early in the twelfth century. It is true the French dramatic records are supposed not to extend beyond the thirteenth century; but St. Katherine itself was the production of a Norman monk—a member of the university of Paris, though finally abbot of St. Alban's. Mr. C. has examined the whole stock, printed and manuscript, known to be extant; and the reader will find an analysis of the whole of the Widkirk, Chester, and Coventry series. A new MS. of the Chester series has recently come to light—much superior to those before known—an earlier transcript—more correct, and of course serving to correct the blunders of later ones. It is in the possession of Mr. Nicholls, the printer—himself a diligent collector in matters of archeology. No miracle-plays probably were written after the reign of Henry VIII., but they continued to be performed till the end of the century. They were acted even so late as 1603, at Lancaster, Preston, and Kendall.

Mr. C. next traces the connection between miracle-plays—which consisted at first solely of Scripture characters—and morals, or moral-plays, (commonly styled Moralities,) which were made up of allegorical personages. The miracles

gradually, and almost imperceptibly, merged into the morals by the intermixture of allegory with sacred history, till they finally ceased to be distinctive. An examination of all the extant moral-plays, similar to that of the miracle-plays, follows, furnishing much novelty of information.

As the miracles merged into the morals, so these, in their turn, were finally lost in tragedy and comedy, by the introduction, in successive steps, of the characters of history, romance, and society. Mr. C. pursues the growth of tragedy and comedy till they reached their maturity in the hands of Shakspeare, though before *he* wrote a line for the stage our romantic drama may be truly said to have been completely formed, and firmly established, notwithstanding Dryden's ignorant declaration that Shakspeare "created the stage among us." Mr. C. reviews the pieces of all the predecessors and early contemporaries of Shakspeare in what may be termed the legitimate drama; and concludes his elaborate performance, the contents of which we can do no more than glance at, with an inquiry into the origin and history of our old theatres—as successfully accomplished as any other department of his labours. The book is an invaluable one—the worthy result of a toil of twenty years. We hope Mr. C. will now publish an uniform edition of all the miracle and moral-plays, interludes, and dramas, to the days of Shakspeare.

---

ON THE ALLEGED DECLINE OF SCIENCE IN ENGLAND, BY A FOREIGNER.

"Science is on the decline in England," says Mr. Babbage. Comparatively, or absolutely? Both, he replies, or implies—the continent surpasses us, and we have no more Newtons. And what is the cause of this sad declension? The want of patronage, that is, of government patronage; for under all Mr. Babbage's complaints, lurks a desire for place, emolument, money. He seems to think that men of science should have the monopoly of office; none but they should be statesmen, diplomatists, legislators, bishops, &c. Knowledge, like virtue, it has been said, is, or should be, its own reward; but Mr. B. has no toleration for so absurd a maxim. He has no notion of anybody's learning any thing, or communicating any thing but for gain—he has but one idea of the word *acquisition*. Fame, respect, admiration, are all nothing at all in Mr. B.'s eyes; and of course he cannot but marvel at Milton, for instance, and indeed at all who have ever written, without the prospect, or the expectation, or the thought of money-making. Mr. Babbage has taken up hastily an opinion, that France is the region of science, and a paradise for the cultivators of science. Some three or four men of science, during the last troubled half century, were in high office, and for this Mr. B. envies the condition of men of science in France; but he should know that these same persons owed their elevation to connection, to the times, to their own bustling spirit, and certainly not to their "science." This is the feeling of the writer of the pamphlet before us—a Frenchman, who has been led, from a sort of analogous mistake, seeing things only at a distance, and unacquainted with facts, to envy and admire the condition of science, and its cultivators in England. The surprise produced by Mr. B.'s book prompted this reply; and so have we the singular spectacle of the state of English science attacked by a native, and defended by a foreigner. At all events he has brought forward some pretty conclusive statements to enable the reader to pronounce on the truth of the alleged "decline." France has but one philosophical journal, and that of course has the choice of all papers offered for publication; while with us, there are the Quarterly, and the Edinburgh, and Jamieson's Journals, besides the Philosophical Magazine, any one of which will shew an average number of articles equally important and well-written. The Germans at least are as eager to translate the English as the French papers. But English mathematicians have all an eye to the practical, which of necessity keeps them in the rear of the French, who, pursuing, without such interruptions, theory and analysis, far outstrip us in point of dry knowledge. But is this a proof of *decline*? In France eminent men confine themselves to one branch, while, generally, in England, students take a wider range. But is this a disadvantage? We venture to say, no. The different branches of science naturally serve each other, and

utility is never so soon lost sight of, as when the attention is contracted to single points. But that the higher departments are really neglected in England, must be denied, as long as we have Mr. Babbage himself, and such men as Ivory and Herschel. With all Mr. B.'s admiration for France, he cannot be blind to the fact that science is more widely diffused among us—that it has here more cultivators, and admirers, and so more *patrons* in effect. Looking to the learned societies of England, and the costs of association with them, the "Foreigner" of the pamphlet cannot forbear a smile at the thought of six hundred Frenchmen out of thirty-two millions, being found *willing* or *able* to pay twelve hundred and fifty francs, or £50 a-piece, for the promotion of science! The pamphlet is published by Faraday—himself a distinguished cultivator of science, and worthy of being, as he is, the successor of Davy.

LONDON PAGEANTS, BY J. NICHOLS AND SON.

THE volume embraces an account of fifty-five royal processions and entertainments in the city of London, commencing with Henry III. in 1236, and closing with George III. in 1761, to the exclusion of the receptions of foreign sovereigns and thanksgiving-processions to St. Paul's, which were found to be "too numerous to mention." The details are taken almost wholly from contemporary writers, and will at least gratify the city, and a few inquirers into forgotten matters. A second division of the book has a bibliographical list of Lord Mayors' pageants, that is, of publications descriptive of the annual shew at the inauguration of the Lord Mayor of London, with some historical notes relative to that august ceremony, still more gratifying to the citizens than the former. The indefatigable compiler has added some account of a succession of city laureates, to the number of fourteen.

In the account of a pageant in honour of Edward VI., occurs a song, which contains most of the sentiments of the modern "God save the King," and which seems to have escaped the notice of the many persons who have at various times investigated the history of that national *anthem*, as Mr. Nichols styles it.

PLAIN RULES FOR IMPROVING THE HEALTH OF THE DELICATE, PRESERVING THE HEALTH OF THE STRONG, AND PROLONGING THE LIFE OF ALL.—BY WM. HENDERSON, M.D., OF PERTH.

Dr. Henderson has been himself a great sufferer, and, like Dido of old, was thus taught to sympathise with his suffering brethren. From his childhood he experienced the thousand ills the dyspeptic is heir to, and some of them to a most intolerable degree. The particulars are of so extraordinary a caste as to have required some *courage* to detail them. It was this early suffering, however, that prompted him to turn to medicine, with a resolution to study disease in its sources, and ransack nature for remedies. For years and years his success fell short of his hopes; and at last, as the proud result of all his efforts, to mere accident was he indebted for the precise composition of ingredients which he pronounces to be nothing less than a specific for all "stomach complaints." The final object of the book is, of course, to herald the said specific to the acceptance of the world; and, indeed, his "Stomachic Vegetable Elixir" has qualities, if one-half of them be real, to conciliate every *body* that has a stomach within him. It is perfectly *safe*—it may be taken by *every* one, of whatever age, sex, or condition, at all times, at home or abroad, in doors or out,—a "family" medicine, in short, as handy as the whisky-bottle in Ireland. All may benefit, and some may more than benefit, especially females, the *literary*, and the sedentary. It has, besides, some qualities of a rarer kind—an agreeable flavour—a power of abiding on the stomach when *nothing else* will—a perpetuation of efficiency, for it never loses its power, and, still more marvellous, the same quantity always produces the same effect. No matter again how you take it; you may use it as sauce for mutton or fish, or mix it with your claret;—it will improve both, never oppress the stomach, never fail in its salutary effects on the bowels, and never cost more than four and sixpence a pint, stamp included. Dr. Henderson has himself continued the daily use of it for twelve years, to the



daily experience of its uniform effects, and his daily conviction, that, contrary to the common maxims of medical men, it is still as effective as at first—it loses *none* of its force. Notwithstanding, the book itself has nothing of a quackery air, but is written with great sobriety, and is equal, we think, to the very best of its class. It exhibits the signs of no common experience, is full of good sense, and calculated to prompt people to use their own understandings in matters that most nearly concern them.

We dropt on a curious instance of the disposition of professional men to view every thing through their own professional spectacles. The human machine, in every part of it, must be kept in action, or its powers will weaken. This is the doctor's maxim; but the confirmation the reader would hardly anticipate. Hence, says he, the wisdom of the rule which the illustrious Cyrus established among the Persians—that they *should never eat but after labour*, and hence also the propriety of the Apostle's apothegm—he *that would not work, neither should he eat*; as if the good man really took these directions for medical maxims.

---

ORIGINAL SONGS, BY ROBERT GILLFILLAN, OF LEITH.

The word *song* is enough to indicate that the subjects are wholly confined to amatory and bacchanal topics. Mr. Gillfillan's are very agreeable trifles, written in accommodation to national tunes, and will remind the reader of Burns, Tannahill, and Macneil. Several of them were written for the Burns' clubs of Dunfermline and Leith; and others of them have the flavour of Burns, especially "Pity the Lads that are free." We selected that for a specimen; but it is too long, and we must substitute another:—

TUNE—"Fy, let us a' to the Bridal."

The poets, what fools they're to deave us !  
 Now ilka ane's lassie's sae fine ;  
 The tane is an angel, and, save us !  
 'The niest ane you meet wi's divine !  
 An' then there's a lang-nebbit sonnet,  
 Be't Katty, or Janet, or Jean ;  
 An' the moon or some far awa' planet's  
 Compared to the blink o' her een.

The earth an' the sea they've ransackit  
 For sim'lies to set aff their charms,  
 An' no a wee flower but's attackit  
 By poets, like bumbees in swarms.  
 Now, what signifies a' this clatter  
 By chieks that the truth winna tell ?  
 Wad it no be settlin' the matter  
 To say—Lass, ye're just like yoursel ?

An' then there's nae end to the evil,  
 For they are no deaf to the din,  
 That, like me, ony puir luckless deevil  
 Daur scarce look the gate they are in ;  
 But e'en let them be wi' their scornin'—  
 There's a lassie, whase name I could tell,  
 Her smile is as sweet as the mornin'—  
 But, whisht ! I am ravin' mysel'.

But he that o' ravin's convickit,  
 When a bonnie sweet lass he thinks on,  
 May he ne'er get anither strait jacket,  
 Than that buckled to by Mess John ;  
 And he wha, though cautious and canny,  
 The charms o' the fair never saw,  
 Though wise as King Solomon's grannie,  
 I swear is the daftest of a'.

---

## POLYNESIAN RESEARCHES, BY WILLIAM ELLIS, Vol. 4.

THE fourth volume of Mr. Ellis's collections relative to the isles of the Pacific, is wholly occupied with the Sandwich group, and contains all that is known or knowable of them, as to their history and the habits of the natives, since the discovery by Captain Cook: for of their history before that discovery little can be gathered at all definite. There are no records, and every thing is obscure and vague in their recollections: their very traditions scarcely extend beyond their grandfathers. Mr. Ellis traces accounts of the arrival of foreigners *three* times before Captain Cook, none of them, obviously, very remote. The most so, is that of the priest Pao, whom Mr. Ellis conjectures to have been a Roman Catholic priest, driven out to sea from the Japan or American coast, or the sole survivor of a wreck, and the gods he brought with him, an image and a crucifix. The latest arrival consisted of seven persons in a painted boat, with an awning at the stern, but no mast or sails. The people were white, and dressed in white or yellow, and one of them had a long knife by his side, and a feather in his hat. They married native women, became chieftains, and for a time held the government of the Hawaii (Owhyhee). Their descendants are still distinguishable—they have lighter complexions, and brown curly hair, and themselves claim to be so descended. A very complete account, we repeat, of the islands, as to their extent, population, habits, history, and much of the territorial peculiarities, may be collected from the volume, though it is in itself inartificially put together. A great deal of it is descriptive of a tour round the main island, and thus much of the information relative to the condition and circumstances of the natives is given incidentally, and it is not very easy to find what you want. But all is there, if the reader can command patience to hunt for it. Mr. Ellis was himself engaged some years as a missionary—he knows perfectly what he describes, and honesty of purpose breathes in every line.

---

 CUVIER'S ANIMAL KINGDOM, TRANSLATED BY EDWARD GRIFFITH, F.L.S. AND OTHERS.

Mr. Griffith and his coadjutors are rendering an important service to science by this translation of Baron Cuvier's popular and admirable work. Widely as it was consulted before, its usefulness will be considerably extended by this publication; embracing, as it does, large additional descriptions of all the species hitherto named, and of many that have never before come under the notice of the zoologist. In fact, Mr. Griffith's notes and additions would of themselves form a work of no mean pretensions as to extent, and are admirably calculated to illustrate and improve the general arrangement of Cuvier. The engravings are not only excellent in themselves, and important as giving delineations (many of them at least) of new and unfigured species, but they are also numerous—the Mammalia alone monopolizing upwards of two hundred. Thirty of the fifty parts announced as the extent of the work have already appeared, and of these thirty one convenient character is, that each class is distinct in itself, and forms a separate work, independent of its connection with the series of the Animal Kingdom.

---

 TALES OF THE LATE REVOLUTIONS, WITH A FEW OTHERS, BY F. W. N. BAYLEY, AUTHOR OF FOUR YEARS IN THE WEST INDIES, &c.

Mr. Bayley seizes upon recent political revolutions and events, to illustrate their disastrous effects upon domestic felicities by details, which shew their interference with the security of private life. All his tales turn upon the interruption given by them to the loves of the young, and the enjoyments of the old; but while he thus laments, he professes himself a lover of liberty, and ready to exult in her triumphs. It is a sort of insidious advocacy, however, betraying while it eulogizes; and leading us to dwell more upon immediate bad effects than upon ultimate good, upon particular evils more than general benefits. After destroying the hopes of one set of lovers in Poland, driving another poor girl mad in Brussels for the loss of her admirer, and plunging a third into pining melan-

choly from the same cause at Paris, he comes home, and pitching upon the rural war of last winter, involves a poor well-meaning lad in machine-breaking and stack-burning, to the ruin of himself, and the premature death of a cherry-cheeked lass. The colonies are next visited. To shew the effects of "sudden emancipation," Mr. Bayley describes the condition of a negro, emancipated suddenly at the death of his master. Instead of being benefited by the change, he finds himself *suddenly* thrown upon his own resources, unable to procure any thing, necessities or accommodations, but only as he worked for them. Sickness reduces him to extremity, all is sold to the last rag for present support; his wife dies, and by a manœuvre he gets a passage to England. Here he contrives to drag on life by fiddling in the streets—when he loses his fiddle, by blacking shoes, running errands, pacing before Freemason's Tavern with the papers and reports of the Anti-Slavery Society; and finally dies of sheer starvation, near the London University, and his skeleton is found by the pupils of that *thriving* establishment. The writer's views are obvious enough, but he overshoots his mark. We are well known to be no friends to the Macauley party; but it is but just to say, this is no fair representation of the consequences of their proposed measures. They are not fools enough to call their system "sudden emancipation," as Mr. B. makes them do; nor is it fairly inferable that such is their purpose. They only propose to *accelerate*, what the West Indians are resolved to retard. The effect of sudden emancipation would not be the difficulty of getting work, for the planters must have free labour when slave-labour is no longer attainable; and what labourers will be to be got but the emancipated slaves? No, it is the unsettling of the minds of the slaves that is to be dreaded, their repugnance to returning to labour, the probability that they would prefer plunder to labour, and combine as banditti to destroy and devastate, rather than as freemen to maintain their personal independence by the toil of their own hands. *Tout ce qui ne'est pas prose est vers*, is Mr. Bayley's motto; and as some of his tales are not prose they are consequently *vers*. The sketch on the Vistula, excluding the narrative, is of a very superior character—the introductory part is beautiful both in conception and expression. Polignac's doom is too much of the doggrel-cast.

"The Vistula—the Vistula—  
I gazed upon its tide—  
When here and there some little bark  
Down the blue stream would glide;  
Its waters then were all unstirred,  
Save by the dashing oar—  
And there was peace upon the wave.  
And plenty on the shore.

"The breath of summer lost its spice,  
In Praga's shady groves;  
The zephyr's murmur still was low,  
And half as sweet as love's.  
The palace of a mighty king,  
Had sunshine on its tow'rs,  
Freedom had not yet taken wing,  
Slaves did not count the hours.

"I stood upon the river shore,  
I watched each rippling wave—  
I gathered flowers from the banks—  
They might have decked a grave;  
I stooped to pluck a full wild rose  
From off the blossom ground—  
Music broke sweetly on my ear,  
And sense was charmed with sound."—&c. &c.

---



## VINDICATION OF THE SOUTH SEA MISSIONS, BY W. ELLIS.

IN Capt. Kotzebue's description of his last voyage in the Pacific, he gave a very unfavourable account of the condition of Tahiti (more generally known by the orthography of Otaheite), ascribing all its degeneracy, since Cook's discovery of it, to the mischievous missionaries. His publication has had by far too wide a circulation to be overtaken by the vindictory pamphlet before us, and we on that account the more readily lend it our assistance, to remove some of the aspersions which Mr. Ellis thinks, and very justly thinks, have been cast upon the missionaries. The tone of Capt. Kotzebue's narrative was pretty plainly a prejudiced one, that is, he was evidently indisposed to believe any good could be accomplished by converting the natives of the Pacific to Christian sentiments, or European habits; but we did not, in the slight glance we took of his book, suppose for a moment that he had *wilfully* misrepresented facts. Nor do we know now that he has done so; but at least, it is indisputable, he has taken up hasty opinions, without weighing his authorities, or rather has trusted blindly to the information afforded by interested parties, because, apparently, it concurred with his own prejudices. He himself was but a very short time on the island, knew nothing of the language, and saw but little of it, or the population, though what he *did* see, he acknowledges indirectly was favourable. His misrepresentations are speculative ones, mere deductions from the reports of others. The main facts relied upon by Capt. Kotzebue for his general inferences is, that the population in 1774, on the testimony of Capt. Forster, was 120,000, and that now it does not exceed 8000. To what is this to be ascribed? To the introduction and influence of the missionaries, says Capt. K. Pomareh, the chief, at their instigation, propagated the gospel by fire and sword, and the race has in consequence been nearly swept away. Capt. Forster's estimate, however, is of no authority whatever, it was made on the most erroneous detail; and certainly in 1797, when the missionaries first landed, the population appeared, on much better authority, when there was no interest in depreciating the numbers, but rather the contrary, to be but 16,000. It is since that period that Capt. K. represents *nine-tenths* of the people to have been extinguished by the missionaries, because he could trace the reduction to no other source. These nine-tenths of his were thus calculated on Forster's estimate instead of that of 1797. But the ravages of imported disease—the introduction of ardent spirits and fire-arms—the continuance of human sacrifices, and of infanticide, to a frightful extent—with ten wars, will sufficiently account for the reduction from 16,000 to 8000, and the wonder should rather be that the natives have not been utterly annihilated. All this too occurred *before* the influence of the missionaries began—for not one native was converted before 1812. The fact is, as it may well be supposed in our days, that no force was sanctioned or in any way promoted by missionaries, English or American. Since their influence has been effective, the population has again increased, and life and property is comparatively sacred. To those who read Capt. K.'s volumes, and must have been struck by his representations, we recommend the perusal of Mr. Ellis's vindication—he was himself eight years a missionary, on the Friendly and Sandwich islands, and deserves to be listened to. He cannot, we think, fail to conciliate the good will and confidence of the reader.

---

SUBSTANCE OF SEVERAL COURSES OF LECTURES ON MUSIC READ IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, AND IN THE METROPOLIS, BY WM. CROTCH, Mus. D. &c.

IN these intelligent and well-considered lectures Dr. Crotch has shewn himself thoroughly qualified to discuss the principles of musical science, and to instruct and promote, what he professes to be his main object, the public taste. *That*, he insists, requires much cultivation; and the best proof of it is the rage for novelty, which marks the lovers of music of the present day. Have you any thing *new*, is every body's first inquiry on entering a music-shop. He considers them wholly at the mercy and caprice of modern composers—themselves often

possessing as little taste as knowledge—studious of nothing but effect, and careless of every thing but clap-traps. Dr. Crotch sets himself seriously to the task of defining standards and styles, and divides them into the sublime, beautiful, and ornamental, following the analogies of painting, architecture, &c., till, like a will o' the wisp, they lead him apparently whither they will. Reynolds turned the morals of Johnson to account in his lectures on painting; and in his turn Dr. Crotch finds Reynolds equally convertible for musical purposes. To the sublime the doctor consigns all church-music, and though he does not precisely declare there can be no more good church-music, he is positive the style can never be changed with advantage, and any attempt at a change he obviously regards as so much profanation. To us, however, the most attractive portion of his lectures is the one relative to musical expression, in which the sobriety, as well as the soundness of the writer's judgment, is very conspicuous. As an imitative art he acknowledges frankly its general impotency. In nothing have composers shewn more extravagance in their pretensions. The union of music with poetry it is, that has been the fruitful source of these exaggerations. The merits of the poetry have been assigned to the music. "But take away the poetry," says Dr. C., "or let it be in an unknown tongue, and then see whether music can build the walls of a city, or civilize a savage race." It may represent certain qualities in objects, or rather excite feelings similar to what those objects themselves excite; but it cannot delineate the objects themselves, nor indeed distinguish them from scores of others. It can convey no imagery, and cannot discriminate, with any nicety, the very affections it seems at times to command. It may speak of something serene, or troubled, or joyous, or wild, or tender; but what that something is poetry alone can tell us. "Let the piece be unaccompanied by words, and the gliding, tossing, bellowing, and confusion, will represent either water, a storm, or a battle." "Handel," adds Dr. Crotch, "has but one and the same favourite soothing melody to express the murmurings, or perhaps the undulations of a flowing stream, the repose of the dead, the beauty of the green, and the softness of the spring." Again, where waves were to be depicted, and the roaring of a giant, Handel uses but one passage. "Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums," says Pope of Handel, and says well; but the drums are obliged to represent sometimes one, and sometimes the other.

Dr. C. commemorates, with abundant knowledge of what he is talking about, the chief composers of the last three centuries, in their several styles, and finally expresses very distinctly his sense of the present state of the public taste—which is, in spite of all he has said or insinuated, that it is in a gradual state of improvement; and notwithstanding the decline of the art itself, which he still insists upon, has attained a higher stage of advancement than it has known for half a century. *Laudari laudato, &c.*

---

A KEY TO READING, &c., BY JOHN SMITH; LECTURER ON EARLY EDUCATION, &c. LIVERPOOL.

THE title does not convey specifically, or with sufficient precision, the object of the book. Its purpose is to furnish a specimen or two of the way in which he proposes to make reading useful—or rather, the way in which the teacher is to ascertain whether his pupils understand what they read; and that is, by questioning them minutely and closely on every word of any passage that has been read, together with collateral matters connected with the subject, words, phrases, allusions, &c. The book is, of course, intended for the assistance and guidance of teachers and parents; and the plan, admirable in itself, has only one little difficulty involved in it—that of finding teachers and parents with intelligence enough, and self-possession enough, to make a tolerable use of it. We can conceive the bungling of many who will make the attempt.

The grammatical picture, attached to the key, is a most ingenious contrivance for conveying to children the distinctions of what are called Parts of Speech. With a lot of children assembled, the teacher proposes to them to make an imaginary picture, the materials or objects of which they are themselves to supply. One names a cottage, another a rock, a third a brook, a fourth church-

bells, a fifth a shepherd, &c. These he tells them are all *nouns*. Where will you have your cottage? *Near* the brook—*above*, *below*, &c. These are *prepositions*. But what kind of a cottage shall it be? *Large*, *small*, *white*, &c. These are *adjectives*. Well, but now to give things a little life, motion, &c.—what shall the bells do? *Ring*.—The trees? *Wave*.—The shepherd? *Sing*.—These are *verbs*. But again, how shall the brook flow? *Swiftly*, *merrily*, &c. These are *adverbs*. Well, but now, how does the cottage look? *It* looks beautiful, &c. That is a *pronoun*. And so on, till the whole *nine*, not the muses, are embraced, and thoroughly comprehended.

---

FIRST LINES OF ZOOLOGY BY QUESTION AND ANSWER, IN SEVEN PARTS—  
MAMMALIA, BIRDS, FISHES, REPTILES, INSECTS, MOLLUSCA, CRUSTACEA, &c., BY ROBERT MUDIE.

Mr. Mudie's catechism, among the thousand and one publications of this nature, is fairly and deservedly distinguishable by a steady adherence to the useful—to the inculcation of principle, instead of indulging in mere description, or matters of detail. Works of natural history for young persons consist too generally, he assures us, of mere scraps of description, often exaggerated, and of little use if they were true; or they present the technicalities of an artificial system in an unknown tongue—making thus the real knowledge of the subject appear twice as difficult as it actually is, by adding an unexplained name to an undescribed reality. Mr. Mudie, of course, implies that he has reformed all this moderately, if not altogether; and we willingly bear our testimony to the general and particular intelligence visible in his book, and the complete success with which he has executed his purpose.

---

A SYNOPSIS OF THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF ARCHITECTURE; TO WHICH IS ADDED, A DICTIONARY OF GENERAL TERMS; BY WILLIAM J. SMITH.

The very title is untoward—the writer knows the meaning neither of *synopsis*, nor of *general*. The latter occurs eight or ten times in a preface of a few lines. Mr. Smith professes to give a “general” view of the history of architecture, first, to the period of its highest perfection in Greece, to which he attaches an enumeration of the more remarkable specimens of antiquity in Syria, Asia Minor, Persia, India, Greece, and Sicily. In a second division of his book, the general history is continued to the Fall of the Western Empire, with a sort of catalogue raisonné of the chief antiquities of Italy, France, and Spain. Tables also are given of the dimensions of many or most of the buildings. The general history is finally continued onwards to the days of the Gothic; and some notices follow of our English cathedrals, with a guess or two for solving the eternal question of the origin of the said Gothic. We do not wish to throw any doubt either on the completeness of the enumerations, or on the accuracy of the details, but nothing in this world ever exceeded the “general” *meagreness* of the whole concern. It is much drier and more costive than any thing we have had the fortune to meet with in these loquacious and copious times, and the wonder in consequence with us is, how any man who had so little to say, good or bad, should attempt to say *any thing*.

---

TRANSLATIONS OF THE OXFORD LATIN PRIZE POEMS, FIRST SERIES, (!)  
BY NICHOLAS LEE TORRE.

THIS strange scheme must have suggested itself to sheer indolence—a fondness for literary dawdling, without the power of starting original conceptions, or of combining old materials—a morbid or imbecile desire to be *doing*, with nothing to do. The merit of the original pieces lies wholly in the *latinity*; and the *latinity* itself is but an evidence of some facility, and occasionally of some felicity, in dove-tailing incongruous phrases. In the Latin the reader knows of course there exists little or no discrimination, for the sources of the language are all precisely the same; and as to the Translations, he may be sure they exhibit still less—for they are all “done” by the same person—in the same metre



—with phrases ground in the same mill—taste, tone, and cadence, all undistinguishably *semper unum et idem*. The pieces thus translated in this *first* series are by Canning, Richardson, Copleston, Puller, Baker, Atkins, Herbert, Conybeare, and Shuttleworth; and none of them, living or dead, can, or could thank, the translator, for forcing them from the comfortable obscurity in which they have long reposed, into the light which they must all be ashamed to face.

HOMONYMES FRANÇAIS, OR THE FRENCH HOMONYMOUS WORDS, &c.; BY DOMINIQUE ALBERT, AND EGERTON SMITH, LIVERPOOL.

THESE homonymous words—for the term itself may require explanation—are words of similar sound, but of dissimilar signification, and generally dissimilar orthography. Words of this kind are frequent in most languages, but abound in the French, and present formidable obstacles to speaking the language, or at least to the learner's discovering what the speaker means. In reading, *au, aux, aulx, eau, o, oh, os*, nobody will confound, but to the ear they all come with the same sound, and often baffle the learner—suggesting as they do such odd and out of the way combinations of meanings, as if the purpose of the speaker was merely to mystify. To get rid of this embarrassing inconvenience as quickly as possible, the authors have ingeniously brought together in these homonymous words single sentences, which are to be committed to memory, trusting to its facility in retaining new associations for the success of the contrivance. Suppose the homonymous words to be *antre*, a noun, *entre*, a verb, and *entre*, a preposition—they are introduced into the sentence—Pour visiter la sibylle, on *entre* (enters) dans un *antre* (cave) profond, percé *entre* (between) deux énormes roches. Again—On ne *doit* (ought) jamais montrer personne au *doigt* (finger)—which at once distinguishes the words, and conveys a lesson of good manners.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. VOL. XXVII. PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

THE story of William Christian is conspicuous in the annals of the Isle of Man. His father had been governor, and he himself eventually was one of the dempsters, or supreme judges. Both father and son embraced the party of the islanders, who contested some feudal rights claimed by the Earl of Derby, as king in Man. During the civil wars, the earl, as every body knows, was beheaded at Bolton-le-Moors; after which event William Christian placed himself at the head of the insurgent party of the island, and opened a communication with the parliamentary fleet. The island was formally surrendered, and the countess and her son, a child, were thrown into prison, where they continued till the restoration of Charles. On that occasion she was released; and seizing on Christian, she, in quality of regent for her son, caused him to be tried and executed for treason to his liege lord. For this stretch of feudal power Charles, glad of the occasion to get money, levied a heavy fine upon the Derby estates. This masculine asserter of her regal rights was a daughter of the French House of Tremouille, and well known in the civil wars for her gallant defence of Latham House. Sir Walter's preface is chiefly remarkable for a defence of Christian and *his brother*, by the present representative of the family, John Christian, Esq., who still holds the office of dempster in the isle. Sir Walter, it will be remembered, exhibits Christian's brother *Edward* as a wretch of unbounded depravity; but this he did, it appears, without knowing in fact that there ever existed such a brother. He found an *Edward Christian*, "with whom connected, or by whom begot," he knows not, associated with Blood and O'Brien in the conspiracy against the life of the Duke of Buckingham—whose character answered his purpose, and he adopted him.

NEWTON'S LIFE, BY DR. BREWSTER. VOL. XXIV. OF MURRAY'S FAMILY LIBRARY.

No person could be better qualified for writing the Life of Newton than Dr. Brewster, from his great familiarity with the history of science down to its minutest points: and he has accomplished his task with exemplary diligence.

and a laudable anxiety to unearth every source of information for the clearing up of all obscurities. From some report received by Huygens, that mathematician spoke of Newton, in some letter, as being in a state of insanity in the year 1694, either from intense application, or from excessive grief at the loss of his chemical laboratory and several MSS. This story was first published in a Life of Newton, by Biot, and used by him to account for Newton's not having, from that period, done any thing worthy of his early reputation—disabled, in fact, from the overstraining of his faculties. From the same authority, too, La Place concludes, he was fit from that time for nothing but theology, to which, according to him, Newton then for the first time betook himself. The origin of this tale, quite new to English readers, Dr. Brewster has been at great pains to trace and develope, and has met with more success than could have been anticipated. Mr. Pryme, Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, has in his possession a MS. diary, kept by a Mr. Abraham Pryme, a collateral ancestor of his, and a cotemporary of Newton. In this diary Mr. Pryme records, at the date of February 2, 1692, the fact of Newton's papers, containing the results of experiments on colours and light being destroyed by fire, and *its effect upon Newton*. It is, in short, the old story of his Dog Diamond; but instead of the prodigious tranquillity with which the philosopher bore the disaster, and of which we have heard a thousand times, Mr. Pryme relates, that when Newton "saw what was done, every one thought he would have run mad, he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself a month after." The accident must have occurred towards the end of 1691, and according to Mr. Pryme, Newton was "himself again" in a month. But Huygens' report was made in June, 1694, at which time he speaks of him as then beginning to be able to comprehend his own Principia again. In this very interval, however, and about the middle of it, the end of 1692, and beginning of 1693, Newton wrote his letters to Bentley on the Existence of a Deity—letters which at least shew a degree of power and calmness quite incompatible with the alleged obscuration of his faculties. Still, in September of that year (1693), he describes himself as not having "for a twelvemonth either ate or slept well, or enjoyed his *former consistency of mind*." The expression is perhaps vague—though at that period it meant *steadiness*—but the letter itself which contains it is a proof of some strange want of self-possession—for it is written to Pepys, in apparent reply to a message, which it appears Pepys had never sent. The letter is now published for the first time from the MS. in Lord Braybrooke's possession, along with Pepys's correspondence in consequence with his nephew. Within three days of this letter was also written to Locke, that singular epistle published recently by Lord King, in which he tells him, he had suspected him of embroiling him with women—had charged him with Hobbism—wished him dead—and ascribed to him some design of selling him an office, &c.—some part of which, and perhaps all, Newton appears, from another letter, about a month afterwards, to have forgotten. In his efforts to clear up this imputation on the soundness of Newton's intellects, in the interval between the accident at Cambridge and Huygens's report, Dr. Brewster has produced two irrefragable instances of *illusion*, however temporary that illusion may have been. But as to the inferences made by Biot and La Place, nothing can well be more unfounded, or more at variance with facts. For years after, Newton was engaged in matters of complication, that required as clear and steady a brain as in any the most laborious period of his life. As to his theology, indeed, it is of little value, but at all events theology was no new study with him. He had early shared in the theological discussions of his collegiate cotemporaries, and was not at any period, in those discussions, more absurd than the gravest and weightiest of professional divines.

TREATISE ON THE ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT STATE OF THE SILK MANUFACTURE—OCCUPYING THE 22D VOL. OF LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.

ONE of the most useful volumes hitherto sent out of Dr. Lardner's manufactory. It contains abundant information in every department of this interesting

branch of human industry—in the history, culture, and manufacture of silk. The more recent portion of its history is, of course, if not the most attractive, the most important; and the details will prove amply sufficient as to the actual state of the trade in every part of the globe. The author has evidently gone to the best sources of information, and has taken a practical and an enlightened view of the changes brought about by Mr. Huskisson. He has shewn beyond all cavil or contradiction, the efficacy of that statesman's measures, and the correctness of his views—his correctness with regard to the silk-trade at least. Of all the numerous attempts to naturalise the silk-worm in the British dominions, the one of 1825 promised the best results. But it has, it seems, been wholly abandoned, and the efforts of the projectors transferred to Malta, in spite of all the patronage it received on the part of those who anticipated from it a profitable source of employment for the Irish peasantry. A spot of ground of about eighty acres was chosen on the estate of Lord Kingston near Michaelston, in the county of Cork, and 400,000 white mulberry-trees were successfully transplanted. A small but complete building for rearing silk-worms was adapted on the plan of Count Dandolo, and every thing seemed to promise that success which usually attends judicious plans and well-directed energy. The experiment was also repeated in the neighbourhood of Slough, on a piece of nineteen acres. But Malta has proved more attractive, and the proprietors of the company have reason to anticipate a successful result.

Among the more curious portions of the volume are the attempts to substitute other food for mulberry-leaves, in rearing the silk-worm; and again, to obtain silk from spiders and pinnæ. But the portion most acceptable to such as have few or no opportunities of examining mills, and looms, and machinery—of seeing things with their own eyes, will be the description of the mechanical processes, in all the varieties of the silk manufacture—plain and figure weaving—velvet, gauze, sarsnet, satin, gros-de-naples, crapes, &c. &c. Not that the mere description of the more complicated machinery will supersede the necessity of actual inspection;—distinct ideas of tangible and visible matters are seldom obtainable by pen and ink sketches, with whatever skill and accuracy they are drawn. These, before us, are unexceptionable, and the whole concern is a very respectable performance, and does infinite credit, as we said, to Dr. Lardner's manufactory.

---

#### DIBDIN'S SUNDAY LIBRARY. Vol. V.

This is by far the best volume of Dr. Dibdin's selections—but only because the best of the sermons are not by divines of the church of England, but by Blair and Chalmers of the Scotch church, and others. Allison, though strictly of the Scotch Episcopalians, has also preferment in the English church; but Robert Hall, at all events, was of neither establishment; and though his sermon on Modern Infidelity be the best of the bunch, there is no reconciling its introduction with the terms of Dr. Dibdin's title-page. The "Church of England" has no claim to it, whatever be its merits; and, whether prompted by a "liberal" spirit, or an usurping one, Dr. Dibdin should know he can with no propriety do what he will with anything but his own.

---

#### FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

THE plates of the "Winter's Wreath" have afforded us the first glimpse of the dawning beauty of the *Annuals*. If we are to judge by these specimens, and take the embellishments of the *Winter's Wreath* as a criterion of what its contemporaries will exhibit, we may say, without hesitation, that there will be no falling off, as far as engravings go, in the *Annuals* of 1832. This publication has always ranked among the most favoured; and its present list of embellishments will sustain its reputation to the very letter. We can give little more than a bare list of the beauties, particularly as they will so soon come before us in another



shape. They are, Lessing Gray (Martin), and Lago di Nemi (A. Aglio), by Brandard; Cotter's Saturday Night (Stothard), and Reply of the Fountain (Liversege), by E. Smith; the Wreck (Williamson), by Miller; the Piper of Mull (E. Goodall), and Villa of Rione, by Robinson; the Visionary (Liversege), by Engleheart; Naples (Linton), E. Goodall; Abbeville (Roberts), A. Freebairn; Sunset (Barret), R. Wallis; and, lastly, or we should rather have said "first," the Wreath itself, an elegant and tasteful design, worthy of the company it is intended to usher into notice. If all the Annuals are like this, we shall hardly feel justified in wishing their numbers diminished.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### WORKS IN THE PRESS.

By Mr. Madden; The Ancient Scottish Metrical Romances of Sir Gawyn and the Grene Knyzt, from a MS. in the British Museum.

By Wm. Maugham, Surgeon: the London Manual of Medical Chemistry, comprising an interlinear verbal translation of the London Pharmacopœia, with extensive Chemical, Botanical, Therapeutical, and Posological Notes, &c.

By Hugh Moore, Esq.: a Dictionary of Quotations from various Authors in Ancient and Modern Languages, with English Translations, illustrated by Remarks and Explanations.

By F. H. Lightfoot: an Embellished Chart of General History and Chronology, comprising a Series of Persons, Epochs, and Events, from the Deluge to the Latest Period.

By the Authors of "The Odd Volume:" the Sister's Budget, two volumes of Original Tales in Prose and Verse, &c., with Contributions from Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Hodson, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Macfarlane, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Bell, Mr. Malcolm, and some others.

The Law of Husband and Wife, containing the whole of the Legislative Provisions for the Celebration of Marriage, by Banns, Licence, Special Licence; and for its Dissolution, by Divorce, on the ground of Crim. Con., Cruelty, &c. &c.

By Sir W. Jardine, Bart.: Wilson's American Ornithology; with the Continuation, by Charles Lucian Bonaparte; together with an Enumeration and Description of the newly discovered Species not included in the original works, with copious Notes, in 3 vols, with 100 engravings.

By R. Green: the History, Topography, and Antiquities, of Framlingham, compiled from the best authorities.

By Adam Taylor: the Works of the Rev. Dan Taylor.

By B. Ererf, Esq.: the Adventures of a Dramatist, in 2 vols.

By C. Macfarlane, Esq.: the Romance of History—Italy.

Cruikshank's Comic Album, being a Collection of Humorous Tales, with numerous Illustrations on Wood.

By the Author of Gertrude: a Novel called "The Affianced One."

By Mr. Atkinson, of Glasgow; the Cameleon, a Volume of Original Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse.

By the Author of "Modern Fanaticism Unveiled:" a volume under the title of Balaam.

Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, by Dr. Memes, will form the 72d vol. of Constable's Miscellany.

By Miss Landon: a Novel, in three volumes, called Romance and Reality.

A splendid edition of Childe Harold, in two volumes; each volume will be illustrated with forty Topographical Engravings, from drawings by Turner, Stanfield, &c.

*The following Six Works will be included in Mr. Murray's Family Library.*

History of the Reformation in England, by the Rev. J. J. Blunt.—Popular View of Egypt and its Antiquities, from Belzoni, &c.—The Elements of Chemistry, familiarly explained and practically illustrated.—The Legendary History of Mahomed, by Washington Irving.—The Eventful History of the Mutiny in the Bounty; its Cause and Consequences.—Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course of the Niger, by the Messrs. Lander.

*The following Annuals will be published in November.*

The Winter's Wreath.

Heath's Picturesque Annual; containing Twenty-six Plates, from drawings by Stanfield; the descriptions by Leitch Ritchie.

The Literary Souvenir. Edited by Alaric A. Watts.

The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir.

The Keepsake.

The Forget-me-Not, a New Series, printed on paper of larger size, and in more durable binding.

Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-me-Not.

The Humourist. By W. H. Harrison.

Friendship's Offering.

The Comic Offering. Edited by Miss Sheridan.

A new Annual, illustrated with drawings by Prout, under the title of The Continental Annual, uniform in size with the Landscape Annual of 1830 and 1831. The literary department, under the superintendence of Mr. W. Kennedy.

The Geographical Annual. Uniform with the larger Annuals, and containing 100 finely executed Engravings from steel, of all the States, Kingdoms, and Empires, throughout the World.

#### LIST OF NEW WORKS.

##### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoirs of Count Lavalette. Written by Himself. In 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. In French 18s.

Memoirs, Correspondence, and Poetical Remains, of Jane Taylor. A New Edition. 12mo. 5s.

Curtis's History of Leicester. 8vo. 12s.

Burgess's Antiquities of Rome. In 2 vols. 8vo. £3. 3s.

Dodsley's Annual Register. Vol. LXXII., for 1830. 8vo. 16s.

The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations Proved. By James C. Prichard, M.D. 8vo. 7s.

Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain. Vol. III. Part I. 4to.

Comparative Geography of Western Asia. In 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. Atlas to Ditto. 4to. 30s.

Geographical Illustrations of Xenophon. 4to. maps 21s.; and On the Topography of Troy. 4to. 7s. 6d., by Major Rennells.

The Topography and Antiquities of Rome, including the Recent Discoveries made about the Forum and the Via Sacra. By the Rev. R. Burgess. In 2 vols. 8vo.

The Eventful History of the Mutiny of the Bounty, is published in Murray's Family Library. 5s.

Hinton's History of America. Vol. I. 4to. £3 3s.

National Library. Vol. XII. Contents:—Lives of Celebrated Travellers. 12mo. 6s.

##### MEDICAL.

Plain Rules for Improving the Health of the Delicate, and Preserving the Health of the Strong. By W. H. Henderson, M.D. 18mo. 6s.

Severn's First Lines of Midwifery. 8vo. 7s.

A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence. By Dr. Ryan. 8vo. 9s.

Atkinson on Stone in the Bladder. 8vo. 5s.

A System of Inorganic Chemistry. By Dr. Thomson, of Glasgow. In 2 vols. 8vo. £2 2s.

Winkworth on the Teeth and Gums. 4to. 10s.

Celsus, Latin and English, with the Order of Construction. By Alexander Lee. Vol. I. 8vo. 15s.

Bright's Medical Reports. In 2 Parts, coloured. Royal 4to. £9 9s.; Plain, £7 7s.

##### MISCELLANEOUS.

Elements of the Integral Calculus. By J. R. Young. 12mo. 9s.

Wright's improved Game Book, for one Year. 5s.; Two Years, 10s.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. XXIII. Treatise on Silk Manufacture. 12mo. 6s.

An Essay on the Future Destinies of Europe, dedicated to Earl Grey. 8vo. 4s.

Johnson's Sportsman's Dictionary. 8vo. £1 11s. 6d.

Scenes in Scotland. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Analogies of Organised Beings. By J. L. Duncan. 8vo. 5s.

##### NOVELS AND TALES.

Standard Novels. Vol. VII. Scottish Chiefs. 12mo. 6s.

Milman's Tales of the Stanley Family. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Austin Hall, or After-Dinner Conversations. 12mo. 5s.

The Smuggler. A Novel. By the Author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family." In 3 vols. £1 11s. 6d.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library. Vol III. Peregrine Pickle. vol. 1. 5s.

Mary's Journey. A German Tale. 12mo. 3s.

##### POETRY.

Corn Law Rhymes. 12mo. 4s.

Love. A Poem. By the Author of "Corn Law Rhymes." 8vo.

Crayons for the Commons, or Members in Relievo. A Satirical Poem. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

The Miser. A Poem. 8vo. 5s.

Original Songs. By Robert Gilfillan. 12mo. 4s.

shape. They are, Lessing Gray (Martin), and Lago di Nemi (A. Agho), by Brandard; Cotter's Saturday Night (Stothard), and Reply of the Fountain (Liversege), by E. Smith; the Wreck (Williamson), by Miller; the Piper of Mull (E. Goodall), and Villa of Rione, by Robinson; the Visionary (Liversege), by Engleheart; Naples (Linton), E. Goodall; Abbeville (Roberts), A. Freebairn; Sunset (Barret), R. Wallis; and, lastly, or we should rather have said "first," the Wreath itself, an elegant and tasteful design, worthy of the company it is intended to usher into notice. If all the Annuals are like this, we shall hardly feel justified in wishing their numbers diminished.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### WORKS IN THE PRESS.

By Mr. Madden; The Ancient Scottish Metrical Romances of Sir Gawayn and the Grene Knyzt, from a MS. in the British Museum.

By Wm. Maugham, Surgeon: the London Manual of Medical Chemistry, comprising an interlinear verbal translation of the London Pharmacopœia, with extensive Chemical, Botanical, Therapeutical, and Posological Notes, &c.

By Hugh Moore, Esq.: a Dictionary of Quotations from various Authors in Ancient and Modern Languages, with English Translations, illustrated by Remarks and Explanations.

By F. H. Lightfoot: an Embellished Chart of General History and Chronology, comprising a Series of Persons, Epochs, and Events, from the Deluge to the Latest Period.

By the Authors of "The Odd Volume:" the Sister's Budget, two volumes of Original Tales in Prose and Verse, &c., with Contributions from Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Hodson, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Macfarlane, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Bell, Mr. Malcolm, and some others.

The Law of Husband and Wife, containing the whole of the Legislative Provisions for the Celebration of Marriage, by Banns, Licence, Special Licence; and for its Dissolution, by Divorce, on the ground of Crim. Con., Cruelty, &c. &c.

By Sir W. Jardine, Bart.: Wilson's American Ornithology; with the Continuation, by Charles Lucian Bonaparte; together with an Enumeration and Description of the newly discovered Species not included in the original works, with copious Notes, in 3 vols, with 100 engravings.

By R. Green: the History, Topography, and Antiquities, of Framlingham, compiled from the best authorities.

By Adam Taylor: the Works of the Rev. Dan Taylor.

By B. Ererf, Esq.: the Adventures of a Dramatist, in 2 vols.

By C. Macfarlane, Esq.: the Romance of History—Italy.

Cruikshank's Comic Album, being a Collection of Humorous Tales, with numerous Illustrations on Wood.

By the Author of Gertrude: a Novel called "The Affianced One."

By Mr. Atkinson, of Glasgow; the Cameleon, a Volume of Original Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse.

By the Author of "Modern Fanaticism Unveiled:" a volume under the title of Balaam.

Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, by Dr. Memes, will form the 72d vol. of Constable's Miscellany.

By Miss Landon: a Novel, in three volumes, called Romance and Reality.

A splendid edition of Childe Harold, in two volumes; each volume will be illustrated with forty Topographical Engravings, from drawings by Turner, Stanfield, &c.

*The following Six Works will be included in Mr. Murray's Family Library.*

History of the Reformation in England, by the Rev. J. J. Blunt.—Popular View of Egypt and its Antiquities, from Belzoni, &c.—The Elements of Chemistry, familiarly explained and practically illustrated.—The Legendary History of Mahomed, by Washington Irving.—The Eventful History of the Mutiny in the Bounty; its Cause and Consequences.—Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course of the Niger, by the Messrs. Lander.

*The following Annuals will be published in November.*

The Winter's Wreath.

Heath's Picturesque Annual; containing Twenty-six Plates, from drawings by Stanfield; the descriptions by Leitch Ritchie.



The Literary Souvenir. Edited by Alaric A. Watts.

The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir.

The Keepsake.

The Forget-me-Not, a New Series, printed on paper of larger size, and in more durable binding.

Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-me-Not.

The Humourist. By W. H. Harrison.

Friendship's Offering.

The Comic Offering. Edited by Miss Sheridan.

A new Annual, illustrated with drawings by Prout, under the title of The Continental Annual, uniform in size with the Landscape Annual of 1830 and 1831. The literary department, under the superintendence of Mr. W. Kennedy.

The Geographical Annual. Uniform with the larger Annuals, and containing 100 finely executed Engravings from steel, of all the States, Kingdoms, and Empires, throughout the World.

#### LIST OF NEW WORKS.

##### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoirs of Count Lavalette. Written by Himself. In 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. In French 18s.

Memoirs, Correspondence, and Poetical Remains, of Jane Taylor. A New Edition. 12mo. 5s.

Curtis's History of Leicester. 8vo. 12s.

Burgess's Antiquities of Rome. In 2 vols. 8vo. £3. 3s.

Dodsley's Annual Register. Vol. LXXII., for 1830. 8vo. 16s.

The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations Proved. By James C. Prichard, M.D. 8vo. 7s.

Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain. Vol. III. Part I. 4to.

Comparative Geography of Western Asia. In 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. Atlas to Ditto. 4to. 30s.

Geographical Illustrations of Xenophon. 4to. maps 21s.; and On the Topography of Troy. 4to. 7s. 6d., by Major Rennells.

The Topography and Antiquities of Rome, including the Recent Discoveries made about the Forum and the Via Sacra. By the Rev. R. Burgess. In 2 vols. 8vo.

The Eventful History of the Mutiny of the Bounty, is published in Murray's Family Library. 5s.

Hinton's History of America. Vol. I. 4to. £3 3s.

National Library. Vol. XII. Contents:—Lives of Celebrated Travellers. 12mo. 6s.

##### MEDICAL.

Plain Rules for Improving the Health of the Delicate, and Preserving the Health of the Strong. By W. H. Henderson, M.D. 18mo. 6s.

Severn's First Lines of Midwifery. 8vo. 7s.

A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence. By Dr. Ryan. 8vo. 9s.

Atkinson on Stone in the Bladder. 8vo. 5s.

A System of Inorganic Chemistry. By Dr. Thomson, of Glasgow. In 2 vols. 8vo. £2 2s.

Winkworth on the Teeth and Gums. 4to. 10s.

Celsus, Latin and English, with the Order of Construction. By Alexander Lee. Vol. I. 8vo. 15s.

Bright's Medical Reports. In 2 Parts, coloured. Royal 4to. £9 9s.; Plain, £7 7s.

##### MISCELLANEOUS.

Elements of the Integral Calculus. By J. R. Young. 12mo. 9s.

Wright's improved Game Book, for one Year. 5s.; Two Years, 10s.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. XXIII. Treatise on Silk Manufacture. 12mo. 6s.

An Essay on the Future Destinies of Europe, dedicated to Earl Grey. 8vo. 4s.

Johnson's Sportsman's Dictionary. 8vo. £1 11s. 6d.

Scenes in Scotland. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Analogies of Organised Beings. By J. L. Duncan. 8vo. 5s.

##### NOVELS AND TALES.

Standard Novels. Vol. VII. Scottish Chiefs. 12mo. 6s.

Milman's Tales of the Stanley Family. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Austin Hall, or After-Dinner Conversations. 12mo. 5s.

The Smuggler. A Novel. By the Author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family." In 3 vols. £1 11s. 6d.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library. Vol III. Peregrine Pickle. vol. 1. 5s.

Mary's Journey. A German Tale. 12mo. 3s.

##### POETRY.

Corn Law Rhymes. 12mo. 4s.

Love. A Poem. By the Author of "Corn Law Rhymes." 8vo.

Crayons for the Commons, or Members in Relievo. A Satirical Poem. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

The Miser. A Poem. 8vo. 5s.

Original Songs. By Robert Gilfillan. 12mo. 4s.

Irish Minstrelsy, or the Bardic Remains of Ireland, with English Poetical Translations. Collected and edited by James Hardiman. In 2 vols. 8vo. £3 3s.

#### RELIGION AND MORALS.

The History of the Christian Religion and Church during the Three First Centuries. By Dr. Augustus Neander. Translated by Henry John Rose, B.D. Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Works of the Rev. Robert Hall. Vols. II. and III. 12s. each.

The Pulpit. Vol. XVII. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Confessions of Faith and the Books of the Discipline of the Church of Scotland. By the Rev. E. Irving. 12mo. 8s.

Sermons Preached at Clapham, by the Rev. C. Bradley. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Recognition in the World to Come, or Christian Friendship Perpetuated in Heaven. By C. R. Muston, A. M. Second Edition. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

History of the Prospects of the Church. By James Bennet. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Bible Letters. By Lucy Barton. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

### BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

#### JAMES NORTHCOTE, ESQ., R.A.

James Northcote, one of the most successful artists of our days, was descended from the ancient and respectable family of the Northcotes, whose settlement in Devonshire may be traced back to the Conquest, and probably to an anterior period. Of this family, which has given several high sheriffs to the county, and many representatives for it in parliament, is also the present Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, Bart., whose ancestor, John Northcote, Esq., of Hayne, in the county of Devon, was elevated to that dignity on the 16th July, 1641.

The subject of this sketch was the son of an eminent watch-maker, at Plymouth, where he was born in the year 1746. He was designed for his father's profession; but having, as it seemed, a natural predisposition for the fine arts, and being flattered by praises bestowed on his early efforts, he determined to abandon the mechanical occupation of watch-making, and to devote himself entirely to his favourite pursuits, drawing and painting. In these he evinced so much ardour and assiduity, that Dr. Mudge, a physician, of Plymouth, recommended him, as a pupil, to Sir Joshua Reynolds. He accordingly came to London in 1771, and placed himself under the care and tuition of his countryman, Sir Joshua, who was then in the zenith of his fame. With that great man he remained five years; living with him in all the familiarity of friendship, receiving from him the utmost assistance towards perfecting himself in the art of painting, and enjoying the advantage of being introduced to the most distinguished characters of the age.

In 1776, Mr. Northcote quitted Sir Joshua, and commenced painting on his own account. In the summer of 1777, following the advice and example of his great master, he set out for Italy, at that

time the unrivalled seat of the fine arts. He fixed himself at Rome for nearly three years—visited every part of the country—and laid up a rich store of experience and information for future use.

While in Italy, Mr. Northcote also formed an extensive acquaintance with the first artists of the country—enjoyed universal respect—and had the honour of being elected a member of the ancient Etruscan Academy at Castoni, of the Academy del Forti at Rome, and of the Imperial Academy at Florence. While at Florence he painted a portrait of himself for the academy—a compliment always expected from a new member.

In 1780, Mr. Northcote returned to England; and, that he might have an opportunity of observing all that could be seen of the eminent masters of the Flemish school, he took Flanders in his way. Thus, in the enjoyment of every advantage that could constitute him a master in his profession, he re-entered upon his studies in the metropolis, and soon obtained the most distinguished reputation in history as well as in portrait.

In 1786, he was chosen a member of the Royal Academy; for a period of thirty years his productions may be said to have borne a conspicuous part in the exhibitions at Somerset House; and, even till within the last year of his life, a season rarely elapsed at the British Institution, or the Gallery of the British Artists, without presenting one or more efforts of his pencil. It is astonishing with what firmness he painted, to the last; but, latterly, his eye, keen as it was, and brilliant with the light of mind, failed in its nice distinction, appropriation, and harmony of colour.

One of the most excellent pictures Mr. Northcote ever painted, was exhibited the very year that he was ad-

mitted of the Royal Academy. The subject was, the Murder of the Young Prince in the Tower. In this, the story is strikingly told; the drawing is perfectly correct; and the assassins are delineated with great character and power. Alderman Boydell purchased this painting for his splendid edition of Shakspeare; for which Mr. Northcote also produced some other pieces of merit. Another of his finest works is from the story of Hubert and Prince Arthur. One of his best portraits, and much in the style of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is that of a man holding a hawk. This is in Lord Grosvenor's collection.

In the Somerset House exhibition of 1796, Mr. Northcote produced a series of moral pictures, the object of which was to shew the opposite effects of seriousness and levity in two young women, in menial situations of life. Clever they certainly were, but—as may be seen by the engravings from them—they had little of the Hogarthian spirit.

While in the vigour of his professional powers, Mr. Northcote's colouring was chaste, forcible, and distinct; his pictures having that breadth of light and shade which is one of the most estimable properties of a good painting. Many of his historical pieces display an accurate and extensive acquaintance with the subject treated, much study, and that force of conception which is the true characteristic of genius.

Mr. Northcote was an acute observer—possessed excellent sense, quick perceptions, and great conversational powers. Confined, first to his chamber, and then to his bed, he would talk for hours together, almost to the day of his death, with untiring vivacity and unceasing intelligence.

As an author, he did not altogether appear to equal advantage. His greatest work was the "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds." His "Fables," his "Conversations," and his "Life of Titian," were much indebted to the pen of Mr. Hazlett. As a critic, he was severe, and too frequently cynical. Yet, as a virtuous, well-informed, and communicative man—ever ready with good advice—he was greatly esteemed.

Mr. Northcote died at his house in Argyle-place, on the 13th of July; and, on the 20th, his remains were interred in the vault, under the new church, of St. Mary-le-bone. This, according to one of the injunctions of his will, was, that they might be near those of his long-departed friend, Cosway.

From his great professional success,  
M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. XII. No. 70.

and his penurious habits, Mr. Northcote is said to have died worth £80,000.

#### THE EARL OF NORTHESK.

The Right Hon. William Carnegie, seventh Earl of Northesk, Lord Rosehill, and Inglismaldy, Admiral of the White, K.C.B., &c. was the representative of an ancient family, possessed of the lands of Ballinhard, in the county of Forfar, Scotland, in the thirteenth century. The present earldom dates from the 1st of November, 1647. Lord Northesk's father was in the navy, and attained the rank of Admiral of the White. He married, in 1748, the Lady Anne Leslie, eldest daughter of Alexander, fifth Earl of Leven. His eldest son, David, dying without issue, in the lifetime of his father, he was succeeded in the family honours, by his second son, William, the subject of this notice, in 1792.

His Lordship was born on the 10th of April, 1758; and, having been early destined for the naval service of his country, he embarked, in the year 1771, with the Hon. Captain Barrington, in the Albion. He next served with Captain Macbride, in the Southampton, and Captain Stair Douglas, in the Squirrel. He was made acting lieutenant in the Nonsuch, and confirmed by Lord Howe, in 1777, in the Apollo. He afterwards served with Admirals Sir John Lockhart Ross, and Lord Rodney. By the latter he was made a commander, after the memorable action of 1780—in which he served as a lieutenant in the Admiral's ship—and appointed to the Blast, fire-ship.

In April, 1782, he was promoted to the rank of Post Captain, and appointed to the command of the Eustatius, in which he had been present at the reduction of the island of that name. From the Eustatius, he was ordered into the Enterprize frigate, in which he returned to England, and was paid off at the peace, in 1783.

In 1783, Captain Northesk succeeded his brother, as Lord Rosehill; and, on the 9th of December, in that year, he married Mary, the only daughter of William Henry Ricketts, of Longwood, in the county of Hants, Esq. (by Mary Jervis, eldest sister of John, Earl St. Vincent, G.C.B.), on whom, in April, 1801, the title of Viscountess St. Vincent was granted in remainder.

On the death of his father, in 1792, his Lordship succeeded to the Earldom; and, in January, 1793, he was appointed to the Beaulieu, of 40 guns, in which he sailed to the Leeward Islands, and



thence returned with convoy, in the *Andromeda*, which was soon afterwards paid off.

In 1796, his Lordship was put in commission for the *Monmouth*, of 64 guns, and employed in the North Sea, under Lord Duncan, until May, 1797; when the spirit of disaffection, which had originated in the Channel Fleet, unfortunately spread to that squadron, and the *Monmouth* was one of the ships brought to the Nore.

In 1800, Lord Northesk was appointed to the *Prince*, of 98 guns, in the Channel fleet, under Earl St. Vincent. In that ship he continued till the peace of Amiens, in 1802, when he again enjoyed a brief period of relaxation from his professional duties. In the same year, he was elected, for the second time, one of the Sixteen Representative Peers of Scotland.

On the removal of hostilities, in 1803, his Lordship was appointed to the *Britannia*, of 100 guns, in which he served in the Channel fleet, under the Hon. Admiral Cornwallis, till May, 1804, when he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the White Squadron. He hoisted his flag in the same ship, and continued to serve in her, in the arduous blockade of Brest, during the tempestuous winter of 1804, and until August in the following year, when he was detached with a squadron, under the orders of Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Calder, to reinforce Vice-Admiral Collingwood, off Cadiz.

In the battle of Trafalgar, Lord Northesk, whose flag was still in the *Britannia*, bore a noble and distinguished part. Previously to the action, it had been directed by Lord Nelson, the commander-in-chief, that the *Britannia*, in consequence of her heavy rate of sailing, should constantly take a position to windward of him; and, on the morning of October 21, he ordered, by signal, that she should assume a station as most convenient, without regard to the order of battle. Subsequently, he sent verbal directions to Lord Northesk, by the Captain of the *Sirius*, to break through the enemy's line astern of the fourteenth ship. This his Lordship effected in the most masterly and gallant manner, though the *Britannia* was severely galled in bearing down, by a raking fire from several of the enemy. Preceded by the *Victory*, *Temeraire*, and *Neptune* in passing through the line, and hauling up, the *Britannia* was the fourth ship of the van division in action; and, in a very short time, she completely dismasted a French ship of

80 guns, which waived a white handkerchief in token of submission. She afterwards singly engaged, and kept at bay, three of the enemy's van ships, that were attempting to double upon Lord Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*, which was at that time warmly engaged with two of the enemy, and much disabled.

During this long and bloody conflict, Lord Northesk most zealously imitated the conduct of his illustrious leader, displaying the most heroic courage, tempered by the coolest judgment and presence of mind. After the action, his skill and promptitude, in the arduous task of securing the captured ships, were equally conspicuous.

As a matter of course, his Lordship was honoured with the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, the Corporation of London, and several other cities and public companies. Nor were his splendid and important services overlooked by his Majesty. On the 5th of June, 1806, the noble Admiral had the honour of being invested with the Order of the Bath; and the King was further pleased to express his approbation of his conduct, by granting him certain additions to his armorial bearings.

On the 14th of June, 1814, his Lordship was promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Blue Squadron; and, at a subsequent period, he was further advanced to that of Admiral of the White.

By his marriage, Lord Northesk had a family of nine children; of whom the eldest, George, Lord Rosehill, a midshipman on board the *Blenheim*, was unfortunately lost at sea with Sir Thomas Trowbridge, in 1807, at the age of sixteen.

His Lordship died at his residence in Albemarle-street, in June last, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William Hopetoun, now Earl of Northesk.

#### THE RIGHT HON. JOHN CALCRAFT, M.P.

The Right Hon. John Calcraft, M.P., whose existence was recently terminated under very melancholy circumstances, was the son of Mr. Calcraft, who, as an army agent, accumulated a large fortune, and became proprietor of the borough of Wareham, in the county of Dorset—one of the boroughs which, under the new reform bill, are to be disfranchised. He was born in the year 1766 or 1767. At the general election of 1796 he was returned M.P. for Wareham, and continued to represent that borough until he was elected for Rochester. He generally voted with the Opposition; but, for a time, he attached himself more particularly to the interests of his late

Majesty, George IV., when Prince of Wales. He warmly espoused the cause of his Royal Highness in 1803, and moved for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the extent of his embarrassments, that he might be enabled to resume the splendour and dignity suitable to his high station.

When the Prince cast off the party usually designated the friends of his youth, and determined to avail himself of the services of his royal father's tried councillors, Mr. Calcraft remained steady in his opposition.

During the brief but memorable administration of "All the Talents," he sat some time at the Board of Ordnance, where he was considered to have rendered himself complete master of the details of the British army.

In the debate of 1815, on the bill for regulating the importation of corn, Mr. Calcraft moved that importation should be permitted when the price exceeded 72s. per quarter; but the motion was lost, and the importation permitted only when the price should exceed £4.

In the same year he endeavoured to procure a reduction of the army and garrisons, but was equally unsuccessful as on the corn question.

It was, we believe, in the general election of 1820, that Mr. Calcraft lost his seat for Rochester; since which, he continued to sit for his own borough of Wareham. Though not possessed of brilliant or commanding talents, he was a useful supporter of the party to which he had attached himself. With other members of that party he accepted office under the Duke of Wellington; with whose political views he appeared to coincide until the great debate upon the reform bill, at the close of the last parliament, when, to the astonishment of thousands, he voted with the majority of 301 in favour of the measure. This vote of Mr. Calcraft's has since called forth remarks which it is not our wish to repeat.

We now approach the distressing circumstances of his death, which occurred on the afternoon of Sunday, September 11, at his house in Whitehall Place. He

had been in a declining state of health, low and dejected in spirits, for several months. Having unfortunately been left unattended, he destroyed himself in his dressing closet, by dividing the principal arteries of his throat with a razor. On the return of Miss Arabella Calcraft from church, he was found extended on the floor, with his face downwards, quite dead, and with the fatal instrument of his destruction firmly grasped in his right hand.

On the coroner's inquest held upon the body on the Monday evening following, one of the jurors—from what motive did not appear—put the following question to Dr. Phillips, one of the medical gentlemen in attendance on the family:—"Did he (the deceased) ever feel disappointed at not being elevated to the peerage?" To which Dr. P. replied,—"I believe he never had any expectation of being raised to the peerage. He had latterly fancied that he was continually watched by a man sitting on the top of a house. He was a thorough believer in religion." The verdict ascribed his death to an act of temporary mental derangement.

Mr. Calcraft had married, many years since, a lady of the name of Hailes, who was possessed of considerable property. By her (who died in 1817) he had a family of five children: John Hailes Calcraft, Esq.; Captain Granby Calcraft; Lady Burke (wife of Sir John Burke, Bart. M. P. for the county of Galway); and two other daughters, unmarried. At the time of his decease, Mr. and Lady Caroline Calcraft were at Kempstone Hall, the family seat, in Dorsetshire; Miss Calcraft was on a visit in Kent; and her sister, Miss Arabella, was the only member of the family residing with her father. The remains of the deceased were removed on the 17th of September, from Whitehall Place, for interment in the chancel vault in St. James's church, where two of his children are buried. The funeral was strictly private; only two mourning coaches followed, in which were Mr. J. H. Calcraft, Captain Calcraft, and Sir John Burke.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from August 20th, to September 22d, 1831, in the London Gazette.*

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Howel, G., now or late of Newcastle Emlyn, Carmarthenshire, druggist.  
 James, G., late of George Town, Demerara, and Gracechurch-street, London, merchant.  
 Hodgson, W., Birmingham, merchant and roller of metals.

## SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Blyth, R. B., Edinburgh, merchant and agent.  
 Stein, A., W. Brown, J. Dudgeon, J. Burton, and W. Ainslie, Kirkliston, distillers.  
 Henderson, R., Whitebalks, Linlithgow, farmer, cattle-dealer, and grazier.  
 Martin, R., Glasgow, baker.  
 Napier, C. H., Leith, wood-merchant.  
 Pitcairn, J., Perth, wood-merchant.

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[ This Month 95. ]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.*

Austin, W., Powis-street, Woolwich, ironmonger, (Watson and Sons, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street).  
 Butler, W., Hampton, Northamptonshire, fishmonger. (Hawkins and Bloxam, New Boswell-court, Cary-street).  
 Beville, C., Clapham-common, upholsterer. (Davies, Palsgrave-place, Temple-bar).  
 Backhouse, L., Great St. Helen's, insurance-broker. (Rixon and Son, Jewry-street, Aldgate).  
 Blayney, T. R., Newtown, Montgomeryshire, flannel manufacturer. (Bandstrom and Jones, Newtown).  
 Blomeley, T., Bury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Woodcock, Bury).  
 Beaman, B., Catharine-mill, St. Catharine's, Somersetshire, mealman and maltster. (Hellings, Bath).  
 Batter, W., Chipnal-mill, Cheswardine, Salop, miller. (Stanley, Drayton-in-Hales).  
 Botham, J., Derby, builder. (Ryalls, Sheffield).  
 Clark, J., Jewry-street, Aldgate, wine-merchant. (Kirkman and Rutherford, Cannon-street).  
 Crofts, G., Wells next the Lea, Norfolk, merchant. (Garwood, Wells).  
 Chambers, S., the younger, Birmingham, ivory and tortoiseshell-worker. (Parker, Birmingham).  
 Coopland, W., Leeds, boot-maker. (Naylor, Leeds).  
 Clarke, R. R., High Holborn, victualler. (Parnall, London).  
 Crockwell, S., Torquay, Devonshire, builder. (Bell, London).  
 Cooper, J., Liverpool, bone-dealer and coal-merchant. (Bourne and Hassall, Liverpool).  
 Dempsey, J., Manchester, flour-dealer. (Makinson, Manchester).  
 Dawson, A., Park street, Grosvenor square, Middlesex, boarding-house-keeper. (Teague, Lawrence Pountney-hill, Cannon-street).  
 Deudney, G., Deptford, Kent, seed-crusher. (Druce and Sons, Billiter-square).  
 Darke, E., Stroud, maltster and boat-owner. (Housman, Woodchester).  
 Dufton, W., Basinghall-street, London, dealer in wool. (Watson and Broughton, Falcon-square).  
 De Cantelouze Rene, Middlesex, dress-maker. (Jones, Gray's-inn square).

Davis, J., Birmingham, linen-draper. (Hadfield and Grave, Manchester).  
 Dawson, G. and J. K., Manchester, nankeen-manufacturers. (Higson, Bagshaw, and Higson, Manchester).  
 Edwards, W. H., Norwich, maltster. (Barnard, Norwich).  
 Evans, J., Northumberland-street, Charing-cross, tailor. (Charsley and Barker, Mark-lane).  
 Kabbage, W. B., Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, mast maker. (Worship, Great Yarmouth).  
 Emmet, R., Halifax, Yorkshire, woolstapler. Craven, Halifax).  
 Force, J., Exeter, broker. (Brutton, Exeter).  
 Fletcher, A. and J. Young, Millbrook, Hants, iron founders. (Makinson and Sanders, Elm-court, Temple).  
 Geldart, J. S., Pultney-lodge Academy, Enfield, schoolmaster. (Lock, Surrey-street, Strand).  
 Graham, R., Liverpool, victualler. (Taylor and Roscoe, King's-bench-walk, Temple).  
 Green, A., Brewer-street, Pimlico, Middlesex, tailor. (Whitelock, Aldermanbury).  
 Gillingham, T. J., Providence-wharf, Kingsland-road, Middlesex, coal-merchant. (Burt, Mitre-court, Milk-street, Cheapside).  
 Gray, C. G., late of Norwood-house, Iver, near Uxbridge, Bucks, dealer. (Lowless and Peacock, Tokenhouse-yard).  
 Howard, P., Liverpool, cabinet-maker. (Hodgson, Liverpool).  
 Harrison, T., Prince's-place, Commercial-road, Middlesex, woollen-draper. (Van Sandau, Old Jewry).  
 Herapath, S., Holborn-bridge, London, hatter. (Cole, Skinner's place, Size-lane).  
 Hodges, T., late of the Turf Tap, Tattersall's-yard, victualler. (Willis, Sloane-square, Chelsea).  
 Hawker, T. R., Cheltenham, tailor. (King and Son, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street).  
 Harris, B., Northleach, Gloucestershire, linen-draper. (Hardwick and Guest, Lawrence-lane).  
 Hull, W., Regent-street, picture-dealer. (Holt, Threadneedle-street).  
 Hawthorn and Lloyd, Burton-upon-Trent, linen drapers. (Hardwick and Guest, London).  
 Hutcheon, T., Finsbury-circus, London, merchant. (Forbes and Hall, Ely-place, Holborn).  
 Hodgson, J., Nicholas-lane, London, insurance-broker. (Rixon and Son, Jewry-street, Aldgate).  
 Hollins, J., Leeds, meal-seller. (Smith and Hutchinson, Leeds).  
 Hurst, W., late of Bedford-square, Mile-end-road, Middlesex, builder. (Burt, Mitre-court, Milk-street).  
 Herbert, R., Old Cavendish-street, Middlesex, builder. (Bird, Adam-street, Adelphi).  
 James, J. C., Bathford, Somersetshire, builder. (Hellings, Bath).  
 Jones, T., late of the Grapes Inn, Llangollen, Denbighshire, inn-keeper. (Edwards, Oswestry).  
 Kelsey, W., Glamford Briggs, Lincolnshire, draper. (Nicholson and Empson, Glamford Briggs).  
 Lonerast, J., Buckingham, Devonshire, worsted-spinner. (Taunton, Totness).  
 Lowthian, G., Exeter, draper. (Terrell and Son, Exeter).  
 Lerew, W. H., Great Portland-street, surgeon. (Reynolds, London).  
 Motley, J., Arle-mill, Gloucestershire, miller. (Winterbotham, Weedon, and Co., Tewkesbury).  
 Mellor, J. and W., Castle-street, Oxford-street, jewellers. (Swan, Bell-yard, Doctor's-commons).  
 Maynard, R., Durham, wine-merchant. (Moore and Thompson, Durham).



- Manning, W., F. Manning, and J. L. Anderton, New Bank-buildings, London, West India-merchants. (Freshfield and Son, New Bank-buildings, London.)
- Muirhead, J., Buxton, Derbyshire, inn-keeper. (Leyes, Chancery-lane.)
- Miners, R., late of Illogan, Cornwall, victualler. (Lambe, Truro.)
- Morris, R., Lawrence-lane, London, wholesale linen draper. (Neild, King-street, Cheapside.)
- Miller, W. W., Bath, grocer. (Hellings, Bath.)
- Neighbour, T. sen. and jun., West Smithfield, wine-merchants. (Wadeson and Co., London.)
- Nettlefold, T. and W. Reid, Francis street, Tottenham-court-road, Middlesex, ironmongers. (Hunt, Craven-street, Strand.)
- Nicholson, W., Bradford, Yorkshire, scrivener. (Swan, Bradford.)
- Plowright, E. G. and W., Wells next the Sea, Norfolk, wine-merchants. (Garwood, Wells.)
- Perks, R. H., Monckton Combe, Somersetshire, brewer. (Hutchison and Ineson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.)
- Pring, J. J., Bradford, Wilts, grocer. (Stone, Bradford.)
- Price, R., Manchester, grocer. (Hitchcock, Manchester.)
- Pickering, H. and W. Pollard, Liverpool, upholsterers. (Rowlinson, Liverpool.)
- Pottinger, C., Green Dragon Public-house, Ste pney, victualler. (Williams, Cophall-court, Throgmorton-street.)
- Pennington, M., Burton Leonard, Yorkshire, common-carrier. (Dodgson, York.)
- Rule, E. and A., Lendenhall-street, ship-owners. (Baxendale and Co., King's arms-yard, Coleman-street.)
- Rout, T. C., Portpool-lane, currier, (Ripping-ham, Great Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields.)
- Rea, P., Worcester, glove-manufacturer. (Godson, Worcester.)
- Reade, H., Liverpool, victualler. (Frodsham, Liverpool.)
- Reynolds, J., Parker's-court, Coleman-street, wholesale grocer. (Lofty and Knight, Cheapside.)
- Rope, J., Ray-street, Clerkenwell, butcher. (Denton and Co., London.)
- Scott, C., St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, merchant. (Oliveron and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.)
- Shaw, W., Aston, Staffordshire, china-manufacturer. (Young, Lane-end.)
- Sleigh, W. W., Alpha-road, St. Mary-le-bone, surgeon. (Hertslet, Norfolk-street, Strand.)
- Thompson, W., Upper Thames-street, wine-merchant. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street.)
- Tuck, W., Elsing, Norfolk, miller. (Bignold, Pulley and Mawe, Norwich.)
- Thomas, R., late of Clun, Salop, maltster. (Green, Knighton.)
- Walton, G., Kingsland-road, timber-merchant. (Dods, Northumberland-street, Strand.)
- Withers, W., Holt, Norfolk, money scrivener. (Thomkins, Essex-court, Temple.)
- Williams, J., Prosnaut, Monmouthshire, miller. (Bevan and Brittan, Bristol.)
- Whitfield, G. T., and J. Sargent, Whitechurch, Salop, silk-throwsters. (Harpur, Whitechurch.)
- Wilks, J. and J. Ecroyd, Rochdale, Lancashire, nail-manufacturers. (Gaskell, Wigan.)
- Wrigley, T., Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Radley and Clegg, Oldham.)
- Whitbread, J., Everton, near Liverpool, livery-stable-keeper. (Birkett, Liverpool.)
- Walmsley, F., Parliament-street, Westminster, lodging-house-keeper. (Bruce, Francis-street, Golden-square.)
- Wilday, J., Birmingham, hotel-keeper. (Stubbs, Birmingham.)
- Ward, J., Upper Ground-street, Christchurch, Surrey, iron-founder. (Godmond, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street.)
- Wyatt, A., Bankside, Southwark, Roman-cement-manufacturer. (Grimaldi and Staples, London.)

## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

In our last we complained of the extreme difficulty of producing a consistent and satisfactory general Report, from the irregularities and anomalies of the season and the consequent varieties and confusion in the state of the crops. This difficulty still exists in a considerable degree, notwithstanding the mass of general information which has reached us, but with the drawback of its being so multifarious and various, and so repeatedly contradictory, that no small portion of the old difficulty is still opposed to the formation of a satisfactory judgment. The completion of the harvest, however, nothing now remaining ungathered but a few beans in the most backward districts, and a nearly general application of the barn floor test, has furnished us with some more certain and less objectionable grounds on which to proceed.

In Scotland and most of the northern districts of England, the character of the season is described as that of drought and aridity, parching up the grasses, preventing, in a considerable measure, the circulation of the vegetable juices in all other crops. Whilst in most other parts of England, in the early part of the summer especially, the lands were sodden by frequent and heavy rains, productive of most abundant grass crops, but not so friendly to the perfection of those which bear corn. But all parts agree on one point, that of the sudden setting in of a dog-day heat, which urged on all the crops of corn and pulse to a premature ripeness, rendering the last one of the shortest and speediest harvests within memory; its common duration being but three weeks, to a month at the utmost, in the most backward districts. The crops so quickly harvested, were almost universally saved in good condition, with the exceptions of some parts, where the rains yet prevailed, and the apprehensions of the farmers excited them to carry the corn in a damp state. The shortness and want of bulk in the straw, both of corn and pulse, seems nearly universal, and to have prevailed to a considerable degree, even in those districts visited by such frequent showers; hence the farmer will obtain no fuel from

his bean haulm during the ensuing winter. In our last, we noted the blight in May, which produced *rust* and blackness upon the stalks and chaff of the corn, but the chief injury has arisen from an almost universal mildew which subsequently affected the crops at the very critical period of their near approach to maturity. This mildew, or unhealthy moisture, the product of heavy dews in a dull, unventilated atmosphere, remaining unexhaled upon the superficies of the plants, and being absorbed, causes an obstruction in the circulation of the vegetable juices, which prevents the due filling of the grain, rendering it shrivelled, rough, and defective in substance and colour. In sad truth, mildew is justly deemed the heaviest malady that afflicts our corn crops. In the northern parts, and where so much drought prevailed, they have suffered the least from this scourge. In most parts of England it has been general, fortunately not universal, since we find some favourable exemptions in many, or most counties.

As to the actual extent of the mildew, we have observed that Scotland, and certain of our northern districts have been least affected. Cornwall boasts of an exemption, and of wheat crops above an average, quantity and quality; the same of oats, their barley fine, but below an average. Throughout the S.W., and the western parts of the midland counties, the disease does not appear to have been very prevalent. We hear little of it from Oxford and Berks, or from South Wales. In the eastern and most fruitful parts of the kingdom, it is reported as most destructive. In Kent, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire, the wheat crops have suffered most from the *opprobrium* of the season. Some parts of Essex are said to have escaped, but we have seen many samples of rough and poor Essex wheat at market. In Herts the mildew would have done considerable damage, but for the expedition used in cutting and carrying the wheat crop. The barley crop has also been variously affected. In regard to quantity, even including favoured Scotland, average or large crops universally form the exception, middling and scanty ones the general rule. Not only the want of length and bulk in the straw is universally noted, but the ears are not so numerous as is usual in an abundant harvest, beside being short, and, according to our personal experience, not so well filled, and the grain small. These views urge us to speculate that the loaf will not be much reduced in price during the ensuing year. As usual in the S.W., wheat seed commenced with September, the seed scarce and dear. With the aforesaid exceptions, barley is a defective crop in both respects, particularly in regard to quality. In the great barley county, Norfolk, the sample is, too generally, coarse and high coloured; fine samples are in great request and very dear. Oats, not an average crop, have been more successful in quality. Beans and peas are below the quantity of last year. Winter vetches make a good figure, and the clover seed, defective in quantity, is a great improvement upon the former crop in point of quality. With hops there seems to remain a curious stay on which to hang a hope; the atmosphere of the late season has been productive of thunder, in the opinion of our fathers, friendly to the hop. In fine, too many of our most sanguine expectants have acknowledged their disappointment from their most favourite crops. The brank or buck wheat has been much blighted and mildewed.

Considerable difficulties have been experienced in the harvest from the absence of the Irish labourers, threatened and actually ill-used by our natives; and these last are represented, chiefly in Berks and Kent, as in a dangerous state of insubordination, to quiet which will probably require additional remedies to the proposed act for the allowance of steel traps and spring guns. Occasionally, high prices have been obtained for harvest work, and the general rate has been somewhat improved. In the least productive districts, wheat is deemed full one-third short of an average in quantity. Turnips and potatoes appear likely to prove among the largest crops hitherto obtained in this country; mildew has occasionally visited the Swedes, bleaching their foliage white. This great supply of roots, and that of the grass have greatly encouraged the purchase of store cattle, and pigs, by which their price has been advanced; and at our well supplied fairs, with few exceptions, the sales have been brisk. As to sheep, the late destruction occasioned by the rot has been sufficient to enhance their price; and where the rains most prevailed some apprehension still subsists on that score.

Under draining, wet, and poachy soils, has of late proved extremely profitable to a few intelligent farmers in the north, who express their surprise that an improvement so long recommended, and of such high consequence, since a single crop will repay the charge at the present prices, should be so generally neglected. In the south, the old question of the early cutting of wheat has been lately revived, but it still remains a question. The old custom of employing "month's men" in

harvest, is still said to prevail, and the harvest to be delayed by allotting to every man a stated number of acres; whilst it is averred that, by a more provident system, the same number of acres might be cleared in half the time, and the corn saved in much better condition. Considerable difficulty, however, would be experienced in effecting this improvement. During the extreme heats of the sun, many of the harvest labourers were stricken, as if with a *coup de soleil*, and rendered for a time utterly incapable of exertion. The want of water, both for man and beast, was also experienced. To add to the few difficulties of so favourable a harvest season, flies and wasps were so enormously multitudinous, that the men were perpetually tormented, and the horses were with the utmost difficulty held to their labour.

*Smithfield*.—Beef, 3s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.—Mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 4s. 0d. to 4s. 10d.—Pork, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 2d.—Dairy do., 6s. 0d.—Lamb, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.—Rough fat, 2s. 5d.

*Corn Exchange*.—Wheat, 50s. to 80s.—Barley, 26s. to 46s.—Oats, 22s. to 32s.—London loaf, 4lb. 10d.—Hay, 60s. to 84s.—Clover ditto, 80s. to 124s.—Straw, 24s. to 36s.

*Coal Exchange*.—Coals, in the Pool, 19s. 0d. to 33s. 3d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, September 23rd.*

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

The Hon. Richard Ponsonby, Lord Bishop of Killaloe, to the Bishopric of Derry.—The Rev. John Torrens, Archdeacon of Dublin, to the Bishopric of Killaloe.—The Hon. Robert Maude, to the Archdeaconry of Dublin.—Rev. George John Skeeles, to the Rectory of Kirkby Underwood, Lincolnshire.—Rev. Reginald Bligh, to the Rectory of Cockfield, Suffolk.—The Rev. Duncan Matheson, to the Church at Knock, in the district of Eye.—Rev. Miles Coyle, to the Vicarage of Blockley, Worcestershire.—Rev. Richard Burnet, to the Curacy of Blackburn.—Rev. Christopher Clarkson, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Mary's, Mellor, Blackburn.—Rev. Richard Day, to the Vicarage of Wenhaston, Suffolk.—Rev. Wm. Warburton, to be one of the Domestic Chaplains to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—Rev. L. Hay Irving, to the Church and Parish of Abercorn, Linlithgow.—Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, to the Prebendal Stall in St. Paul's, London.—Rev. George Ware, to the Vicarage of Winham, Somerset.—Rev. Cornelius Pitt, to the Rectory of Rendcombe, Gloucestershire.—Rev. E. Stanley, of Plumblund, to the Rectory of Workington.—Rev. Mr. Hill, to the Vicarage of Kirtling, Cambridgeshire.—Rev. J. Wenn, to be one of the Domestic Chaplains to the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon.—Rev. George Croly, who has lately had conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. by the University of Dublin, to the Rectory of North Fambridge, Essex.—Rev. Wm. H. Wyatt, to the Perpetual Curacy of Snenton, near Nottingham.—Rev. Francis Cobbold, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Mary Tower, Ipswich.—

Rev. Francis T. Attwood, to the Rectory of St. Mary, and Vicarage of St. James, Great Grimsby.—Rev. Henry Owen, to the Rectory of Wilby, Suffolk.—Rev. Wm. Pulling, Chaplain to Cambridge Town Gaol.—Rev. Sumner Smith, to the Rectory of Ham, Wilts.—Rev. Christopher Stannard, to the Rectory of Great Snoring, with Thursford annexed, Norfolk.—Rev. Cooke Otway, to the Rectory of Monsea.—Rev. Wm. Homan, to the Rectory of Modereney, County Tipperary.—Rev. R. Neville, Rector of Newmarket, diocese of Cloyne, county Limerick, to the Living of Clonpriest, near Youghall.—Rev. Samuel Fisher, to the Perpetual Curacy of Corpusty, in the diocese of Norwich.—Rev. Edward Houlditch, to the Rectory of St. Leonard's, near Exeter.

### MARRIAGES.

On the 30th Aug., at Hanwell, Middlesex, William Johnson, Esq., of Eaton Place, to Sarah Jane, only daughter of Charles Turner, Esq., of Hanwell Park, Middlesex.—At Bedale, Yorkshire, Captain Arthur Lysaght, R.N., to Elizabeth Dorothy, eldest daughter of Henry Percy Pulleine, Esq., of Crakehall, Yorkshire.—Marylebone Church, Lieut. Charteris, R.N., eldest son of George Charteris, Esq., of Amisfield Castle, Dumfriesshire, to Elizabeth Cecilia, widow of the late John Dick, Esq., of Tullymet, Perthshire.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut. E. G. Palmer, R.N., to Harriet, relict of the late D. Bayley, Esq., of Cape Coast Castle.—At St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, B. Herteond, Esq., of Neufchatel, Switzerland, to Mary



Ann, daughter of Capt. J. Packwood, R.N.—At Hayling Island, Wm. Hunter Little, Esq., to Mary Katherine Newman, only daughter of the late Rev. Jas. Rogers, D.D., of Rainscombe House, Wiltshire.—John Fairlie, Esq., to Miss Home Prowes, daughter-in-law to the Speaker of the House of Commons.—At Cheltenham, Capt. Waite, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the late John Izou, Esq., of Bournbrooke House, Worcestershire.—Rev. Lord Charles Paulet, second son of the Marquis of Winchester, to Miss Araminta Ramsden, third daughter of Sir John Ramsden, Bart.—At Lambeth, Sir Ralph Abercrombie Anstruther, Bart., to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of the late Major-general Sir Henry Torrens.—At Plymouth, Mr. C. Whitford, Solicitor, to Eliza, second daughter of Colonel Hamilton Smith.—At Bilney, Sam. Hoare, Jun., Esq., son of Sam. Hoare, Esq., of Hampstead, Middlesex, to Catherine Edwards, second daughter of the Rev. Robert Hankinson, of Bilney Lodge, Norfolk.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Thos. Metcalf, Jun., Esq., of Portland-place, to Grace, second daughter of Wm. Shepherd, Esq., of Half Moon-street.—At Woolwich, W. B. Young, Esq., of the R.A., eldest son of the late Col. Young, of Holly Hill, Sussex, to Mary, daughter of Col. Trelawney.—At Wimbledon, Capt. E. B. Phillips, late of the 53d regt., to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. G. Secker, of Keeping's Hill, Berks.—At Aberystwith, W. Van, Esq., late of the 16th Lancers, to Katherine A. M. Wilkins, eldest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Wilkins, of Dany Park, Breconshire.—At St. Marylebone, Geo. I. Smart, Esq., late Capt. 76th regt., to Catherine Anne, eldest daughter of the late Sir Hen. Hawley, of Leybourne Grange, in the county of Kent, Bart.—At Edinburgh, Hugh Dunlop, Esq., second son of Gen. Dunlop, to Ellen Clementina, daughter of Robt. Cockburn, Esq.

#### DEATHS.

At Brettenham Hall, 22, J. A. Nisbett, Esq., son of the late Sir John Nisbett.—In Upper Grosvenor-street, London, 61, William John Bethell, Esq., brother of Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Codrington.—At Glasgow College, Mr. Professor Walker.—At Stamford Hill,

Sir Daniel Williams, 79, Police Magistrate of Lambeth-street Police Office for 32 years.—At Vienna, Baron O'Connell, Colonel in the Austrian Army, 92.—Charles Baring, youngest son of Henry S. Northcote, Esq., Portland-place, London.—At South Lambeth, London, Mr. Peter Nasmyth, 46, the eminent Landscape Painter.—At Deal, Capt. Leach, R.N.—At Deal, Captain Richard Budd Vincent, R.N.—In Woburn-place, Russell-square, Nicholas Darlington Kent, Esq., of Downland House, near Liphook, Hants.—At Hampton, Edward B. Sugden, Esq., eldest surviving son of Sir Edward B. Sugden.—At Corfu, the Hon. Charles G. Monckton, son of Viscount Galway, 26.—Anne, Countess of Morington, mother of the Duke of Wellington, 90.—In Ireland, Alex. Stewart, Esq., uncle to the Marquis of Londonderry, 85.—Sir P. Grey Cullum, Bart., of Hawstead, Suffolk, 99.—In Dublin, Lady Roche, widow of Sir Boyle Roche, Bart.—In the Island of St. Helena, Mrs. Elizabeth Honoria Frances Lambe, relict of the late Serjeant Lambe, of the Artillery of the Island, at the advanced age of 110 years and four months. In the year 1731, she was housekeeper in the establishment of Governor Pyke, during his second government, and well remembered having heard that Sir Richard Munden stormed the fort which now bears his name. Twenty-one personages have filled the seat of Governor of the Island during her life-time. She was eight times married, and had numerous generations, 260 of whom are now alive.—At Glasgow, David Walker, Esq., Consul General for the United States of America for Scotland.—At Strasburg, Mr. John Romain Addison, 23, the last relative of the celebrated Joseph Addison.—Major Edward Spencer Fitzpatrick, of the East India Company's Service.—Andrew Strahan, Esq., 83, King's Printer, London.—In Downing-street, London, A. Dawson, Esq., M. P. for Lowth.—The Bishop of Worcester, 78.—Sackville-street, London, the Dowager Duchess of Rutland, 75.—In Portman-square, London, the Right Hon. Matthew, Lord Rokeby.—Sir H. Innes, Bart., M.P. for Sutherlandshire.—In Jamaica, at the extraordinary age of 146, Joseph Ram, a black belonging to Morice Hall's estate.—At Cove, Dr. Coppinger, Lord Bishop of Cork, 78.—At Seaton, the Hon. Mrs. Percy, lady of the Bishop of Carlisle.